RAGGLE TAGGLE

A Selection of Articles and Sketches contributed
by some of the Officers in the Prisoner
of War Camp at Shirakawa,
Formosa, in 1944

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BUCKINGHAM PALACE

The Queen and I bid you a very warm welcome home.

Through all the great trials and sufferings which you have undergone at the hands of the Japanese, you and your comrades have been constantly in our thoughts. We know from the accounts we have already received how heavy those sufferings have been. We know also that these have been endured by you with the highest courage.

We mourn with you the deaths of so many of your gallant comrades.

With all our hearts, we hope that your return from captivity will bring you and your families a full measure of happiness, which you may long enjoy together.

George R.I.

September 1945.

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Raggle Taggle

A Collection of Stories, Poems, Articles, Sketches and Drawings, compiled from the Magazine produced under unusually difficult conditions and with inferior and unsuitable materials in the Prisoner of War Camp at Shirakawa, Formosa, during the year 1944

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THE EDITORS

Re-introduce

RAGGLE TAGGLE

IN 1944, in January, RAGGLE TAGGLE was presented to a small and rather sceptical public.

In 1945, by January, RAGGLE TAGGLE seemed to be dead, its ashes scattered to the four winds, a sad loss of a friend to all.

In 1946, in January, RAGGLE TAGGLE was reborn as an idea. Now, in 1947, still obstinately a January child, RAGGLE TAGGLE reappears in full majesty.

You may not recognize this prince for the pauper you knew, but, of course, the pauper was a prince all the time. Did he not carry beneath his rags and tatters a great heart, an undefeated spirit and a faith ? In spite of his shabby appearance he was versatile and talented.

There was no sphere beyond his interests—Adventure, Art, Fiction, Home, Literature, Poetry, Religion, Sport and Travel.

He rose above his sordid surroundings, his hardships, poverty and hunger, for he realized that these were not the things that really mattered.

Now he appears in princely garb worthy of his quality with that spirit unchanged.

May each January of the future show us like faith and like achievement.

We need not introduce RAGGLE TAGGLE further. If you wish to refresh memories for detail now dimmed, the appendix will help you. There will be found a brief history of how it all began, who was there, and who did it.

This edition has been limited to four hundred copies. We hope that everyone concerned knows about the book and has the opportunity to own his own copy. We have sent out the news to all we could in every part of the world.

We thank all those, named and nameless, who have contributed to RAGGLE TAGGLE's existence.

Finally, we offer grateful appreciation for permission specially granted by His Majesty the King to use the letter which appears on page 2.

With our sincere good wishes to you all.

We are,

THE EDITORS.

A few words on behalf of the British

BY AIR VICE-MARSHAL P. C. MALTBY

RAGGLE TAGGLE had a short life, but a good one. First produced at Christmas, 1943, at Shirakawa Prisoner-of-War Camp, Formosa, it appeared monthly until the Japanese stopped its publication as a punishment in the following August.

Each number appeared punctually, to be as regularly delayed by Japanese censorship. Each was a marked advance on its predecessor, in subject matter, presentation and production, despite acute shortage of every essential—paper, colours, binding materials and time. Unfortunately only one copy of each number could be produced, but the resultant problem of enabling all to see it was solved by means of a high pressure circulation system which allowed one hour to each of its 500 odd readers.

RAGGLE TAGGLE was a real asset. It provided many hours of occupation for its many contributors, excellent if short entertainment for its numerous readers, and a full-time job for its editorial staff after the camp chores, work, parades and water-carrying had been done. Many wondered how the last-named managed their share.

Some may say "Why recall anything about prison life—better forget all about it." Fortunately we tend to forget naturally the bad and to remember only the pleasant. RAGGLE TAGGLE was one of the few pleasant things of those times. It deliberately aimed at excluding all reference to our then uncomfortable circumstances, at reminding us of the better side of our previous lives, and at absorbing our attention with articles of real interest. As such many feel that its republication is worth while.

I want to end by thanking, on behalf of all who were prisoners of war in Shirakawa, the Editorial Staff of Raggle Taggle for providing many hours of distraction at a time when distraction was invaluable.

May RAGGLE TAGGLE be as successful as a reproduction as it was in its original form.

P. C. MALTBY,
Air Vice-Marshal.

June 31st, 1946.

A few words on behalf of the Americans

BY MAJOR-GENERAL G. M. PARKER

ONCE upon a time I had a bad dream. Small enclosure. High fence. Barbed wire. Congested quarters. Overflowing benjos. Near-naked men. Starved men. Thirsty men. Unclean men. Wearing clogs. Carrying baskets. No women. Hot. Cold. Frequent tenko. Rabbits. Chickens. Goats. Cattle. Swine. Little brown apes.

With it all—Comradeship. Good fellowship. Sportsmanship. Tolerance. Co-operation. Sense of humor. Reverence. British. Dutch. Americans.

In this atmosphere there was born at Shirakawa a clever and entertaining youngster, RAGGLE TAGGLE.

RAGGLE TAGGLE needs no introduction to those who were there. By them it was fully enjoyed and deeply appreciated. It was a great "booster." Its wit and artistry, its interesting and amusing stories, its pleasing pictures and its baffling problems filled many an otherwise dull hour. The one regret was that there were so few copies and so many readers that an individual was limited, of necessity, in the time that RAGGLE TAGGLE was available to him. Now, it is gratifying to know that RAGGLE TAGGLE is to be reproduced and made accessible to all for additional and permanent enjoyment.

Those of us who have had this benefit, and those who may be so fortunate in the future, owe to the Editorial Staff and to the Contributors a debt of gratitude for the cheerful, obliging and unstinting contribution of their time, ingenuity and talents to this Community Service.

GEO. M. PARKER, JR.,
Major-General, United States Army.

2396 Southwest Cedar Street,
Portland, 5, Oregon, U.S.A.
3rd March, 1946.

A few words on behalf of the Netherlands

MAJOR-GENERAL P. A. COX

I CONSIDER myself fortunate to be given the opportunity to write a short foreword for the souvenir copy of RAGGLE TAGGLE.

RAGGLE TAGGLE means for me and no doubt for most of the Dutch Officers who were together with British, Australian, Canadian and American Officers in Shirakawa a recollection to the troublesome times we spent together, especially in the camp in Shirakawa where the RAGGLE TAGGLE was born.

However, although saying "troublesome times," I want to stress that, when recalling those times now, not the dark circumstances stand out, but the gratitude for the companiable relations between all the allied Officers of all ranks for the mutually found strength to exist.

That companionship, together with our firm belief in the coming Victory, are the predominating facts now coming back to my memory. Therefore, I would like to express here my sincere gratitude to all those international companions for the mutual support during those difficult years.

Back here in my own country and reunited with my family I want to commemorate all those Officers and lower ranks—British, Australian, American and Dutch—who found their grave on that lonely hill outside our camp in Shirakawa or elsewhere in the Far East. May they rest in Peace.

P. A. Cox,
Major-General, Netherlands E.I. Army.

[We are indebted to General Cox for giving us this Foreword on behalf of General Ilgen and all our other friends from the Netherlands and N.E.I.—Ed.].

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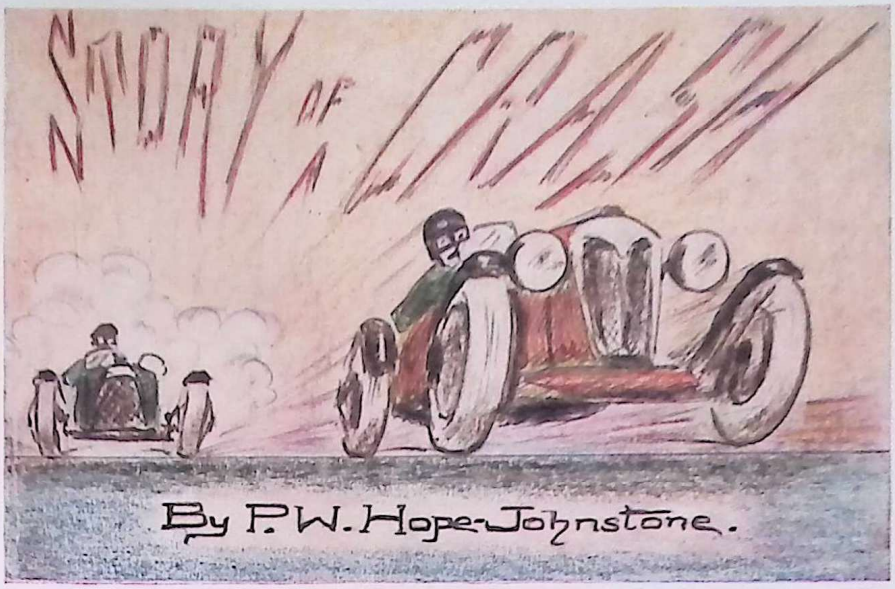


THIS is the story of a crash, the worst I ever saw with the possible exception of Clive Dunfee's terrible disaster at Brooklands in the Double Twelve.

The scene was at Le Mans in June, 1931. This annual twenty-four hour road race is open only to standard production cars ; that is, a competing car must in every respect conform to the manufacturer's catalogue specification, the model must have been on sale on the previous January the first, and about twenty must have been sold. The body must include mudguards and a hood and conform to the measurements laid down in the international road racing rules. Only the fitting of extra petrol tanks and normal tuning up, such as increasing the compression and gearing up of superchargers, are allowed.

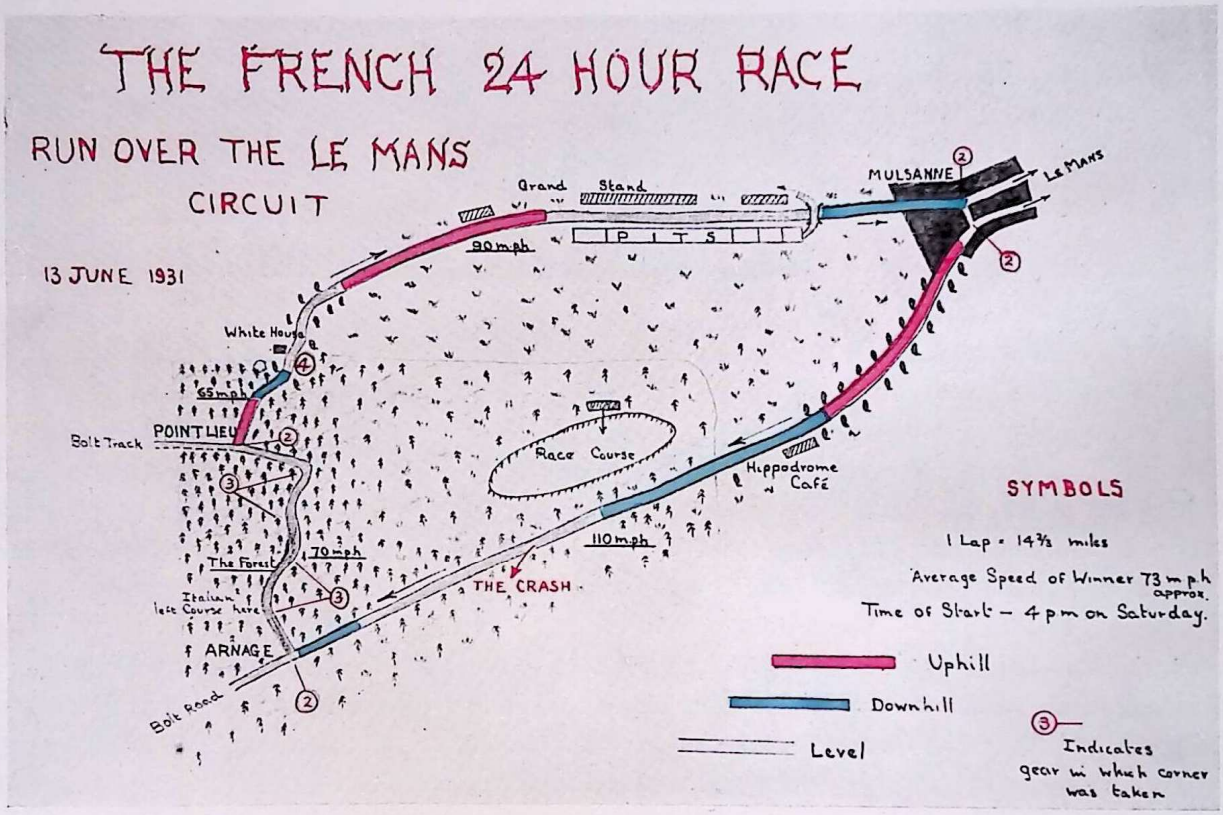
These conditions exclude cars of the purely specialized Grand Prix racing class, and the race has always been a favourite of the British with their fine sports car tradition and of private owners who can afford to compete with the help of cash subsidies from tyre manufacturers and similar concerns interested in advertisements. For three years in succession in 1928, 1929 and 1930 Bentleys had cleaned the board. In 1931 we got wind of the fact that Ettore Bugatti had decided to put a stop to this tiresome British habit and had entered a team of five-litre supercharged cars far and away faster than anything that had appeared in road racing up to that time. They were also reputed to be the last thing in racing reliability and to have been tested under the most strenuous conditions by Louis Chiron, Divo and Rost, the three leading French racing drivers who were to take charge on the great day.

Earlier in the year Bentley's had gone into voluntary liquidation and Dorothy Paget decided to withdraw from road racing and sold all the cars and equipment that had gained the previous victories. This left only one team of English cars in the "big class"—namely the Talbots—and three individual efforts from the late Sir Henry Birkin's stable at Welwyn, his own 3.5 litre Alfa Romeo, Anthony Bevan's 4.5 litre Bentley, and my own 3.25 litre Arrol-Aster. (Incidentally, Anthony Bevan's brother is in this camp.) We were supported by the Aston-Martins and a small M.G.

With this somewhat mixed collection we set out to give battle to the official Alfa-Romeo team, complete with Blackshirt attendants and unlimited government backing, the new five-litre Bugattis mentioned before,

the usual enormous Mercedes, a Stutz, a Lorraine, three or four unofficial Bugatti teams and, for the first time, the Chryslers.

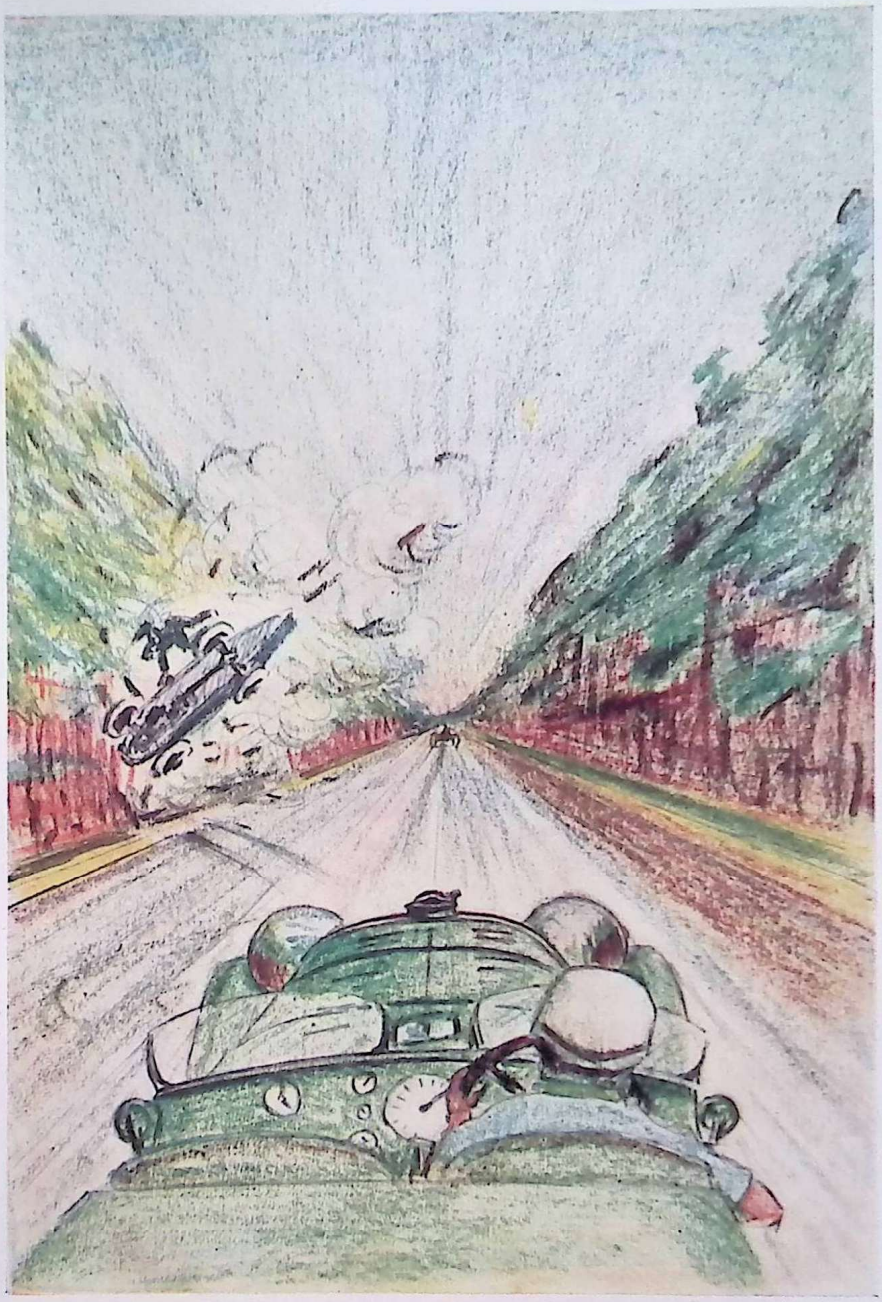
We had not been at Le Mans half a day before we discovered that the five-litre Bugattis were, if anything, faster than they were reported to be. One evening at the Hippodrome Cafe Tim Birkin and I timed them on a practice lap, and I can assure you that we got a horrible fright. They were doing on practice just a shade better than any of us could do out flat. With the Bugatti experience of car racing and their organization, they appeared to be certainties.



There was, however, one hope. Brisson of the Stutz told us the night before the race that, *entre nous*, he was far from happy about his tyres and was doing all in his power to persuade his backers to let him run on Dunlop instead of those of a French firm that had offered a particularly handsome bonus. The Bugattis, striving for a hundred per cent. French victory, were using them, and if they showed signs of disintegrating on the Stutz, how, we argued, could they stand the far greater acceleration and speed of the even heavier Bugattis ? Still, after all the time and trouble that Ettore Bugatti had taken with the cars, it seemed unlikely that he would allow his team to be shod with doubtful equipment.

The race began at four o'clock on Saturday afternoon, 13th June. We made a mass start, the cars, warm but switched off, on one side of the road and the drivers on the other. We had to run across the road, jump into our seats, switch on, start the engine with the self-starter and make our way as best we could out of the ruck before the first corner at Mulsanne. Being twenty-two at the time, I made a good start and got away third. It was a different matter for the more somnolent and older drivers like Campari.

However, in the general mad charge down at Mulsanne corner, I was far too busy to give a thought to anything but my own affairs. My pit told me afterwards that after a brief period the three Bugattis screamed past the stands while the remainder of us were but a noise in the distance.



I don't know how long the race had been on for—perhaps two hours and a half, for the sun was still up—when I got into one of those spaces that occur from time to time in car races. There is no one behind and nothing within reach in front. I had just come over the crest at the Hippodrome Café and was diving down the long straight at a hundred plus, when I caught a glimpse in the mirror of something behind me and heard the scream of the twin horns with which all the cars are fitted. The next moment a great black car hurtled past. I saw the number 5 on its tail and knew it was Rost in one of the Bugattis. As I pulled back into the middle of the road, I realized that something was wrong. A large chunk of something, about as big as a plate, flew over the top of my head. I have no idea to this day what it was, but I imagine it was either a bit of his mudguard or part of the tread of a tyre. I saw the car give a lurch and then straighten out for a second or so. By this time it was about eighty yards or so in front and consequently must have been going at about a hundred and twenty-five miles an hour. Then almost immediately there was a terrific rending crack clearly audible above the noise of the blower and exhaust. The Bugatti seemed to dive at the grass verge and, using it as a spring-board, to hurl itself over and over into the pine wood beyond.

As I ducked through a shower of debris, I saw Rost flying through the air, and beyond him a couple of pine trees tottering to earth, mown down by the Bugatti in its hectic charge.

And then I was through and away.

It is something over fourteen miles round the course, but the dust cloud over the spot was still visible two laps later.

It wasn't until the next time round that I saw what a horrid mess the car had made among the spectators, who lined the road among the pine trees. How many were killed and injured I never discovered. The French did not appear to worry very much about it. After all, were they not watching the race at their own risk ?

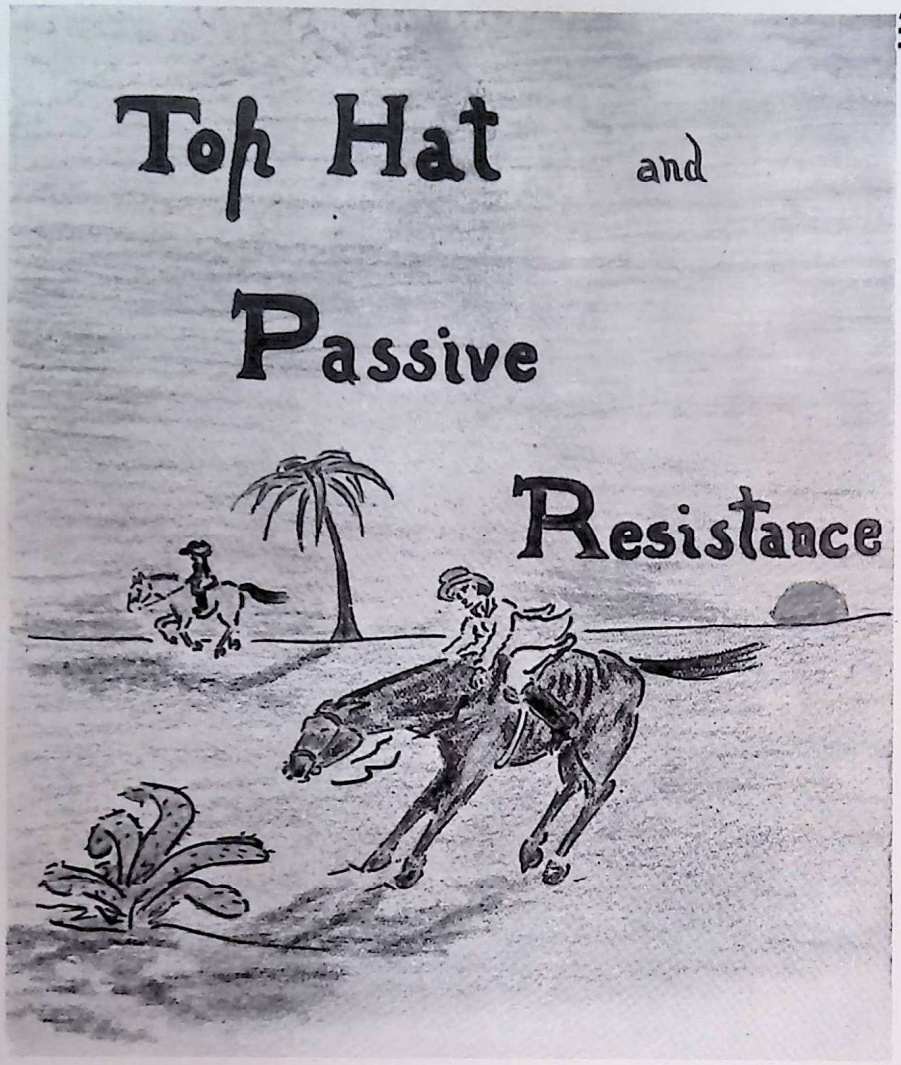
But the most amazing thing of all was that Rost came out of it with only a broken shoulder and minor abrasions and slight concussion. As is usual with crashes at high speed, he left his shoes behind in the car when he was thrown out.

Ettore Bugatti promptly withdrew the remaining two cars from the race, and Brisson in the Stutz, who had failed to persuade his backers that Dunlop were the best, also pulled up and called it a day.

Later on I went down to look at the wreck. The Bugatti was lying at the end of a short avenue it had made in the trees, wrapped around a shattered stump with about four feet between its offside front hub cap and its offside back hub cap. The most total wreck it has been my misfortune to see.

It was a British victory after all. Tim Birkin, with Earl Howe as his co-driver, won, beating the official Alfa-Romeo team, in spite of the fact that Mussolini kept sending his fellow-countrymen telegrams instructing them to drive for Italy or death. These excited one Italian driver so much that he became convinced that someone was following him. He refused to believe the evidence of his eyes and kept looking round so much that he lost his bearings, motored off the course and disappeared at a rapid rate towards Italy, after a stormy interview with his manager.

And I—but that is another story, and a very exasperating one.



By J. G. N. BROWN

TOP HAT, with reservations, is extremely fond of hunting So am I, with reservations. Unfortunately, we do not agree, but, as usual, Top Hat being too old and obstinate to change, I give in. In the first place Top Hat has had a hoof in some sixteen seasons, I imagine, whereas my experience extends to a meagre two; and hunting the jackal over sunbaked ground with outcrops of sheet rock, through cactus and over paddy field bunds, requires experience. Top Hat knows the game and the country and no ignorant tyro was ever more competently camouflaged than I.

"You poor twit!" I can see him now, his flanks running with sweat, waiting patiently for me to scramble up off the ground. "Couldn't you see that rock the other side of the cactus? Hurry up; nobody saw you and we're still well up." All wrong, I know. A horse should go where you put him, but when Top Hat swerves he's always right, damn him.

Besides, he did me a good turn once and I'm not ungrateful.

Top Hat loves hunting, with the deep, fierce passion of an old man who has seen much of life and disillusion and for whom little else remains. On hunting mornings, in the chill air and half dark, he has none of his usual early morning dullness. His eye is sparkling as he gives me a quick look over to see that I am correctly attired.

"Come along, come along!" he says. "I'm devilish cold standing here, and this ignorant lout of a syce does nothing but sit and chatter. It's about time we sacked him."

"I'm sorry, Top Hat," I apologise, "but the bullock-carts held me up on the road."

"Damn the bullock carts!" says Top Hat. "Ride 'em off the road!" As we move down the country lane at a brisk trot, faint grumbles about men not being what they were, and punctuality, reach my ear.

But as the sun rises and we begin to mix with the rest of the field, his good temper returns, for Top Hat loves the social side of hunting and looks about him as eagerly as a young girl at a party.

All the usuals are there : Mrs. Beebe, Sir Alexander, Peter. I raise my topee and am polite and Top Hat arches his neck and stands as if he were being photographed.

"Good heavens ! you haven't brought that black old brute out again, have you ?" asks Peter. "Where's the red tape ? He needs some at both ends."

I look dignified, but Top Hat, who is above such weak repartee, takes a vicious bite at Peter's beautifully booted leg, and grins sardonically as he hurriedly backs away.

Old Sir Alexander is wiser than Peter. "Most knowing old pony in the hunt. Why, I remember . . ." But at that moment Top Hat tactfully chooses to be difficult and takes small hops sideways until we are out of earshot.

Suddenly he turns his head and looks at me over his shoulder with a knowing, bloodshot eye. Then he starts to walk briskly through the field towards a group of latecomers.

"Good morning, Barbara," I say.

It is really a perfectly lovely morning.

And after it is all over and the sun is high and we are hot and dusty and thirsty, after we have had a brisk gallop, a brief scramble, lost the hounds and found them again, jumped a couple of cactus hedges at least five foot high—well, almost—it is Top Hat who says, "No, not that way. There's a short cut this side of the river. Here, I'll show you." And we are soon back to a late breakfast of beer and eggs and sausages.

Yes, we had some grand mornings together. It was Captain Hayter who began to spoil them for us.

For one thing, Captain Hayter was rich and kept several horses, good ones, and he rode them well. He was always well up in the field. He was good looking and very charming, always at ease, and very popular with the Master as he often acted as whip and never allowed his enthusiasm to carry him to the embarrassingly advanced positions that Top Hat and I occasionally found ourselves in. His hair curled. Everyone liked him. Barbara liked him. I didn't.

Then he began to pay particular attention to Barbara.

We were making our way back to the kennels one morning when I first realized that Top Hat shared my dislike of Captain Hayter. We had had a rotten run. It was poor country, hills and scrub, and the jack had crossed and recrossed the river. Hill scrambling had taken too much out of Top Hat, and after we had climbed the wrong hill twice we lost the field. We plodded slowly home, heads hanging.

"I'm getting too old for this game," said Top Hat. "Might as well get shot and be done with it." I didn't answer. I was thinking of something else.

One of Top Hat's ears cocked and turned sideways, then dropped limp again. There was the sound of trotting and conversation behind and listlessly I turned in the saddle to see who it was.

Barbara and Captain Hayter were drawing up on us fast.

"Hullo, Bill !" she called. "No luck today ?"

"No," I replied. "We lost in the first quarter of an hour."

"We've had an absolutely cracking run. Barbara was in terrific form," said Hayter smugly.

A violent shudder convulsed Top Hat.

"Oh, it was all you, Harry," said Barbara. "I just followed Harry the whole way and we were the only two in at the kill."

"Oh," I said. There was a pause. Top Hat laid his ears back.

"We'd better draw ahead, Harry," said Barbara. "Top Hat hates riding level with anyone."

"Suits me." Hayter grinned in a proprietorial manner.

"Top Hat's got some pretty good ideas," I said.

"All right, there's no need to be disagreeable," said Barbara. "Bye-bye."

I didn't want any breakfast. I went down to the stables instead before driving my lonely way back to town.

Top Hat was feeling a little more cheerful.

"Why don't you do something about this fellow Hayter?" he asked.

I pulled his ears. "It's no good," I said. "He's too good looking."

"Good looking my—er—withers," said Top Hat. "In my young days it wasn't good looks that got the women." He champed his ancient, stained teeth. "There's only one way to jump that sissy out of whatsername's mind."

"Barbara," I said.

"Make her laugh at him. My boy, when you know as much as I do about . . ."

Horses in India know a good deal about women. They're kept hanging about hitched to trees often enough. It's not surprising that Top Hat has picked up a good deal of wisdom during his long career as a subaltern's charger.

We looked at the outline of the Western Ghats in the early sun.

"A fall, now," he mused. "Not a bad one, mark you. That'd rouse her maternal instincts. Just fool him off into a cactus . . ."

"No go," I said. "He's much too good a horseman."

"Huh!" Top Hat, whose firm conviction it is that a man is as good as his horse and no better, snorted contemptuously. "I won the Kadir Cup before Master Harry was off a leading rein."

"You know you didn't win the Kadir Cup."

"Never mind that now," said Top Hat hastily. "Anyway, here he comes." And he showed the whites of his eyes.

"Hallo, old man," said Captain Hayter breezily. "Too bad about this morning. You ought to get a younger horse, you know. Getting a bit past it, isn't he?"

"Oh, I don't know."

Hayter attempted to stroke Top Hat's roman nose, but started back quickly. "Well, well," he said. "Plenty of life in the old fellow yet. Look here, I've got a brown mare that might suit you. She's a good hunter, but I like a change."

It is the height of bad taste to discuss such matters at the stable door of an old horse, but Hayter went on before I could stop him. "I tell you what. Give her a try-out next Sunday. No, wait a bit, she's the only mount I'll have."

I felt a nudge at my elbow. Some people might say that Top Hat was searching my pocket for sugar, but I caught his intention.

"Well," I said, "how would it be if you rode Top Hat and I tried out your brown mare?"

"Fine," said Hayter. "I shall enjoy it."

Whatever happened, I did not expect to enjoy that Sunday's hunting. Hayter's mare was one of those horses that are so highly bred that they are featherbrained. I don't think that she had the faintest idea of what was going on, and a morning's hunt to her was a series of ridiculous panics and a blind obedience to whatever her rider commands, which was too much for my slender initiative and knowledge.

However, the morning dawned fair and fresh to the creak of bullock carts and the sound of the village women talking down by the river as they filled their chatties with water. A smoky blue haze hung over the little villages in the valley as I mounted the brown mare and handed Top Hat over to Hayter.

For the first ten minutes I was busy with my own difficulties and I did not notice what was happening to Hayter. It was happening all right. Top Hat was being at his most bad tempered. He was turning his head and snapping at Hayter's knees. Then he started to rear and to lash out. He turned in small circles and backed resolutely into other horses. Hayter was red in the face and apologising, but he retained his seat. He was using spurs and crop and bad language, and I felt sorry for poor old Top Hat, until I caught sight of his wicked eye and saw that he was enjoying himself hugely. Fifteen years in the cavalry toughens one's hide as well as one's mouth.

A foot was out of the stirrup and hope surged. But no. All Top Hat's efforts were of no avail. It was as I said. Hayter was too good a horseman.

I looked at them as we moved off, with a despairing eye, but something in Top Hat's expression, a sort of veiled thoughtfulness, made me hope that all was not yet over.

It wasn't a bad run. Hayter's mare certainly went well, but she was neither helpful nor companionable. And all I saw of Barbara was of her trotting by the side of Hayter on the left flank.

I didn't see them at breakfast either, so I wandered off moodily in the direction of the stables.

Top Hat was there all right. He looked a little the worse for wear, but there was an undeniable air of self-satisfaction in his attitude until he saw me, when he hung his head and assumed an expression of acute discomfort. He was licking his lips with a pink rubbery tongue.

"Well ?"

"Well, what ?"

"I told you you couldn't get him off."

"I got him off all right." He jerked his head impatiently in the direction of the car park. Hayter was getting into his car. He seemed to be in a hurry, and there was something about his appearance. . . . It took me some time to fathom what was wrong. He wasn't dirty, but his clothes were unusually crumpled and his boots were dulled. Light dawned.

I looked at Top Hat. He shifted painfully from one foreleg to the other and assumed an air of self-pity.

"The things I do for you !" he said. "Shouldn't be surprised if I haven't caught my death of a cough."

"But what *did* you do ?"

"Mind you," said Top Hat, "he was pretty sticky to shift. I'll grant him that. But I haven't lived in India all my life without learning something. What would Gandhi have done ?" Sometimes Top Hat can be really exasperating. He has all the worst faults of old age when it comes to telling a story. "Passive resistance, my boy."

"What the hell's that got to do with it ?"

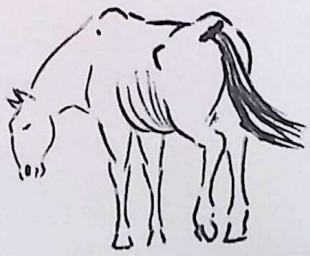
"I just lay down. In the river."

Suddenly his eyes flickered over my shoulder and then gave me a look, a look of deep cunning, with a wicked leering glint. It made me feel uncomfortable. I don't think Top Hat's ideas on women coincide with mine, at least I hope not.

"Bill." It was Barbara calling me. "Bill, I've been looking for you everywhere. I saw the *funniest* thing this morning. Isn't Top Hat an old rascal ? I *must* tell you about it."

As I turned to go I heard a cough behind me, a painfully artificial cough.

"Did I hear you say something about a bran mash ?" in a hoarse whisper.



TO be utterly alone and yet to pass within stone's throw of two million people, the focus of four million eyes—such was once my experience.

Gloom was over England. The Nation was watching, waiting, praying. Then that evening came when the news posters, glistening under the street lamps, told us that hope was at an end—"THE KING SINKING." During that night the King's life drew "peacefully to its close."

At the War Office next day, attention was focused on the final details for the funeral. Several days before the files of King Edward VII's funeral had been drawn and studied. All preliminaries had been set in train—pathetic, cautious necessity where so much has to be done, behind the scenes, to prepare the last homage for distinguished people, before they are dead.

My branch, "Movements," was concerned with the comparatively simple, almost routine, task of ascertaining and arranging the move of whatever troops were to be brought to London for the procession and street lining. While working on this an old hand in the office said to me, "You know, I suppose, that this branch has to provide the leader of the procession. It's an old custom and privilege." I laughed; but at the next conference I discovered that he was not joking. It was an old custom for a Staff Officer from "Movements" to lead all national processions. Now Colonel Badcock, the head of the branch, was away at Southampton dealing with some troopships, so I rang him up to prepare him for his lonely march. His reply, that he was too involved with his convoy and that I must take his place, was perhaps a natural reaction for the Colonel, but it would not have been mine. However ——.

Speculating on the sort of day I had before me made me quite excited. There could be nothing difficult that I could see; no wild horse to manage; the route would be lined with troops; the pace would be set by the gun-carriage, not by me; the first escort of the Household Cavalry would be just behind me and the band to give me the "time" and pace. And yet—the actual thought of my position, in the limelight, the cynosure for those few hours of millions of eyes, leading a procession of such importance, gave me some bad moments. The order of dress—Full Dress and Cloaks—meant a plumed "busby." "Supposing it slips." "Supposing I should trip over the sword dangling on its sling." "How will one's muscles stand up to two hours' slow-time march in thin Wellington boots? Will one be limping or swaying by the end?" Such were the fears that attacked me during the two days of preparation.

The president of the funeral committee had emphasised that the gun-carriage, and not the head of the procession, would set the pace. Concertinaing, inevitable up and down a motley column several miles long, containing troops of all services besides distinguished and aged men on foot, would be checked and adjusted by marshals in charge of each section.

The head of the column was calculated to be opposite St. James' Palace while the gun-carriage was waiting at Westminster Abbey for its royal burden. The march table from St. James', for the head, allowed two hours to reach Paddington. All other timings were based on this.

Unlike other big ceremonial functions, at a Royal funeral there is little time for setting up barriers and stands, arranging reserved seats and tickets, and other aids for assuring control of a multitude. It is also difficult

to estimate what numbers will arrive on the route. Much will depend on the time of year and the weather on the day itself.

Though cold and raw, this day broke fine. This, combined with the deep affection for the King, brought out a crowd so vast and uncontrollable that the ceremony was almost wrecked at one point. Anticipating difficulty in getting to my post at St. James', I set out with hours to spare. It was lucky I did. The fact was that the pavement space between house fronts and street edge, over the six miles of route, could not contain the vast numbers striving to occupy it. I took two hours to reach my rendezvous though I only had to go by tube from Knightsbridge to Piccadilly and thence walk the few hundred yards to St. James'. Six trains roared non-stop through Knightsbridge, so full were they. When the seventh did stop, I had to fight to get a footing and be gently eased in, as with a shoe-horn, by the closing doors.

On the street in Piccadilly the sight was astounding. Thousands and thousands of folk all trying to edge into St. James' Street, which was already packed solid. Indeed it had been so before the arrival of the street-lining troops. Though these had now arrived they were finding it almost impossible to clear the road. More people were pouring in. Barriers set up in side streets to keep people out, now hemmed them in. Cars and taxis bringing people to their seats, which they could not reach, were stranded in the throng. They should never have been allowed on the route, but now there it seemed as if no power on earth could get them off in time.

Waiting at my starting point, I saw the police in action, helping the troops clear the street. A mounted police patrol would line up with their horse's tails turned towards the crowd. Then these wonderful animals would gently, oh so gently, push the British populace a few feet back. There was good humour on all sides, and slowly the roadway was opened up. The minutes went by, filled with interest and no little "stage fright" as the time drew near. I was concerned, too, as the first escort of Life Guards was still missing. Five minutes to go. The situation seemed critical—and then relief. A patch of crimson cloaks and white plumes swung into St. James' and with three minutes to spare took up their position. But now I suddenly spotted a new hitch affecting my role. The escort had posted two troopers as advance guard about 300 yards ahead. What was I to do ? My instructions were to lead the procession, so I must go ahead of everything, including, I decided, the advance guard.

Right or wrong, I quickly went forward, coming up with them just as the starting signal came through.

This small change created quite a new situation for me. Instead of being close to a formed body of troops, within sound of tramping feet with a band close behind to check my pace, I was very much alone. I had nothing to check my position by and was quite out of touch with the controlling marshals, also on foot. I could have turned round at intervals to see what was happening behind, but I felt somehow that any such back glances would be wrong and undignified in my conspicuous place. So a sort of pride made me resist the temptation to look back throughout the march. The most I allowed myself was a quick sideways glance out of the corner of my eye when I came to a bend.

With these thoughts racing in my mind, the slow movement began, and with it a unique and unforgettable sensation. All the well-known landmarks—streets and buildings—so familiar to me during the daily round of the past two years now took on a new, completely strange aspect. The streets, quite empty, stretched ahead, a broad ribbon with the straight line of lamp-posts down the middle. Flanking each side, a solid mass of pink—the faces of the crowd, squeezed together into an even pattern resembling a vast herbaceous border, thick with azaleas in full bloom. Then the silence—that was the most moving and awe-inspiring part of my strange walk. At my approach, all troops rested on their arms. Broadcast music was turned off and a hush fell on the throng. Abreast of me the silence was of the grave and all I heard were my own footfalls and those of the two troopers behind me. Now and then the strains of the band far behind caught my ear—here and there a sob—otherwise silence.

I soon fell into a suitable rhythm, moving mechanically. The awkward motion, poising with down-pointed toe, of "slow time" requires a different adjustment of the hips from quick time. At first balance is difficult and you tend to sway. However, once movement had become automatic and subconscious, a curious feature of this lone march proved to be the mixture of thoughts which flitted through my mind. Apart from the photographic impression of each unique scene in my brain, and apart from the natural feeling of pride in my post of honour, my strangest reaction was a constant illusion of being in a vivid dream, in which I was moving in some highly

unlikely place under public gaze and being convinced that some vital garment, my trousers for example, was missing.

So strong was the illusion that I longed to look around myself to check up that everything was in order. I had visions of my sword-belt breaking, loosing my sword round my feet to trip me up; that my overall straps would break and set adrift the floppy Wellington boots ; that the small hidden sling holding together a damaged elbow would cast loose.

I arrived at Hyde Park Corner, and here I had a stroke of luck. As I turned towards the arches I saw that two of the gates had been opened. "Which to use ?" The one I chose would be used by the whole procession, and there is a right and wrong in such matters. Trying not to panic and wildly seeking inspiration, I spotted a Police Commissioner, gorgeous in cocked hat, standing between the two arches. I recognised George du Chair, who had been at the Staff College with me and since transferred to the Police. I made a slight sign with my free hand which he was quick enough to understand, answering with a slight bend of his head towards the correct gate. My prayer had been answered.

In Hyde Park the route had been cleared without difficulty and the broad roadway stretched bare as a desert ahead. In contrast, the rising ground round the Achilles Statue presented a breath-taking appearance. On this sloping patch there must have been ten thousand faces, all touching, as it seemed, and moulded into another giant flower border. Looking at them, I marvelled that each face represented a separate ego, a separate life and history, each with its own problems, its local importance. The thought bewildered me, just as I get dazed when people begin quoting particulars about the stars.

Beyond Marble Arch a different scene confronted me. Up to here the streets had stretched away, broad, bare and clean, but now the struggle with the throng to clear a lane broad enough for even eight men abreast was still going on. These narrower streets could not hold the number who had gained access. Though the struggles subsided as I approached, policemen's cloaks, bits of equipment, hats and even rubbish, in the roadway, bore testimony to the grim and recent struggle. The troops, instead of resting solemnly on their reversed arms, were still closely linked together holding back the surging press of humanity, in order to maintain the gap that had been achieved. As for the crowd itself, from close up the spectacle was fantastic. Whole sections, chunks some fifty yards long, stretching back to the house fronts, were surging to and fro. At first I thought it was my own eyes and that I must be going to faint. Then I realized what was happening. Pressed together in sheer weight of numbers, their feet had been lifted off the ground so that whole sections of the serried mass gently swam back and forth as if they were seen through a mirage ! Despite the rawness of the morning, many fainted and had to be hoisted out somehow and passed at arm's length over the heads of their neighbours into the roadway. Later, in this street—Edgware Road—the dam burst and part of the procession was held up for several minutes.

At last, still hemmed in by the endless pink ribbon of faces, I turned into Paddington Station. A glance at the clock showed that I was a full half-hour behind my schedule, yet throughout my position relative to the escort had been unchanged. A mistake must have been made in the timings, and it was clear that the rest of the ceremonies would be late.

As they arrived all the elements of the procession—great men of all walks of life and foreign celebrities—entered the coaches of a special train.

Here the scene, temporarily, lost some of its dignity, assuming the semblance of dressing rooms backstage of a theatre. Stiff and rather tired—particularly some of the older men—the company relaxed and removed their heavy headgear and cloaks, revealing themselves in shirt sleeves; for most cloaks and greatcoats will not fit over the heavy, braided tunics of full dress, with their epaulettes, aiguillettes and other trimmings, so it is customary to dispense, when cloaked, with the tunic. So watchers along the railway route to Windsor must have been rather puzzled to see this trainload of shirt-sleeved men, sipping coffee (most welcome), looking like a midsummer excursion party. Windsor was free of London's crowd problems. But here I struck personal troubles which left me weak at the knees with mortification. I set off well enough in my same position. Just as I entered the "Long Walk," however, I sensed the Escort, which I had been able to hear clumping nearer and nearer behind me, closing up at a great pace, and now they were right on my heels. So close in fact that the officer leading signalled to me to push on. Thinking it had been decided to quicken the pace to make up time,

I increased my step up the long rise and soon reached the precincts of the castle. Inside the walls following the twisting route, I reached the last and only straight stretch, lined by the boys of Eton College O.T.C., leading to St. George's Chapel. I was now strutting along full of confidence, everything having gone well and the end of the pilgrimage in sight. My approach again brought the respectful hush, troops lowered their heads towards their reversed arms, and thus I reached the doors of the chapel.

At last I could turn and look back. I looked. The road stretching away in sight for about two hundred yards was empty. I waited and waited—it seemed for hours—but nothing came round the bend into that final length of road. What had happened? Had there been another check? I must have speeded up too much. I felt such a fool having caused all the troops and spectators to get taut and expectant and then for nothing to happen for ages—as it seemed. At last they came. I learned afterwards that the long slope up the "Long Walk" had proved too much for the older men, and the pace had had to be slowed down. I felt hot and bothered for some time, and my recollections of the whole procession remained marred until I was assured by someone who had been standing at the chapel that the effect had not been bad after all.

I will not describe the closing ceremonies, though I was lucky enough to see and hear the beautiful service in the chapel, from a discreet corner, although this was not on my programme. I will only record my memory of the wonderful wreaths covering almost an acre outside the chapel, and the glorious singing.

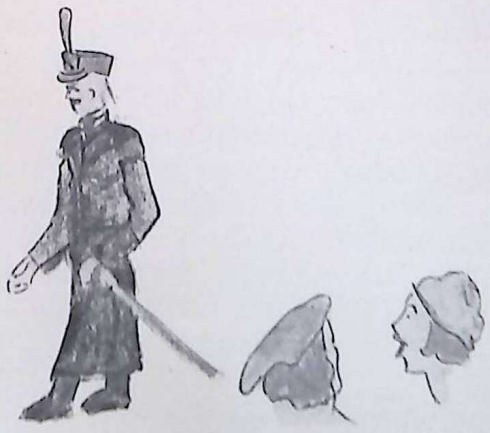
Relaxing on the informal return journey to London, I expected all sorts of stiffness of arms, legs and ankles or feet. Actually these limbs were quite unaffected, but later a fierce ache attacked the small of my back so violently that I had to call in a masseur before I could rise to meet my evening engagements.

Every ceremony, however solemn, has its amusing incident. On this occasion I can't recall without a smile hearing, at one point on the route, this exclamation in awed undertones: "Coo! here comes the undertaker-in-chief!" Nor, in fact, was this remark unreasonable. Arrayed as I was from head to foot in black—plume, rifle cap, greatcoat and overalls—it is understandable that I might appear as a symbol of mourning or, as I did to this individual, as the chief undertaker.

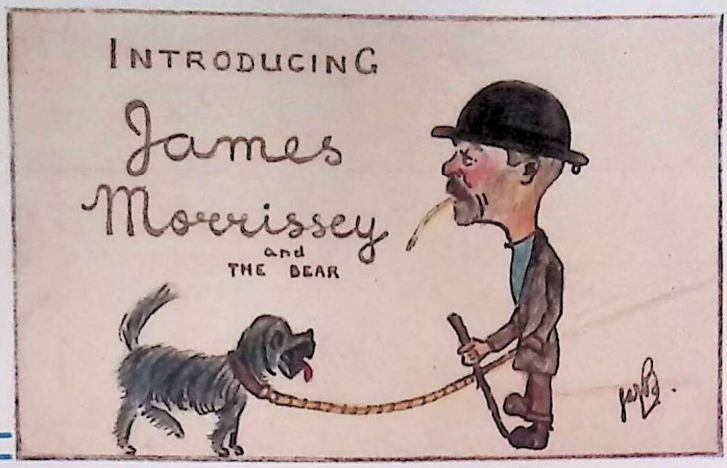
The story is not complete without mention of the aftermath. Much criticism arose from the public, the press, and indeed from the highest quarters regarding the dislocation of the timings. As a result a court of enquiry was held to try to fix the responsibility for this failure. The various theories put forward by the press blaming me or others all had to be rejected on the evidence—I in any case had not been the pacemaker. The real explanation seems to have been that the timings had been taken from Edward VII's funeral—the routes being identical—but it had been overlooked that on that occasion only the regular troops had been on foot, all others being mounted, whereas in this procession everyone walked, including many very old men.

This had not been allowed for in the original calculations.

Here, then, is the laying to rest of a great King, as seen from the head of the procession, with all the pomp and circumstance still in vogue in 1936. How much of such colour, ritual, and beauty of ceremony will we see survive a second world war?



"Coo, 'ere comes the undertaker-in-chief!"



BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

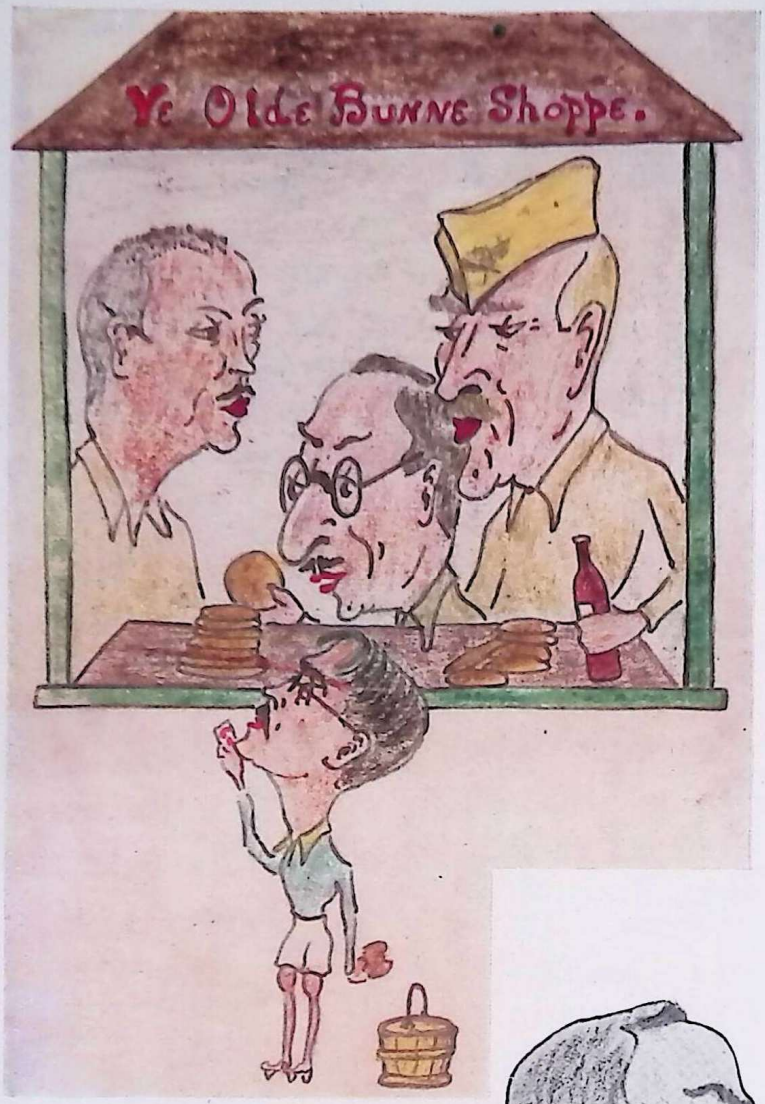
Extracts from "Who's Who in Oireland 1944"

By kind permission
of Jas. Morrissey and the Editor

MORRISSEY, JAS. Born, a liar, as far as he can remember, "at the toim' of the big wind." Spent his youth avoiding school; can neither read nor write, but has a shrewd knowledge of the British currency. Is automatically "agin all Governments." Joined the Volunteers 18—? Nearly saw service in South African War. Not so nearly in 1914. Left the Volunteers 19—? Joined Sinn Fein, transferred allegiance to I.R.A. and then to Free State. Present ambition "to see the British back agin." Unmarried ("Mrs. Morrissey" is his sister—adopted "honourable" prefix of "Mrs." after futile attempts to hold situation as cook).

Sports and Pastimes.— Pitch and Toss cross-roads champion of Churchtown and District; badgerbaiting; dog foights, cock foights, and ALL foights; earth stopper and "adviser" to the Hunt; bog "minder" and sporting "help" to the "gintry."

Most Famous Saying.—"Didn't the English beat the Jarmans and the Oirish beat hell out of the English? So begob, this must be a great country!"



"BUNDAY"

OR

B.Us. SHIRAKAWA

This caricature by Archie Bevan will recall vividly the memories of those few months when the canteen (P.X. to you Americans) actually had things to eat.

Prophetic too of the shape of things to come.

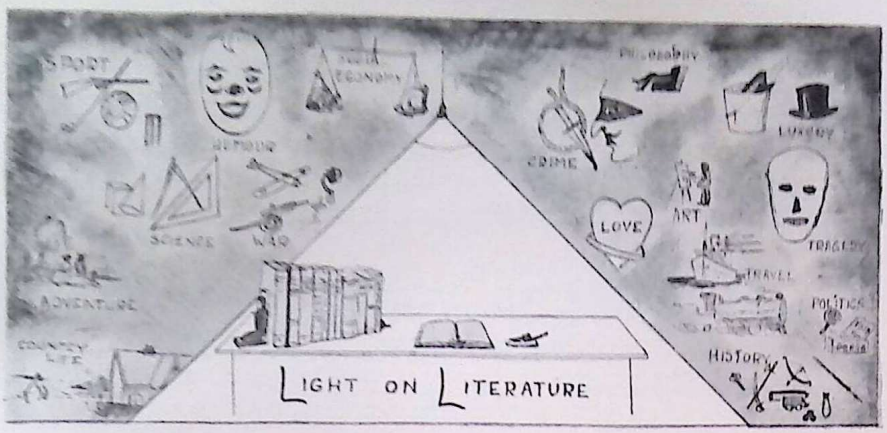
"Bread Rationing and Queues !"

(*left to right* Colonels Collier, Vance and Callaghan.
(*below*) Captain "Windy" Forbes

EX LIBRIS

Another of "Archie's" caricatures which depicts those ministers to our intellects "The Librarians" and recalls other days of queuing.

(*left to right*) Brigadier Duke ("The Binder"), Colonel F. Ward and Lieut. "Peter" Piper.



J. G. NEWTON BROWN

"RECOMMEND me a good book." What an impossible demand ! And what a diversity of standards that overworked epithet "good" has to cover. It is at the mercy of every mood. To a certain extent, of course, a good book creates its own mood, but it is powerless until we have removed it from the shelf, elbowed our way to the librarian, checked it out and settled down to the first pages, uninterrupted by hot water, work, roll call, washing, eating, bed-making, and the other catastrophes of this life. And we all know the helplessness that attacks us when confronted by a ragged rank of unfamiliar titles and unappetising, part-worn backs.

"Absolutely nothing in the library," we say in disgust, and flounce out to a game of bridge.

Playing for safety, then, Clifton Fadiman's READING I'VE LIKED (F 485) may be recommended to everybody, for it is a collection of short stories, essays, speeches, from which you can take your choice. It is distinguished among anthologies on many counts : nearly all the selections are complete and those that are not, the excerpts from the " Men of Goodwill " series, for example, are from long and difficult novels that, without a preliminary taste, the average reader would not attempt, to his loss. It consists entirely of the work of contemporary authors, of a uniformly high standard, but of a wide variety of subject and treatment. And it is worth getting out of the library for the sake of Clifton Fadiman's own comments on each piece, and for his long introduction, which throws much light on the craft of reading. The editor, if no literary critic, is a lively and competent book reviewer, with a close grip of the average reader's limitations and yet with a missionary zeal for the higher standard.

The book consists of translations as well as English and American authors, and if it is weighted unduly in favour of America, that is only to be expected and it is more interesting for the introduction of authors that are without honour in other countries.

It is Clifton Fadiman's job, on the *New Yorker*, to recommend good books, so consult the expert.

But mistrust his judgment on one point. One of the foremost English authors omitted from his anthology is Charles Morgan : in fact he makes it clear, twice, that he would like to include his work in a selection entitled " Reading I've Not Liked." From a distance of three thousand miles Fadiman may give his opinion boldly, but those nearer London are in a quandary, for the author of THE FOUNTAIN (A167) and SPARKENBROKE (A855) is a power in the land. Is, or is not, Charles Morgan's beautiful prose meaningless ? Are, or are not, his exhaustive philosophical analyses mere humbug ?

He writes in a tone of high seriousness and, as every comedian knows, nothing is so close to burlesque. Let the threads of interest or credulity be snapped (and they are severely strained by the close protracted argument) and the mind is immediately irritated and sceptical. "Two hundred pages getting the girl to bed !"

THE FOUNTAIN is the easier book and should be read first. It has a plot. An English officer, interned in Holland during the Great War, without responsibility to family or country, his life closely circumscribed, takes

the opportunity to research into the contemplative life. He wishes to attain that state of detached serenity of mind that remains unaffected by the whirling life of affairs about it and yet progresses, as the axle of a wheel is still in itself and yet moves forward. But his calm is broken into by an Englishwoman, with whom he falls in love, and she with him. Julie's husband is a German officer, who returns from the western front hopelessly maimed, with the knowledge that his country and his class, will surely be defeated. He clings to life only by will power, springing from his love for his wife. The situation is essentially dramatic and tragic and it is thickened with a thousand ideas and complications.

There is a progression in any serious author's work and in SPARKENBROKE written in the four years succeeding the publication of THE FOUNTAIN, there is more philosophy and less plot. Secure as the dramatic critic of *The Times*, Charles Morgan can afford himself the rare indulgence of writing novels as he wishes to write them. In THE FOUNTAIN he is mainly preoccupied with human relationships and in particular, the contemplative mode of life, with the theme rather than the plot. In SPARKENBROKE he pursues further the problem of individual behaviour, with little relief to the reader. His theme, that any action of a creative artist, however reprehensible by ordinary social standards, is justifiable by virtue of his genius, is not one acceptable to most, shall we say, prisoners of war : and his main character's preoccupation with death is another obstacle. On the other hand, Lord Sparkenbroke is a poet and a convincing one, and the book is written with the precision and vocabulary of a poet, so that if the matter does not please, the manner is a continuous delight.

Charles Morgan searches after absolute truth, and that can rarely be happy. For sheer happiness, the gaiety of a fairy story with the same implications of truth, read THE JASMINE FARM (A871) by "Elizabeth." It is, I think, one of the most amusing books in the library and the setting of the latter half, a farm for the production of the raw material of perfume, on the French Riviera, is a delightful contrast with present circumstances. The plot twists and turns. What more ingenious method of letting the cat out of the bag could there be, than that slip of the tongue over an interminable game of chess ? And what cats ! Safe here, in our male seclusion, we can laugh at them without misgiving.

And in the end the hero, husband of a beautiful, but dumb, girl, lover, malgré lui, of a determined and aristocratic young woman, son-in-law of a worldly actress, and employed by a guardian of public morals (who is the mother of his mistress), retires to his bed and dies in a lingering and forgotten decline. Can you blame him?

Less amusing to my mind, is CHRISTOPHER AND COLUMBUS (A872) by the same author. It is the story of two sixteen-year old half-German, half-English orphans, whose main characteristics are beauty, added to an extreme candour, born of their innocence, and their adventures in America during the Great War. It has the same quality of happiness as THE JASMINE FARM but the style is verbose and lacks, if the story doesn't, that primary requisite of war and humour, surprise.

Well, there you are, a book for every mood, that fulfil the proper functions of books, those of consolation and instruction.

* * *

**The older members of the camp read detective stories, the younger technicals.

**Titles that tell all : BEYOND EINSTEIN. (If it's beyond him, it's beyond me.)

J. G. NEWTON BROWN.

In pursuit of the GRAPE

THINK of France and what is the mind's automatic reaction? Wine and art—wine as sparkling as the Middle Sea under a summer sun, wine as still as the Silent Pool at Shere and as sweet as the meadowland surrounding it, wine red with passion, red with the richness of old mahogany; and art on the left bank, art in ateliers high above the world's loveliest city, art pursued by disciples in smocks and flowing bow ties.

With art you are not concerned in this article, in which the author takes you on a tour of France in pursuit of the grape. It will lead you from the mist-laden north to the shining south, from the battle-fields of two wars to the blissful peace of the Côte d'Azur.

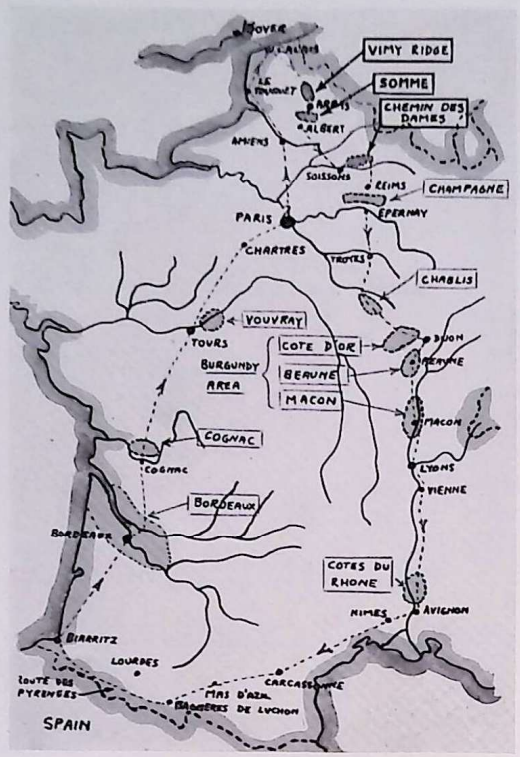
WHEN touring a foreign country by car there are two main methods which can be adopted—you can go wherever the fancy takes you or you can operate according to a more or less fixed itinerary.

It so happens that a tour through the wine-growing districts of France covers a large proportion of the country and at the same time provides a connecting motive.

In this article I have assumed that conditions will approximate to those existing before the present war. It was then possible to take a few cars across the Channel on all the normal passenger routes, but by far the most popular with motorists was to cross from Dover to Calais on the *Forde*—a vessel specially adapted for this purpose. She used to leave Dover about 10.30 a.m. and arrive in Calais about 12.30 p.m., so that all cars were through the customs formalities by 1.30 p.m. at the latest.

The proposed route from Calais runs through St. Omer and Souchez to Arras. On descending the last four kilometres into Arras you will notice a parallel ridge about a kilometre to the left of the road. It is the famous Vimy Ridge, taken by the Canadian Corps in the Battle of Arras in 1917. A visit is well worth while and can easily be made by turning to the left two kilometres before Arras down the Lens–Lille road. About a kilometre down this road a minor road leads to the left along the top of the ridge to the Canadian Memorial and old Canadian trenches cut in the chalk.

Arras was very near the front line from the end of 1914 onwards during the last war and suffered accordingly. During the present war it was the G.H.Q. of the British and was again severely damaged by bombing.



The main road from Arras continues via Cambrai, St. Quentin, Laon and Reims, but an easy detour through Bapaume, Albert, Peronne and Soissons will cross two very interesting battle-field areas. From Bapaume to Albert the road passes through the middle of the Somme battle-field, with Pozièrs and La Boiselle lying on the road, Beaumont Hamel, Mouquet Farm, Thiépval and the Ancre valley close on the right and High Wood, Longueval and the Bazentins on the left. When I was serving as a very junior officer our brigade nearly captured a complete German battalion in Pozières on the Albert–Bapaume road in 1918. We caught sight of it at 2 a.m. on the skyline against the red glow of burning dumps retiring in column of route—but that is another story. There are numerous memorials and cemeteries in this area, including the Somme Memorial at Thiépval, the South African Memorial in Delville Wood, and the Newfoundland Memorial in Beaumont Hamel. In Albert stands the basilica from the ruins of which the Virgin's figure hung so long, to fall at last not long before the end of the last war—as foretold.

About ten kilometres north of Soissons the route takes a narrow road to the right along the ridge of a long, rounded chalk hill similar to our own Hog's Back in Surrey. This is the Chemin des Dames, a position which the B.E.F. failed to storm completely in the Battle of the Aisne at the end of the advance after the Marne in 1914. It was here that the main attacks of the disastrous Nivelle offensive failed so terribly in 1917, bringing the French Army to the verge of breakdown; and it was here also that the last German offensive, which again took them across the Marne to the gates of Paris, was launched in 1918. After descending the far end of the Chemin des Dames ridge you will reach the main road to Reims, which has one of the finest examples of Gothic cathedrals in the world. Unfortunately, the roof was burned in 1914 and the main body of the building shelled in 1918. The French, after twenty years' hard work, have restored on broad lines most of the damaged sections, but there are still years of work to complete the details.

Reims is the centre of the Champagne trade. It is full of famous firms, but undoubtedly the largest and most interesting factory from a visitor's point of view is that of Pommery and Greno. After the first fermentation of the grape juice the whole manufacture of champagne is carried out in caves cut in the chalk under Reims at a temperature of 52° F. Messrs. Pommery and Greno alone have fifteen miles of these caves, many of those nearest the surface of Roman origin. You can imagine my surprise when, in May, 1940, I was ushered into the underground H.Q. of the Advance Air Striking Force and recognized the cellars of Pommery and Greno. I had been led in through a tunnel from the chateau and had not realized where I was going. I arrived there on 13th May, the day the Germans broke through the Ardennes. They knew where the H.Q. was and had sent a fast bomber with a single 1,000 lb. bomb for the Pommery and Greno chateau. Fortunately it missed by fifty yards and did little damage. Even the sentry who was blown high in the air was on duty again when I arrived an hour afterwards.

On my first visit to Reims I was surprised to find that both white and black grapes are used in the making of champagne. The manufacturers do not own the vineyards, but buy their juice from the growers. All well-known brands of champagne are blends of juice from different types of grapes from various vineyards in the area, and sugar is added according to the required degree of dryness. The only champagne to which no sugar is added is styled "brut."

The next part of the route from Reims to Epernay passes over the Montagne des Reims and through the heart of the vineyard area. The Montagne de Reims is a chalky plateau between the Rivers Vesle and Marne and is covered with dense forests. It is only round the edge of the plateau, about half-way up the steep slopes, that champagne grapes are grown. All vineyards in the area producing the required quality of wine must obtain the approval of the Winegrowers' Association of France before their product can be called "Champagne." All such wine may be recognized by the word "Champagne" stamped on the side of the cork.

Epernay is second only to Reims in the manufacture of champagne.

The route continuing from Epernay crosses the Seine at Troyes and then goes on to Tonnère and Chablis. Here, on both banks of the little River Serein, lies the home of the delightful white wine known as Chablis. Frenchmen are reputed to be able to tell from its taste from which bank of the stream a Chablis comes.

In continuing to Dijon, the route crosses a range of hills whose south-eastern slopes—called the Côte d'Or—are covered with vines producing one of the best-known Burgundies. The valley of the Saône below is also practically one continuous vineyard, and the road passes through villages and towns such as Givry, Nuits St. Georges, Beaune and Mersault, all world known for their wines. The best-kept vineyard that I have ever seen, called the Clos Vougeôt, is in this area and borders the main road. Unfortunately it is only about six acres in extent. It is related that Napoleon made his soldiers halt and present arms to this vineyard when passing.

South of Chalons-sur-Saône, the route passes through another famous Burgundy area, with Macon as its centre.

After passing through Lyons, noted for silk manufacturing, you follow the Rhône valley through Vienne, Valence, Montelimar and Orange to Avignon. Roman arches, temples and other buildings testify to the antiquity of these provincial towns, in contrast to which Montelimar's main industry—the manufacture of nougat—lends a modern touch.

Around Avignon are vineyards known as Côte du Rhône, whose most notable wine is Château Neuf du Pape. Avignon itself is famous for the Palace of the Popes, which the Pope occupied during the only period when the Holy See was not situated in Rome.

From Avignon it is an easy diversion to the French Riviera, after which you regain the route at Nímes.

At Nímes is a Roman amphitheatre so well preserved that municipal carnivals are still held there. About ten miles out of the town is the famous Roman aqueduct at Pont-du-Gard, also in such excellent state that the lower arches are used as a road bridge. From Nímes you continue through places of little interest, Montpellier, Besiers and Narbonne, to Carcassonne, where on a hill stands a complete medieval town with battlements, drawbridges and narrow cobbled streets full of old houses quite unspoiled. The French have wisely built the modern town outside the old city walls, and refuse to allow any changes inside which would impair its character. The two hotels in the old town, one expensive and the other moderate, are both in keeping with the rest of the town.

The route now continues through Pamiers and Mas d'Azil to Bagnères de Luchon. At Mas d'Azil the road passes through a range of hills by means of a cave cut by a stream which flows alongside the road. Prehistoric remains of great interest were found in this cave when making the road.

Bagnères de Luchon is a spa as well as a Pyrenean winter sports centre. The route here follows the Route des Pyrénées along the base of the mountains and crosses the spurs which run out of the main range in a series of passes such as the Col du Tourmalet, d'Aspin and Aubisque. A visit to Lourdes is a very short diversion from the main route.

At Biarritz you turn north through the Landes to Bordeaux, centre of one of the largest wine growing districts in the world. This region is divided into areas such as Médoc, Graves, Sauterne and Entre-deux-Eaux, each producing wine of its own characteristics, some red, some white. I recommend visits to such famous vineyards as the Châteaux Yquem, Latour, Lafite, Mouton-de-Rothschild and Pauillac Barsac and St. Emillion.

Continuing north we come to Cognac, the centre of the French brandy trade. In my opinion Martell's is the most modern and interesting establishment to visit, though Hennessey's and Otard's—the latter in the Chateau of Cognac—are worth a visit if one has the time. The list of owners kept in the Cognac Chateau includes the names of several English kings.

As in Champagne, the big manufacturers do not own any vineyards, but buy their brandy from the village distilleries immediately after the vintage. The wine used for distillation is rather coarse in quality and varies from village to village. The fresh brandy, which is water white, is put in casks of Charente oak and left for fifteen to twenty years in long warehouses, where it gradually mellows and absorbs the yellow colour of the oak. As the warehouses are not underground, the heat of the summer causes the alcohol to evaporate and the brandy becomes weaker and weaker as it improves in flavour. It is impossible to work for long periods among the casks without becoming drunk on the fumes, and a species of black fungus, rooted to the limestone walls, absorbs energy from the same source.

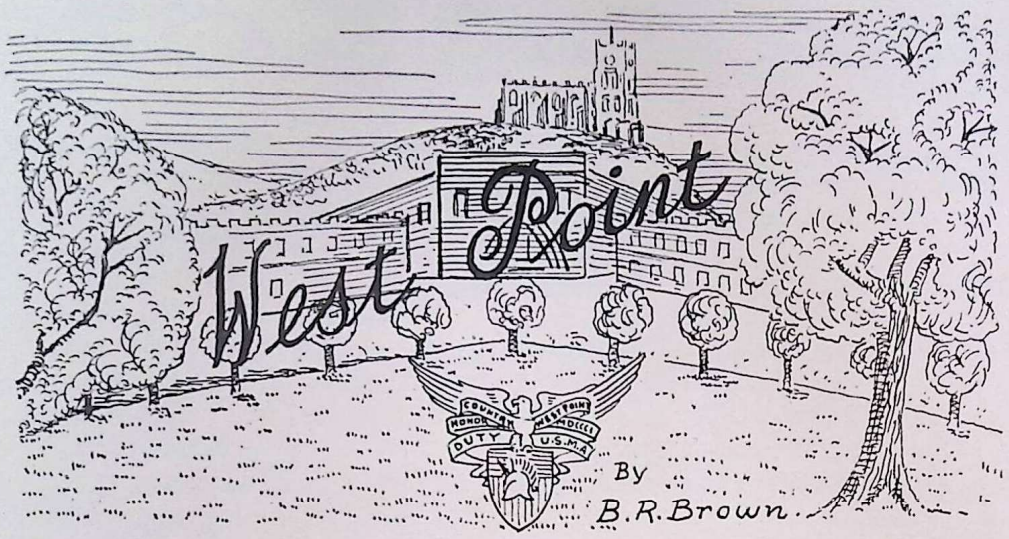
Apparently the skill in making standard commercial brands is in the blending of brandies from different areas and in restoring the strength in alcohol. Only brandies grown and distilled in a specified area round Cognac are allowed to be given the name "Cognac."

You continue the return journey north through Poitiers to Tours. Near here is a small vineyard centred on Vouvray which provides excellent light white wine, both still and sparkling.

Along the banks of the Loire from Tours stretches the Château district, where there is enough interesting material to constitute a complete tour on its own.

Then on through Chartres, where there is another Gothic cathedral with wonderful stained glass windows, to Paris.

The return to Calais can be made through Amiens, Le Touquet, where I recommend you to spend the last night in France, and Boulogne.



By B. R. BROWN

ALMOST a century and a half ago, the Congress of the United States created a new grade, called Cadet, in the United States Army. As a result the Military Academy at West Point was established.

West Point began life in 1802 primarily as a training school for engineers and as such became the first technical school in the United States. It was not until 1817 that Colonel Sylvanus Thayer, the "father of the Military Academy," foreseeing the ultimate destiny of the school, formulated and put into effect those ideals from which the Corps of Cadets has not materially varied to this day.

The attempt to procure the highest type physically, mentally and morally, has never abated. Many requirements must be met by candidates who, since most appointments are distributed by Congressional Districts, represent a good cross-section of the nation. (Appointments can be made to Army and National Guard personnel as well as to civilians.)

Qualifications

A candidate must never have been married and must be between the ages of seventeen and twenty-one. He must have graduated at an accredited high school, where he must have reached sufficiently high grades in specified subjects. Even if he meets all these requirements, he will probably have to take examinations conducted by those authorized to make appointments. He must then pass mental and physical tests. (Causes for rejection on physical grounds range from "acne" to "extreme ugliness.") He must also submit to a personal examination by a board of regular army officers. About a month later he is notified of the result, and, if successful, is ordered to report at West Point on 1st July.

West Point is under the command of a Superintendent, normally a brigadier-general or major-general, and under him are many departments, the most important, from the cadet's point of view, being the tactical and academic departments. The Corps is divided into three battalions of twelve companies, with cadets acting as officers and N.C.Os. of all units, officers and sergeants being chosen from the First (Senior) Class and corporals from the Second (Junior) Class. The other classes, Third (Sophomore) and Fourth (Freshmen), supply the privates.

"Plebes"

The new cadet is too busy to worry about the organization which drives the Academy. He finds himself one of 600 "plebes," about a third of whom will drop by the wayside before the course is run. From the moment he presents his credentials, his life and its regulation are no longer his own. He is assigned to a company of other men about his own height, and is rushed into a room in the barracks where his company is billeted. He is double-timed to and from the store for bedding, clothing, etc.; he is rushed to a tailor and measured ; he is poured into

grey trousers and grey flannel shirt. He has his glossy locks removed by the barber. He is swept away to the armoury for rifle and field equipment. Behind his intense activity is the driving force of the "Beast Detail," drawn from First and Third Classes.

By this time he has discovered that his name, contrary to his belief for nearly twenty years, is not Tom Smith but "New Cadet Smith, T. H., Sir," and that humour has no place in a plebe's life. It is also penetrating his consciousness that he is very, very dumb, and can do nothing right. Overcome by his exertions, he collapses in a chair in a room. What happens? He finds a member of the "Beast Detail" at his elbow, fuming at his presumption at resting when there is so much to do.

After the first day, events begin to have more order in his mind, but his time is just as occupied. All morning and every morning he "doubles" from formation to formation—close order drill, manual of arms, guard mount, voice and command, weapons of all kinds, and so on. His afternoons are taken up by athletics, football, baseball, lacrosse, soccer, swimming. At all times he is so besieged by cries of "Chin in," "Chest up," "Shoulders back," "Arms straight" that he thinks he is a round-shouldered, big-paunched deformity. Even meals offer no relief, for he sits and eats at attention and is silent unless addressed. In the evenings he has to fold all his clothing and put them in the right place, memorize the history and traditions of the academy, clean and polish all his leather and brass.

Summer Camp

At the end of the month he is moved to Summer Camp with the "Yearlings" (Third Class), who, having just advanced from the "Plebe" stage, know all the answers. Parades become a nightmare. After a further month the First Class joins them, and the three classes go on a week's infantry hike and manœuvre in the mountains near by, the "Plebes" carrying 80 lb. full field packs. On return, the cadet, fitter than he has ever been in his life, finds that "Beast Barracks" are ended. The Second Class returns from furlough, and on 1st September academics begin for all classes.

Classes

Classes are held five and a half days a week, and every cadet is graded each day in every subject he takes that day. "Cutting" is forbidden, and all take the same courses. The cadet's days is : 5.50 a.m. to 7, attendance at reveillé formation, toilet, cleaning room and property for inspection ; 7, breakfast ; 7.50 to 11.50, classes ; 11.50, lunch ; 1 p.m. to 3, classes. (He may sometimes have a study period in the morning and afternoon.)

After 3 p.m. on two days a week he has tactics, and on two days athletics. On Wednesdays he is free unless he has other duties. The evening meal, at 6 p.m., is followed by "a call to quarters" at 7.15, and until 10 p.m. "taps" and "lights-out," next day's lessons are studied.

An inspection, preceded by a review of all the cadets, is held every Saturday about 1 p.m. Athletics follow, and then the cadet is free, even to dine in a hotel or in an officer's quarters. If he dines in a hotel, it must be at his host's expense, as cadets are not allowed to have money in their possession. Dances and movie shows are provided on Saturday evenings. Sunday, until dress parade about 5 p.m., is free except for chapel.

Courses

In addition to his commission, a graduating cadet receives the degree of Bachelor of Science in Engineering. Subjects include mathematics through calculus, chemistry, electricity, thermo-dynamics, hydraulics, mechanics, history, English, French, Spanish and architectural drawing. Casualties in academics are high the first two years. Failure to pass any one subject is cause for dismissal. Whistler, the famous painter, described his failure in chemistry thus : "If antimony had been a gas, I might have been a major-general." The cadet's graduation standing and subsequent peace-time rank depend largely on academics, and, what is more important, his choice of branch probably hinges on his graduation standing, the first men having first choice, and so on.

"Beast Barracks" period has already been covered. The next summer, "Yearling Summer," includes firing all infantry weapons, minor infantry tactics, riding and other allied subjects. Training in instruction and leadership is given.

"First Class Summer" is the most interesting period. Hikes in each branch are made, cadets acting as officers and enlisted men of cavalry and field and coast artillery. Cadets are also given a week at one of the Air Corps fields, at which they fly in, and sometimes fly, all types of aircraft.

The highlight is a month's trip to two Regular Army posts, generally an infantry and a coast artillery post, where cadets participate in lectures, demonstrations, and actual use of infantry, artillery, sea-coast and anti-aircraft weapons. Besides the summer's training, whole afternoons are often devoted to military training in the First Class year.

(As a parenthesis, let me insert the statement, M.G.M. and Samuel Goldwyn notwithstanding, that surprisingly little time is spent on close order drill and parades. During the winter, snow often being several feet deep, there is no parade at all.)

Leave

No leave is granted for the first eighteen months, after which the cadet receives nine or ten days at Christmas if he is not in debt, if he is not taking examinations, and is not over in demerits. The next summer he is allowed his only extended leave—eleven weeks. Thereafter he receives only the standard Christmas leave. First Class men are allowed six other week-end leaves during the year.

Honour System

The high military discipline is enforced largely by the cadets themselves, supervised by Regular Army officers who make frequent inspections. The institution of which West Point is proudest is the Honour System. A cadet would as soon violate his honour by word or deed as he would resign ; in fact, it amounts to the same thing. It is controlled by the cadets through an Honour Committee, consisting of cadets and elected by the corps. If the committee, after reviewing the facts, consider that a cadet is guilty of an honour offence, he is asked to resign. If he refuses to, the committee places the evidence before the authorities and recommends a court-martial. Very few cases have occurred in which a guilty cadet did not choose resignation.

A cadet's word is never questioned. Cheating in class or in examinations is unthinkable.

Under such a system have been trained men who have become world-famous, men like Robert E. Lee, "Stonewall" Jackson, Grant, Jefferson, Davis, Pershing, Summerall, MacArthur, Wainwright and Eisenhower, and many others in this war whose names are not yet available to us. We may be sure that all will carry on the traditions of "the long grey line" and do credit to those who so honourably preceded them.

IT'S NOT CRIBBAGE!

SOME have a chukka before brekkah,
Some to heights of plus 3 soar,
To some, St. John's Wood is a Mecca,
But we prefer our 15-4.

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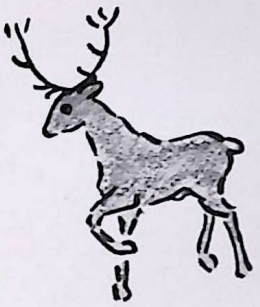

A SKILFUL smash is some's ambition,
To slay a stag, some view as fun,
Some content themselves with fishin',
But we demand our double run.

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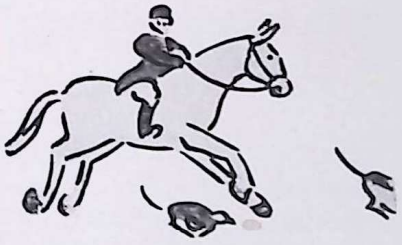

A TELEMARK gives satisfaction,
A "View Halloo" sets tongues athrob,
But all appears as tame inaction
As we record one for 'is nob.

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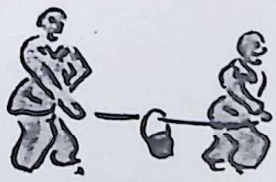
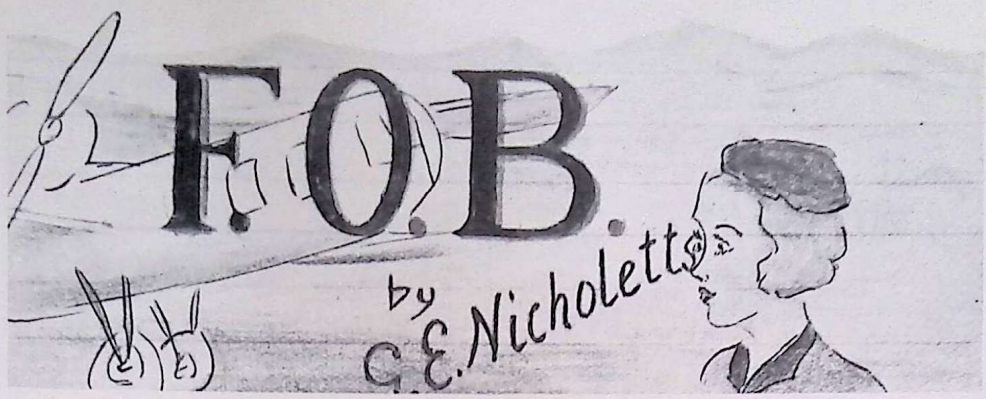


WE can allow you Grace and Beauty ;
For Bradmans we do not repine.
In brief relief from water duty,
Us prisoners' goal is 29.

S.F.D.



ONE evening, in the early summer of 1937, the eastbound Imperial Airways airliner Horsa left Basra for Bahrein. After refuelling at Kuweit, she took off again—and vanished. Weather conditions were bad, but not bad enough to warrant cancelling the flight and, as the airliner was behind schedule, it was intended that the latter part of this stage should be flown in the dark. The wireless operator at Bahrein reported that he had given several D.F. bearings to Horsa, but had eventually lost touch with her.

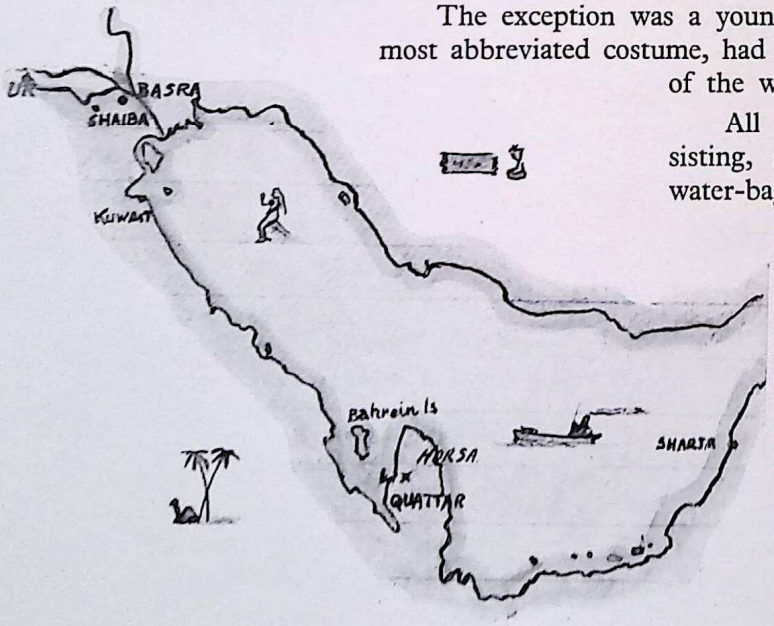
That was all there was to go on, when Air Headquarters, Baghdad, were told to lay on a search. The distance between Kuweit and Bahrein is 290 miles, and the track lies mostly along the Has coast of Saudi Arabia, inhospitable country but flat and easy enough for a forced landing even at night.

However, after a search along this coast had failed to locate her, it was concluded that Horsa had overshot Bahrein in the darkness, possibly as a result of receiving reciprocal D.F. bearings, and might be down in the Qatar Peninsula south-east of the Bahrein Islands—if she had not had to land in the water before.

No. 84 Squadron from Shaibah, plus a few transport aircraft of 70 Squadron were used in the search, supported by flying boats in case the Horsa or one of the searchers was forced down on to the water. The Persian Gulf sharks are notoriously bloodthirsty types.

It was not until the third day that Horsa was located by "C" Flight, 84 Squadron; as conjectured, she was down in Qatar Peninsula, and could scarcely have chosen a more remote and desolate spot in which to force-land.

Fortunately, our chaps were able to land fairly near and were soon on the spot. They arrived none too soon, for, with one exception, they found the passengers and crew in a sorry state. They had been almost without food and drink for nearly three days, and were suffering from the unwonted effects of strong Persian sun.



The exception was a young and very attractive woman who, clad only in a most abbreviated costume, had taken complete charge, was doling out the residue of the water and was generally maintaining morale.

All the R.A.F. machines had desert equipment, consisting, among other things, of two canvas charguls or water-bags tied to their wings, and the party soon revived, and were put aboard the transport aeroplanes and flown away to something better.

In due course Horsa was repaired, the Bahrein wireless operator sacked for giving reciprocals, the R.A.F. thanked and a trophy presented to the Iraq Command by Imperial Airways.

* * *

A night, six months later, "C" Flight, 84 Squadron, on one of its periodical visits to Gulf landing grounds, found itself at the Imperial Airways port at Sharjah.

A homeward-bound airliner had come in and among the passengers was the little blonde job from the Horsa !

She wanted to give 84 Squadron a present to mark such a happy and lucky association ; what could she give ?

Overwhelmed with such generosity, the resourceful Flight Commander replied that nothing would be appreciated more by his squadron than the presentation of the originals of the costume which she was wearing when she was rescued.

"Nothing easier," answered the B.J., and she left the room to return a few minutes later with the trophies, duly autographed.

That night, in the routine signal to Basra, reporting the quantities of oil and petrol uplifted (*i.e.*, taken on board) at the various landing grounds, the following was added : "Uplifted Sharjah, one pair silk drogues, two silk chargul containers."

* * *

Those trophies, neatly housed in a glass-fronted case over the fireplace in the mess billiard room at Shaibah, contrast strangely with another treasured possession of this squadron—namely, a brick taken from the nearby excavations at Ur of the Chaldees, inscribed in ancient cuneiform writing, and at least several thousand years old.

It was surprising how few visitors to the mess noticed the brick !

NAVAL OCCASIONS
by
L. G. CAMPBELL

1915 Six destroyers were on their nightly patrol inside the Dardanelles, just stemming the six-knot current, in single line abreast and 400 yards apart, making it quite impossible for any vessel to slip out undetected.

This routine, carried on for months on end, became deadly monotonous, but, with much more exciting work by day, gave little chance of rest in harbour.

However, the nights gave the captain plenty of sleep in the chart house directly under the bridge.

Ships were completely darkened—no signalling of any kind allowed beyond a tiny shaded lamp to the next ship abeam.

One night, about 1 a.m., my signalman, down the voice pipe, reported a ship outside the Dardanelles was calling me up with a powerful mast-head, all-round flashing lamp, and "Please what shall I do, sir ?"

He got the obvious answer : "Don't be a damned fool," and "Keep a proper look-out up the straits, not out to sea."

However, being a good signalman, and a forgiving one, he appeared in person in the chart house about thirty seconds later and said he was sorry, but my ship was still being continuously called. (My number was Pendant Sign 23.)

Very angry, I went on the bridge to sling off at the officer of the watch, but, being unable to resist the temptation, looked aft, and there apparently miles away was this mast-head light incessantly making my number. Something had to be done and I was liable to be shot at dawn if I replied, so I passed the word up the line that I was leaving patrol to investigate and buzzed off at full speed with a six-knot tide up my stern, having taken a careful bearing of the light.

The light went out and I had no idea of distance.

Suddenly the night was rent with yells all round my ship. Full speed astern was the only possible course. All boats lowered and, orders or no orders, searchlights put on, revealing some sixty men swimming. Those picked up proved to be a draft of men from a battalion of the 29th Division who had left Cape Helles at midnight, on relief after three months in the trenches. Their ship had collided with an incoming steamer and been sunk.

I then inquired if their signalman was amongst the survivors, and up came a youth of eighteen.

On being asked what he thought he was doing, calling up a man-of-war against all orders with a mast-head light, this youth, a barely trained R.N.V.R. signalman, said he called *nobody* up, but as his ship was sinking he tried to call the attention of the world in general to their plight by making his own number. This was 24 ! In his anxiety he had got the figures 3 and 4 confused !

Had it not been for this, probably no one would have been saved.

There was a sequel to this story more than a year later and 1,000 miles away.

I was in command of a subdivision of destroyers patrolling the north of Crete—a beat of 150 miles, where submarine activity was pretty intense. It was my night in harbour. I had been dining with the captain of the cruiser, also in harbour—he being S.N.O. i/c Crete. I got back to my ship about midnight.

At this time our destroyers were distinguished by Funnel Bands—red on grey being clearly visible a long way off. My bands were two on foremost funnel and one band each on the other two—always referred to as £2—1—1.

I had only been on board five minutes when I was handed a signal from my host, ordering me to sea at once. s.s. *Transylvania* had been torpedoed at 8 p.m., 150 miles west of our anchorage at Suda Bay and about fifty miles west of our North Crete patrol. It was blowing a full gale from the west, so that to save my bridge, boats and upperworks generally, I had to reduce and reduce speed and could make only 18 knots good.

I was naturally in touch with my other destroyer by W.I.T. and got full details from him. He had done grand work in somehow collecting about thirty trawlers and drifters and filling them and his own ship, under appalling conditions, with 500 troops.

I arrived on the scene at 8 a.m. in time to see the sickening sight of the great ship's stern rising almost vertically in the air before her final plunge. She had been full of troops and horses bound for Salonika. I could do nothing for the wretched animals.

My job was to search for any rafts with men still in them. I found three containing 53 men in all. A large one had 30, a smaller one 20, and a wee one 3. All had been in—and under—the water for at least eight hours, numbed and purple with cold and half drowned. Boat work was impossible. I had to steam a hundred yards to windward of each raft, making a lee, and then let the ship drift very fast down on the raft, grab three or four men by their collars as the ship rolled almost on top of it, bear the raft off with bearing-out spars, steam off and repeat the manœuvre.

This took a long time, but eventually all on the two larger rafts were dragged aboard. Without exception every man collapsed entirely and was carried off by his rescuers to the forecastle mess deck and rolled in many blankets. There, Heaven knows how much rum was poured down each one, this drill continuing till the petty officer in charge was satisfied that all were really unconscious !

I was busy by now with raft No. 3 and the last three men. Two were dragged off at the first attempt—and duly collapsed—leaving one little strip of a boy, certainly no more than eighteen years old, alone on the ocean.

We got him at the next attempt.

I was leaning over my bridge watching my heftiest sailors land their last fish.

To my astonishment, he failed to collapse. Instead I heard the following conversation :—

PRIVATE (*staring up at my funnel tops*) : " 'Ere, Jack, what's the name of this bastard ?"

ABLESEAMAN : " Renard."

PRIVATE : "Strike me —— pink if this ain't the second time you've pulled me out of the b——y ditch !"

We had picked this sportsman up a year before and 1,000 miles away.

If anyone deserved to survive a war, this kid, full of guts, was the man.

LIGHT ON THE LIBRARY

FOR most of us in this camp, one book has an intriguing title—*A Passage to India*, by E. M. Forster (A111). E. M. Forster has written some five novels only (of which this is his last), but few if any living authors have had a greater influence on contemporary literature or have a better chance in the textbook stakes of posterity. If you have read *Reading I've Liked* (F485) you will have already tasted his quality and learnt a little of his reputation from Clifton Fadiman. What precisely his merits are it is difficult to analyse. He writes of the relationships of ordinary people in a light, conversational style. He exaggerates neither comedy nor tragedy. There is nothing that stands out, to be grasped, and his stories, like life, never end. They can be read again and again. He writes with clarity and lightness, with the economy of the true artist, creating out of commonplace language and scenes an atmosphere of poetry. But no, that is too pretentious and it may put people off. I can't explain. Just read and see.

In this book he deals in controversy, the colour question. East may be East and West may be West, but surely they can be polite to each other? However, E. M. Forster is, as ever, impartial, if not impersonal, and never obvious. But it is as well to remember that he writes of over twenty years ago, and of a people and place that is even farther behind the times. And don't infer that because he talks of polo-mallets he knows nothing of India.

Mr. Weston's Good Wine, by T. F. Powys (A48) is not a book to recommend indiscriminately; but it is so different that, among the average run of the shelves, it is as beer to water. The story is an allegory, delightfully told, and the setting an English country village, which Mr. Weston visits for a short time (though time stands still), peopled with the simple rustics that are T. F. Powys's (and Mr. Weston's) special favourites. Not an ordinary village, you will say, but then no ordinary book. Who Mr. Weston is, and his assistant Michael, and what his Good Wine is, will be learnt fairly easily, but for the rest you must work it out for yourself, for, frankly, I can't help you.

Another book that has no published parallel is *The Quest for Corvo*, by A. J. A. Symons (K633). This is a detective story, but not fiction; nor does the author trace down a criminal, but instead an obscure, recently dead author—the Baron Corvo, alias Rolfe. Though a biography, the interest is as much centred on the author's chase as on the central character. The latter was a genius who did not discover his metier, writing, until after he had successively attempted painting and the Church. An impossible man, as geniuses are, leaving a trail of indignant friends, unpaid debts, and unfulfilled promises, and promise, from England to Italy, to die in obscurity.

But if you wish for normality, a good, soft, voluminous, escapist novel to rest your tired mind on—well, there are plenty and you'll read them anyway, so I won't waste space; but one that is voluminous and good, if none of the other things, is *Something of a Hero*, by I. J. Kapstein (A88). This is another of those great American

novels, covering a cross-section of a small town, negro, immigrant, patrician, rich and poor, from the beginning of the century to the big slump. The theme is democracy and growing America. The style is spare and rapid. The characters are vivid and their actions and dialogue are faithfully and phonetically reported. It is a disturbing book with little humour or sympathy, and yet accurate and absorbing, like the love and crime page of a newspaper. It is a pity that such a book cannot be written about England by an Englishman, but we have no author who can know all the grades of society with equal knowledge and impartiality. English authors are born to their rung in the ladder and their education decrees that they can only see the other rungs through the distortion of perspective.

But enough of novels. Take an anthology (useful if you have a priority book coming up and want a stopgap). *The Wind on the Heath*, edited by J. Sampson (D398), for example. This is a collection of prose and poetry concerned with the gypsy, his life and language. The pieces are short and comprehensive, chosen more for their bearing on the subject of the book than for their literary excellence, and the editor's notes are informative and authoritative. Though I am bound to admit that this prying into a dying race by respectable monied men, their patronising sympathy and their snobbish knowledge of secret signs and romany words always makes me feel slightly uncomfortable, like the district visitor who inspects a poor house and says "How interesting "very brightly and returns to a comfortable tea. Why can't the gypsies be left in peace, to go the silent way that they love ? But they never will be while their painted caravans pass by with their suggestion of escape and freedom, of a wild, natural life. Something of this emerges from this anthology, recalling the sight of an evening encampment in a Kentish chalk-pit, the smell of rabbit stew on the still air, a dark eye and a beggar's whine, the crackle of twigs and the abandoned rabbit snare, starting a train of happy thoughts.

And finally two other books, whose merits are evocative rather than actual, into which any random dip will while away the time pleasantly and smoothly. *The Romany Stain* and *The Powder of Sympathy* (D919, D918), although two books, may be considered as one, for both consist of resurrections from Christopher Morley's short newspaper essays. In neither is there any continuity, though the first half of *The Romany Stain* (it's the name of a wine and has nothing to do with gypsies, or with the book, for that matter) covers a holiday in France and England. The only common factors in these pages, which otherwise range free as the air, are the author's personality, and his style. The latter is a trifle irritating, for it is sprightly, always a dangerous quality, especially before breakfast, and so determined is the author in his search for distinction and his horror of a cliché that he refers to "commiserating willows." But he is light, brief and entertaining, and if you want to laugh, loudly and heartily, read the piece on Sir Kenelm Digby in *The Powder of Sympathy*—that is, if you are still prepared to laugh on the subject of food.

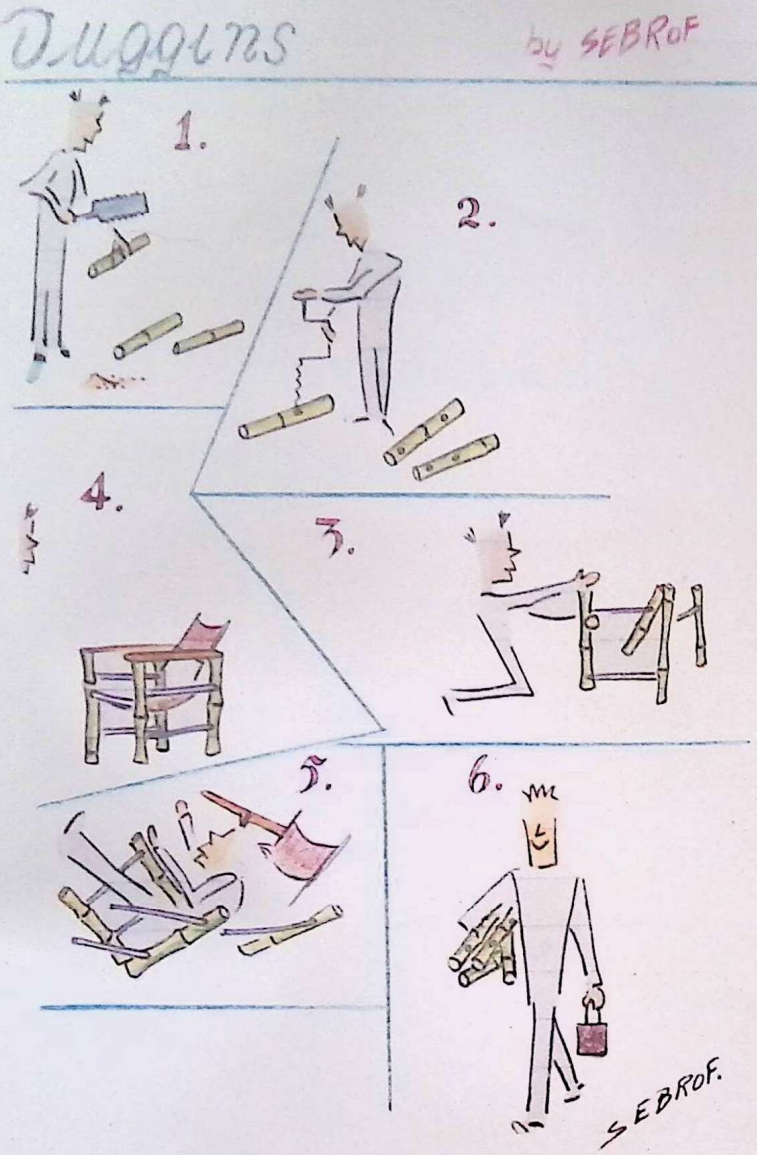
* * * * *

* During January, 4,997 books were changed in the library, Monday the 17th accounting for the most—298. On an average, 161 books are changed, about half in the morning and half in the afternoon.

* This works out at one and a half minutes per book.

* There are 1,081 books in the library, so that the turnover is not far off five times per month—to be exact, 462 per cent.

* The most popular sections are: Magazines, 676 per cent. ; Crime, 624 per cent. ; Fiction, 568 per cent. ; Short Stories, 508 per cent.



(*above*) "Sebrof's"cartoon "Buggins Makes a Chair" will bring back to mind the many ingenious , ifnot always entirely successful, experiments in aid of comfort tried out in Shirakawa.
"Buggins" adventures became a pictorial record of the "trials" of a P.O.W.

(*above right*) "Reunion in Taiwan" records the strange fate that brought together in captivity two distinguished brothers, Air Vice-Marshal Maltby and Major-General Maltby.

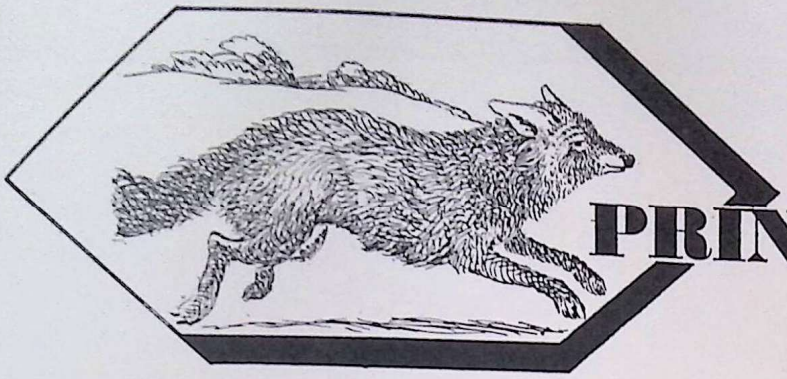
(*below right*) Major-General Keith Simmons caricatured in his capacity as a skilled cobbler.

These two drawings were part of Captain Bevan's series "Personalities of the Month."

More About Morrissey

MORRISSEY (*after futile attempt to drive grouse over the guns on the Bog of Allen*) :

"The last droive was the biggest bloody farce I evir saw in me loife. In the next one yees will divoide yerselves into three equal halves and divil a one of yees will stirr hand or foot till ye're the other side of the bog. Away now to hell out of this and spread yerselves out togither in a dacent long loine !"



PRINCE CHARLIE

PRINCE CHARLIE was born in the spring of 1937 in an old rabbit hole far out on the Scottish hills. Unfortunately for him and his two sisters, his mother's excavation had thrown up a tell-tale mound of red earth, visible for miles around, so that it was only a matter of days before the watchful eye of a gamekeeper took it all in, and excavations of a somewhat different kind took place a few weeks later.

Prince Charlie and I met for the first time on a wet winter's evening in a loose-box. I can see him now as he sat in a corner and spat with fury at anyone who dared to make the slighest gesture of friendliness in his direction, whereas his two sisters allowed themselves to be handled with only the mildest form of protest. His mother, the old vixen, when dug out, proved to have only three legs, the off pad having been lost in a trap some considerable time before. We had often seen her tracks in the snow, but could never get her in spite of many attempts, for a three-legged fox is an expensive guest around the coverts.

Until Prince Charlie and his two sisters were three-parts grown, they lived in the pointer kennels on a diet of rabbits and rooks and anything else that was going. They thrived on it, and Prince Charlie was developing into a fine big, light-coloured fox, with one exception—half his brush was missing. When he was dug out he had been docked as an everlasting mark of recognition (his sisters, however, had only had a "nick" taken out of the tops of their right ears). All this care and maintenance had a definite object in view. As soon as they were big enough to fend for themselves, they were going over to Southern Ireland to mix a little Scottish blood with their Irish relations, and maybe to carry on the great tradition of "The Scotch Express," a famous old Lowland fox which had provided many a great hunt in previous years.

We will not concern ourselves with train and travel to the "Emerald Isle"; but if by any chance you happened to be near a certain gorse covert one moonlight night in September, 1937, you would have seen old Jimmy Nolan, the "covert-minder," going up the side of the gorse with a sack on his back and a look on his face that only the Irishman can achieve at the knowledge that he is performing something that the others around know nothing about. Half an hour or so later you would have seen Jimmy coming back with an empty sack, and Rathcor Covert (and the artificial earth it contained) was the richer by three foxes, several dead rabbits, and a crow or two.

For several weeks Jimmy would feed them a daily offering, until at last his rabbits and crows would remain untouched, and three more foxes had gone out on their nocturnal ramblings in the vale.

During the next season, Prince Charlie remained in or around Rathcor, and although we saw him on one or two occasions, he achieved nothing other than the false reputation that, having only half a brush, he had only half the scent—an accusation which he was soon to shatter in the 1938-39 season. The first time I saw him that year was in November. He had moved many miles from his adopted home to a little gorse covert perched on the side of a hill, called Michael's Rock. The hounds were hardly in when he went slipping up the side of a ploughed

field, his comic brush giving him a "stotting" sort of action, rather like a small reduxer. We had a grand hunt after him that day, until he beat us by going to ground in a "shore" under a road. As the season went on we had three more great hunts at his expense, hunts that to describe would be a waste of time, except for those who know the country.

Let us now pass on to the last meet of the year. The country was becoming rather blind from an early spring, and the weather was mild and sunny; but as we drove to the meet, the smoke from a train in the valley clung to the grass as it rolled away over the fields, a sure sign of a scent, it is said. The morning was a poor affair. We found often enough, but every hole in Ireland seemed to be wide open, and the hope of a "glorious finish" seemed remote. The chance draw, however, of a small patch (which we usually ignored) changed our luck and started us off on one of the best hunts which I ever remember.

The hounds were at it almost as soon as they were in, and there was a "holloa" (which would have roused the dead) from a dozen or so countrymen who were standing on the bank. For one dreadful moment it looked as though they had turned the fox back into the pack. (An Irish countryman knows as much, if not more, than most about hunting from the *watcher's* viewpoint, but the Master is not yet born who can stop him from "holloaing a fox away" on sight, be he five yards or five miles distant; he's seen the fox and his day is made!) On this occasion, luckily, the undergrowth was thick, and the fox managed to slip through the pack and away at the side (where Paddy, the first whip, and I were standing), and as he cleared the low wall we saw that he had only *half a brush*. "By the hookey," said Paddy, "it's your auld friend. We'll have the father and mother of a contest now. Let him well out, Sir! There's a ladeen at the back of the bank with a long-dog, that'll destroy us entirely if he gets a sight of him." So we watched him go in silence until he bobbed into the next field. Then began a "great hunt." I can still ride most of it, still see "the hardiest priest that ever rode" standing in a lane with a bridle in his hand and, as Paddy put it, saying "mad Mass" at a black horse fast receding into the distance. I can remember, as if it were yesterday, bursting through a blackthorn hedge on to a road, only to find the largest heap of road-metal I've ever seen on the landing side, and preparing for a "right Dan Joe" (an expression derived from the first two names of a local point-to-point celebrity, who had so many falls that, legend had it, "he bled out of both ears for the whole summer").

Fortune smiled, however, and on we went until the evening was drawing in, when the hounds "marked to ground" in an old ruined, ivy-clad abbey (one of "Oliver's gifts to Ireland"). It seemed that our friend had sought sanctuary below the masonry at the bottom of a kind of pit, where someone had been burning lime in former years.

Of a small field at the start there were only about six or seven in at the end, and I think we would have all acknowledged that we had had enough, as we stood around and waited for the stragglers to come up. It was getting late, and we were a long way from home. As Paddy was having a final count, I rode slowly away round the abbey wall towards the road, and it was then that I saw Prince Charlie for the last time.

We met face to face, as we had done some two years previously on that wet night in Scotland. He was lying within a few feet of me, in the ivy on top of the crumbling wall; his ears were laid back, and his eyes fixed on mine, and what there was of his brush curled round (as far as it would go) over his haunches. I pulled up and looked at him; but there was nothing in those brown eyes but mistrust. I turned away quietly, and rode back the way I had come.

I knew that Paddy would argue that the hounds deserved their fox after such a hunt, so I said nothing as we drew away to the road. I meant to tell him at a later date; but I never have, because neither of us realized, as we hacked on home that night, that it was to be our last hunt for a number of years.

The PIGEON

D.T.P.

HE stood at the half-open window in his pyjamas, shivering. The polished wood floor was cold on his bare feet, and the chill air of dawn breathed through the window, clammy as fish scales on his skin. He looked out through the curtains on the vague air, that had lost the substance of night, and was yet amorphous, awaiting daybreak. He turned restlessly, clasping his arms across his chest, and stared into the darker gloom of his room, at his bed.

He still felt guilty after the evening before. He had sinned, and was not forgiven, and the smirch of his guilt was still sticky on him, though he was not certain precisely in what he had sinned. He had been playing with E. B. Browning, his aunt's mongrel spaniel bitch, after supper, and had made the fascinating discovery that, if her tail were twisted beyond a certain limit, she would turn and snap at the hand that teased her—but unwillingly ; and immediately afterwards would fawn on it as though apologising, and slobber over the little white dents her teeth had made in the skin, in an agony of repentance. It was an oddly exciting pastime, with a spice of danger in it. But when he had demonstrated it to John Withers, the tall young man from the R.A.F., who was also staying with the boy's aunt, having been wounded in the process of shooting a Messerschmitt down, and whom the boy worshipped as a god, Withers had grown quite angry, and told him not to be a little swine. And his aunt had nearly hit him. Nearly, but not quite—after all, he was not her child, and his mother, deeply distressed at parting with her only son, but preferring the parting to exposing him to bombs in London, had asked her again and again to be careful with him : he was so delicate, she said. To the boy's aunt, he seemed as tough a specimen of ten-year old boyhood as she'd ever seen ; but she was nervous with children, and one never knew. So she had not slapped the child. She had never hit him in the whole three months he had been with her, but he hated more than any possible physical pain or humiliation the chill atmosphere of disapproval that she suffused, instead of a more straightforward punishment. She ignored ; and so he had gone to bed, ignored and miserable. And now he had woken, and it was another day, but he was still miserable.

The cold of the morning chilled to his bone. Behind him the unsatisfactory bed, and around him the muffled house, thick as a London fog with acrid disapproval. Suddenly he slipped off his pyjamas and hurried into his clothes, listening. He opened his door, and listened again ; then slid out of his room and down the dark stairs, hugging the wall, and into the hall, where the ghost of the great grandfather clock paced with him through the gloom. The latch of the front door was stiff and reluctant under his numb fingers, and came back with a click that seemed to halt even the clock in its march. But then he was out, out into the wide grey of the dawn, across the rain-wet grass of the lawn, and into the dripping larches that loomed at the bottom of the garden, and then clear, through the back gate. There he stopped, as though reined in. Before him, the stream ran down its cleft between two swelling fields of rough pasture, flowing quickly with low, contented voices into a bottom two hundred yards beyond, where it settled into a placid streaming that skirted on round the curve of the slope beyond, where the beech wood massed a grey bulk. The air too was still grey, and palpable, but strong and fresh with late rain, and in the little spinney behind him the first incomplete trills of the chaffinches already rippled on the calm.

He breathed deeply, and started off again but, controlling his freedom, jumping with precision down the irregular banks of the stream, stepping taut and high over the lush tufts of waterlogged hollows, crossing the stream again and again, and then, near the end of the slope, catching himself poised for a dizzy, interminable second on a sleek, glistening rock that jutted in the flow of the waters.

When the slope flattened out, he slowed his pace with it, following soberly the bank, and watching the opposite side, where the wood began in a tangle of undergrowth. There was movement in the branches, and a

water rat dropped in the stream with a round plop, swam with the current a little way, and disappeared in a clump of lank weed ; but through the broken surface noises he could sense the grey night stillness yet dominant amidst the bare columns of the beeches. Fascinated, he crossed the stream again, and pushed through the brush into the hushed aisles of the wood beyond.

It was very grey inside, and close after the open freshness of the fields. Over the soggy mould moved the leaf-hushed shift of his own footsteps, and the shuffle of birds high in the top branches, and the drip of water. He went on ; with each step it seemed that some animal or man or wood gnome must appear from behind a trunk to fill the emptiness of the wood that was saturating his mind, and answer his echoless footsteps ; his each step became more and more cautious and shy, till he was walking on tiptoe. Then suddenly a great fear halted him, and he stood bewildered, goosefleshed and shivering. He had never been alone in a grey wood like this before. He pinched himself, but was not reassured ; then, instinctively, he touched the trunk of the great tree nearest him. It was grey and damp, like the air, but solid, and he put both palms against it, feeling the rough texture and the grime of the bark, and he pushed against it, and strove with all his might. And as he did so a voice came out of the branches high above where the twilight was yielding to the white day, and the twigs traced black against the sky : a warm, throaty gurgle. He jumped nervously, then laughed aloud ; then laughed again, leaning back against the tree, and looking up to find the owner of the voice. He had seen him before. His laughter ran away from him down the dim vista of trunks, but the voice of the pigeon spoke again, filling the interstices of the wood with its gurgle. The stillness was broken, and the wood was opened, as though a ribbon had been cut, to the normal traffic of the day. A small wind came titupping through the upper branches, and with it came the tattle of rooks above a deep murmur like a calm sea moving on a pebble shore. In the corner of his eye a squirrel flickered, and was gone. The world was awake, and he was part of it again. Far beyond, he heard a man's steps on the hard path that ran through the wood to the road, and then, on the road itself, the hoarse rumour of a milk lorry going by.

The boy, hugely relieved, and alert to every sound, leaned back against the trunk, listening to the pigeon above him, and to the answering croon coming from farther away down the wood. He had been wrong last night : he oughtn't to have twisted the stupid dog's tail. He was very fond of the dog. He was sorry. He had known the whole time, really, that he ought not to hurt the dog. But he hadn't been able to be sorry. He was sorry now, and it didn't matter now, and he was hungry and it must be nearly breakfast time ; and after that they were going into Stroud and to the trainshop, and to ice-cream and biscuits at the cafe on the corner by the railway station. A car horn called from beyond the wood, muffled and magic with distance ; the light was growing in the wood, the trunks going up ever harder and clearer to the black and white lattice roof of the sky. The steps he had heard had left the path now, and were coming nearer with a cautious soft sound on the dead leaves ; then they stopped, but he had heard John Withers' deep and large laugh, as though muffled. Then he heard the steps again, coming closer along the contour of the slope. There must be two of them there, he thought.

He stayed where he was, leaning on the trunk, which would hide him till they were right on top of him. He'd surprise them—and then ask John to drive them into Stroud in his M.G., which was so much more exciting than his aunt's Austin. The pigeon above him burbled softly ; he looked up again, and thought he saw it, high up into a fork of a big bough. He imagined its throat puffed up and throbbing with its croon. He had watched the pigeons down at the farm only the day before, stilting and puffed out and some of them with splay fantails, pecking slyly at scattered grain, and ogling their females. Silly idiots ! they couldn't possibly know how fantastic they looked, with their vain beaks and bright, beady eyes. He would build a cote for them, have hundreds of them, perching on his shoulders and cooing in his ears. John's steps were almost on him now. He'd make them jump ! But John would know where you got pigeons from, how much they cost, and about eggs and feeding and hatching. But the footsteps had stopped, and there was a sudden silence. The boy was at once tensed again, sensing the stillness.

And then the pigeon began again, warm, living and contented ; he looked up again, thankfully. And the world exploded about him, as though the unconquerable silence of the wood had been drawing secretly into

itself, tighter and tighter, like a spring coil, to unleash itself at last in shattering detonation. There was a great hiatus. Then, through the haze of settling consciousness, through the down-spray of broken twigs and dirt, a heavy body fell, bumping, to leap from the last bough and drop with a thump on the soft earth.

The boy stood there, shocked out of comprehension, while the echoes of the shot and of the bird's falling died away. Then he stooped and picked up the body that lay almost on his feet. He stood with the thing in his hand, unseeing, till all at once he realized it : the ruffled soft grey feathers, the polished eye just beginning to glaze, the white on the neck, that was smirched with dirt, and the knuckled-up, cold, metallic claws. The limpness, and then the warmth through the feathers on his hand, and a warm sticky smear in the palm of his hand.

He had dropped the bird, and stood quivering, looking blindly around, him, as John came up, gun under his arm, from the other side of the tree, and saw him. John was surprised. Then he saw the bird.

"Why, Julian, what . . . Ah ! there she blows !"

He went to pick up the bird, and the boy had gone, starting with a jump like a goat, and running with great gulps for breath till he was safe in the brushwood by the stream. He squatted down there, listening anxiously for pursuit above the hammering of his heart and the sobs that rose masterless from his belly. He heard John calling him, and stiffened, forcing himself quiet. Twice John called, then a third time, and his last call was answered by another man's voice, followed by the sound of John's steps going away.

The boy relaxed in the wet undergrowth, letting at last the silent tears come forcing through his eyelids, while his emotion crystallized into a fierce hatred for John and his aunt and the dog, and then for the dead pigeon. His tears came freely, and eased him into self-pity. There was nowhere to go : only a world full of Johns and aunts, and his mother had left him for ever. And this silent wood that he hated and feared, that even then was forming up its silence once more against him. He crawled trembling through to the stream, and slunk out of the trees' shadow.

The light was up now, and the full contour and colour coming back to the earth. The sun would soon be through the tumbled cloud that lay low on the horizon, and would be spilling quick yellow floods of warmth over the chill green of the fields ; the air was more live already, and the clamminess purged from it. The boy came out of his hiding like a rodent, slipped along the bank, and up the course of the stream towards the house. The stream itself flowed down from higher ground than that on which the house stood, its little gully flanking the garden wall. Julian had often regretted it was not included in the garden, but had been compensated by finding a perfect and private lair, where a curve in the stream had worn away a natural hiding place bounded at the back by the wall, and screened on each side by thick hazels ; in front, the swirl of water, and the steep bank going up, where occasionally an idiot-faced sheep would come, but never a human being. Julian had found this place soon after his arrival to stay with his aunt, and had exploited it as a retreat in times of stress ever since. There, ignoring the garden gate, he went now, and sat down in its long grass, burying his head in his hands. He sat thus some time, till the sinuous ripple of the waters stole his eyes, and their ceaseless, ever-changing flow wore away the edges of his bewilderment, and dulled his sense like an opiate. All the while he held his wrist, the wrist of the hand that had held the bird, away from him with the other hand, the fingers cupped over the palm. The waters slid and sang, and the echoes of the shot evened out in his memory. Presently he began to cry again, but indulgently, almost in relief. The sun came out at last, gilding the tops of the hazels above him, throwing distorted dancing shadows on the waters and on the bank opposite. Then at his feet there was suddenly a frog, sitting on a stone, motionless as the stone itself except for the panting throat ; the great goggle eyes stared impressively, then the hind legs jerked mightily, and the frog was sitting immobile on Julian's shoe. He looked round him cautiously, and slid his hand down to flick the frog away. But the drying blood on his palm pulled at his skin as he opened his hand. He started, and the frog, before the quick gesture, leapt and was gone. He stayed looking helplessly at the palm of his hand ; the brown smear that was blood and dirt, and two little wisps of pinkish feather.

But the waters slid past, and the sun slid imperceptibly down the hazels, and his trouble again slipped away from him. Over the wall he heard the click of bolts being drawn—the French windows in the drawing-room. Then a woman's voice, and a man's—John must have come back. The dog barked from somewhere inside the house, and a crisp aroma of breakfast cooking was wafted over the wall.

"Damn bloody pigeon !" said Julian, in a whisper. He giggled.

He got up and went to the edge of the water to wash his hand. Then he hesitated, looked at his palm again, and with a quick, furtive movement put it to his mouth.

He stood there, feeling foolish. He spat. He washed his hands quickly in the stream, and then, as an afterthought, his face, taking a great gulp of the water and blowing it out. He sniffed the breakfast smell eagerly. He'd be late for breakfast. He shied out of the bushes, and ran full tilt for the garden gate, through the spinney and on to the lawn. There he was checked by the sight of John and his aunt who stood in the open windows of the drawing-room. He collected himself, skipped self-consciously across the lawn on to the terrace, and thence, formal and wooden, like a toy soldier walking, he stilted up to John and said, precisely : "I'm sorry about last night. And I didn't mean to run away just now. In the wood." A blush spread scarlet on his face, and he circumnavigated his aunt and John before they had time to speak, and was into the dining-room and at his place, shaking out the cornflakes. A few moments after the others followed him in. His aunt looked at his flaunted back and sighed. John said, cheerfully : "All right, all right, old man ! But what on earth were you doing in the wood before breakfast ? I've never seen you up so early before !"

Julian held out his second plate. His aunt took it and slid a fried egg on to it from a hot plate. Then a great fat, burst sausage. How he loved sausages ! He sighed. There would be Stroud. The M.G. And trains. . . . What was he doing ?

"Oh, nothing," he said. "Just going for a walk."

They must go in the M.G. He turned suddenly to John, lifting off the formal mask of his politeness.

"Oh, John ! you must drive us, aunt and me, into Stroud in your car. . . . And, aunt, could I please have one of those big catapults, this time. To shoot down German aeroplanes, and pigeons, and things. . . ." He was getting inspired. Stroud, he thought. A catapult. And John was describing his success that morning : "Half a dozen pigeons," he said. "Pigeon pie for supper tomorrow !" A catapult.

The dog came in through the door with waving tail, and ambled over to Julian, and waved it harder. Julian gave it a bit of sausage, and watched it gulp it, and then look up for more. His brow wrinkled. Life was very difficult. But interesting.

"Moment Musicale"

avec Crescendo

SYMPHONIC VARIATIONS

3rd Movement—" Instrumentum Instrumentorum."

THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Part I. The Modern Orchestra.

Part II. Instrumental Pedigrees.

Part III. Antique Orchestras.

(Parts II and III in succeeding issues.)

PART I—THE MODERN ORCHESTRA

IT has taken man thousands of years to develop this greatest vehicle of musical expression, this culmination of the instrument-maker's inventive genius. One is apt to forget that the earlier composers had nothing like such a fine instrument to write for as have those of today. Even in Beethoven's day such important instruments as the trumpet, french horn and trombone could not play a chromatic scale. (Valves were not invented—by Sax—until 1850.) Perhaps that is why Beethoven put his deepest musical thought into string quartet form (in the so-called "posthumous quartets"). In Bach's time such instruments as the oboe were loud and strident in tone ; and the piano had not been yet invented. No wonder he wrote his greatest music for organ and choirs. Purcell had even less to go on—violins, etc., theorboes, guitars, recorders, harpsichords, trumpets and kettledrums. The wonder is these composers wrote such lovely music !

The ORCHESTRA consists of four well-defined sections or groups of instruments : Strings, Woodwind, Brass and Percussion. Each has its own characteristic massed timbre, and, as I said once before (1st Movements, part of the art of orchestration is to make full use of the pure unblended timbre of each section. To do this the sections have to be carefully matched against one another, and that is one reason why, out of 75, 56 are string players. The other reason is that strings always have been and still are the "foundation tone" of the orchestra, just as the diapasons (open metal flue pipes) are the foundation tone of the organ, or saxophones of the dance band.

The brass is obviously the most powerful when playing loudly ; the two other sections being about equally matched. When all play together, plus the tympani, bass drum and cymbals—and plus, if you like, the organ—you get as great a melodious crash of sound as is as yet possible in this world ! I suppose I should except

massed brass bands, but as these play *al fresco* one does not get quite the same sense of power, I think.

The STRINGS comprise members of the violin family: violins, violas, violoncellos, double bass (violone). First and second violins are the same instrument, one playing the lead, the other usually playing a second part—sort of alto—below it. The viola is a bit bigger than the violin and has a range a fifth lower down the scale—strings tuned to C-G-D-A instead of G-D-A-E. It just about covers the combined ranges of a baritone, tenor, contralto and soprano! Rather a lovely instrument—especially in the hands of a Lionel Tertis. The 'cello, which is played between the knees, is an octave lower down again; whilst the double bass, whose player stands, is still another octave down into the depths. It often has five strings, and as the distance between finger positions is so great, they are tuned an interval of a fourth instead of a fifth apart—viz., C-F-B*b*-E*b*-A*b* (I think this is correct).

To give an idea of the range of the string quartet (first and second violins, viola and 'cello)—which is the string equivalent to the vocal quartet (soprano, contralto, tenor, bass)—look at a high-up chord and a low-down chord, and for comparison the same thing for a mixed voice quartet. I think it shows graphically the greater resources offered by the instrumental ensemble to the composer. This advantage is seen to be even greater when it is realized how amazingly manœuvrable are modern instruments. Compare, for instance, comparatively simple passages for string quartet and choir respectively. The movements of the voices, especially rapid ones, are pretty well restricted to easy steps, such as up and down the scale or arpeggio (broken chord); whereas most instruments —not perhaps horns and trombones—can jump about all over the place just as fast as the players can move their fingers.

In the BRASS SECTION we have trumpets, french horns (usually four but sometimes six), trombones (alto, tenor and bass), and the bass tuba. The trombone has a slide—except in Shirakawa!—the others each have three valves which by bringing into circuit different lengths of tube change the length of the vibrating column of air. In each valve position a set of harmonics is obtainable.

In the WOODWIND SECTION are the piccolo (that squeaky little flute), the flute, the oboe (double reed), the clarinet (single reed), and the bassoon, that amazingly—one might say ludicrously—agile instrument of "low sound" (*bas son*); it has a single reed and is 9 feet long, so has to be doubled back on itself.

There are some cousins of these: the bass flute, the bass oboe, the English horn (similar to the bass oboe and shaped something like a saxophone, though of wood), the small E*b* clarinet, the bass clarinet, and the double bassoon.

The Percussion Section comprises (usually) three tympani (tuned to three different bass notes), the side drum, the bass drum, the triangle, and the cymbals.

In addition there is usually a harp or two, a xylophone (wooden pieces struck with hammers), a glockenspiel (similar but with metal strips), and a celeste (a keyboard instrument wherein tuning forks are struck by hammers). There may also be a piano, and sometimes the great organ joins forces with the orchestra with rich effect.

[*This excerpt from Major Grazebrook's monumental "Moment Musicale" loses much in being only an excerpt and lacking the elaborate musical examples of the full text. It has been found impossible to reproduce these scores.*—ED.]

Abel and Faustus Justified

X.P.W., on his release,
Found that the palmy days of peace
Meant mainly everything was up in price,
Work and pleasure hard to get—
But, for a pauper, bread and butter harder yet—
And not a hope of working rice.

"Well,
Hell!"
Said X.P.W.

" . . . If I may trouble you!"—
Popping up out of the ground
Hot as a red cross rumour: the Devil—
"Very sound,
This investment—unshakable,
Gilt-edged, guaranteed—just sign
On the line. . . ."

So he signed for his soul.
Came off the dole,
Proud owner of

A mansion in Park Lane,
A villa at Cannes,
Sixteen degrees
From choice 'varsities,
And a trunk of old school ties
In fadeproof dies;
Rollses (1 doz.), a private plane,
5,000,000 cans
of selected foodstuffs (to get fat on);
Membership of 67 clubs,
Carte blanche at the best-known pubs,
And a field-marshal's rank
(Uniform and baton
By courtesy of
Moss
Bros.)
And a balance that staggered the bank.

"And now . . ."

(Unctuously leering, the Devil) . . . "Now, how
About

WOMEN?"

And out
Of the trap-door minced and swayed,
Like a parade
Of mannequins at Paquins, the fabulous tale
Of lovely ladies
Smoking hot from Hades.

Undressing from the right—

Iseult, the ravenhaired, the lilypale;
Thaïs, Heloïse and Guinevere,
The strange Dark Lady of the sonnets,
Mrs. Siddons in
A very fetching line in bonnets;
Mona Lisa, enigmatic,
Theodora, Josephine,
Bathsheba (clean, pneumatic),
Eurydice, looking rather green;
Beatrice and Laura, pure and white
And crystal clear
Marie Lloyd; Nell Gwyn
(Lively as sin).

Aphrodite
in a rather Grecian nightie,
Lilian Russell
in a rather risquê bustle,
Cleopatra of the Nile
inevitably;

And Margot's slow, full smile
deliciously
exciting,
inviting.

Ronsard's Marie,
Mata Hari
And Dubarry;
Pompadour
And hundreds more. .

Among those present were :
Mme. Recamier,
The Misses Borgia,
H. Troy, G. Garbo
(Loaned by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer),
And J. Harlow ;
My Ladies A. Boleyn, J. Gray . . .
Etcetera,
Etcetera.

Enough to give full play
To any man's desire,

You'd have thought,
And Mephistopheles thought
They ought . . .
(Rubbing his hands with indelicate relish).

"Rather delish-
ious—don't you agree ?
Whichever you please . . .
Or two, or three,
If you like their look. . . ."

But his client turned with a horrid frown
That split poor Garbo's gown
And said :

"Can any of 'em COOK ?" . . .

Ninety per cent. swooned clear away
And vanished from the light of day.

But one or two of sterner clay
Girt up their loins and went ahead.

Sweet Nell Gwyn came bouncing in
The kitchen, whistling "All for Love "—
And promptly fused the new electric stove.
Helen's face had launched a thousand ships :
But a face will not fry chips.
And Pompadour had lovely legs,
But legs don't scramble lovely eggs.
And the milk, when Borgia came its way,
Curdled into whey. . . .
And Georges Sand thought there must be
some mistake

When she was asked to grill a steak,
"Steaks ! steaks !—you eat 'em raw!"

Though when E. B. Browning saw
A tender bloody leg of lamb
She ran away to hide. . . .

And then a really shocking stench
Made even old Mephisto blench,
While his anguished client cried :
"Aroint thee, wench !
That Cleopatra's burnt the ham !"

And with a rush
And the kitchen brush
He swept the silly frippets up,
Then he leaned
Upon his broom, and sadly said :
"O most inefficient fiend !
They couldn't even put the meat on. . . .
No,
Such are better dead. . . .
But I would sup. . . .

Go !
Go, get me Mrs. Beeton ! "

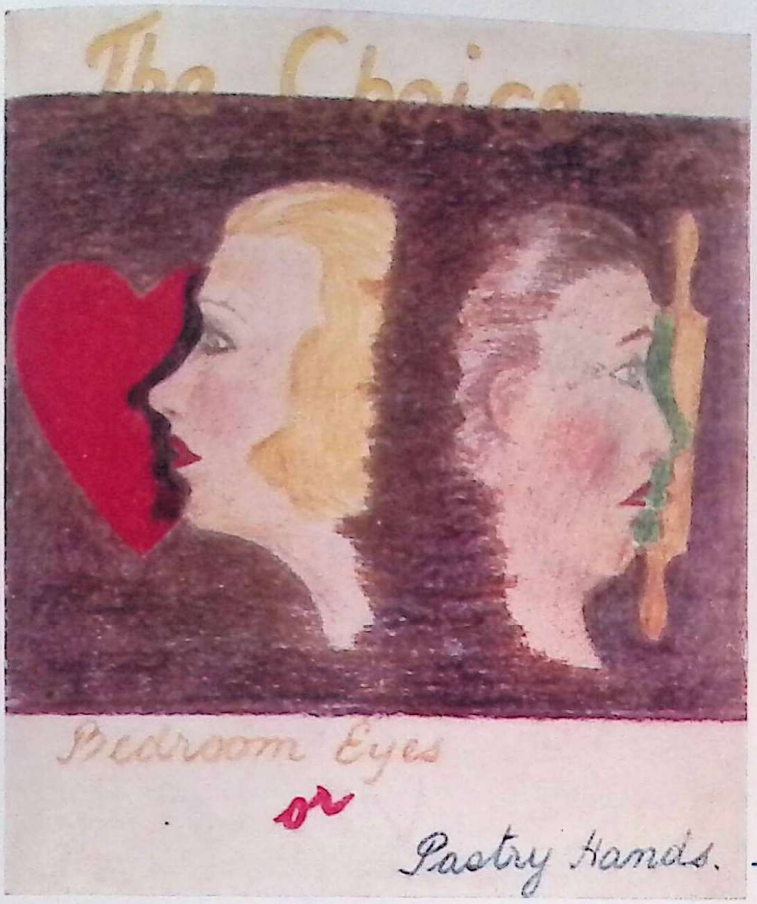
AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTERWARDS

(Because when old Mephisto came
To claim
The forfeit soul,
They dined and wined the fiend
so well
With Dover sole and casserole
That he couldn't face the
thought of Hell.

So he stayed with them for all
eternity,
A most respectable P.G.

The MORAL's simple to infer :
Good looks—good cooks
Is a non sequitur ;
And a belly that's unfed
Cannot but deter
The finest virtuoso of the bed.

So—when you wed :



Wed not for lips,

Nor comely hips,

However comforting they feel,

However easy on the sight—

Always remember that your soul-mate

Is linked to you for life as bowl-mate;

You can't disguise an uncooked meal

Whereas you can put out the light.

Big Hitting

By T. A. R. SCOTT

THE M.C.C. had just finished its match against Yorkshire on the Scarborough ground, and several members of the team were in the train on their way south. As is the way with touring sides, they spent most of the time discussing the incidents of the match, and especially one colossal drive by C. I. Thornton—this happened many years ago—which cleared a row of houses and landed in a little court beyond. The court was graced by the name of Trafalgar Square. All agreed that it was one of the longest hits Thornton had ever made.

The corner seat was occupied by an insignificant little man, who retired modestly behind his paper and listened in awe to tales told by these giants of the game.

But the story of Thornton's great hit proved too much for him; he could contain himself no longer. He leaned forward: "Excuse me, sir," he said, but was you playin' at Lords or the Oval?"

ROUMANIAN INTERLUDE

By
T. MASSY BERESFORD

DO you believe in fairy tales ? I do. I have ever since a chance decision at the inevitable weekly cricket match among the British Colony in Constantinople carried Hugh Leveson-Gower and myself on a week's leave to Roumania. This was in 1923.

Cricket and leave sound very peaceful, but we were actually on "War scale," having arrived in Turkey during the very ticklish negotiations then going on at Lausanne. So leave called for clothes.

I still wonder whether the store suitings we had made for the trip were not impregnated with some magic quality in their blue flannel, super-dago waists ; or whether Alf's Button may not have been resurrected in the local "Pope and Bradley." Were we not, after all, in the land of Caliphs, harems, djinns and genii ? Be that as it may, little did we foresee, as we stepped on board the trim little Bosphorus steamer for Constanza, the surprises in store for us ; although the Casanova exploits of the Roumanian skipper, recounted with gusto and a certain shrewd philosophy and whimsical common sense, smacked of the Arabian Nights.

Landing at Constanza, we took train for Bucharest. In the train we had our first experience of the Musical Comedy Hussars come to life—crowds of officers of the army in sky-blue, purple and blue tunics with green, scarlet or purple breeches, top boots and gold braid everywhere. We discovered, too, that they actually did use make-up—powder and rouge ! (Later we were told that a recent Army Order had restricted the use of cosmetics to officers of field rank !)

We found Bucharest empty for the hot season, save for the British Minister, Lacy Baggaley, and others of the Legation Staff. So after taking part in the opening ceremony of the first golf course in Roumania—another corner of a foreign field forever England — we accepted Lacy's offer of transport to the summer hill resort of Sinaia, a few hours' run from Bucharest. Here the court and society had retired to enjoy the holiday relaxations offered by the Casino and the cool days in the hills.

En route we spent an interesting hour looking over the newly repaired Ploesti oilfields, destroyed during the war as part of the abortive scorched earth policy which left Roumania so desolate.

We arrived at Sinaia with no plans, but, through introductions to Mr. and Mrs. Jay of the American Legation, we quickly found ourselves busy. Our first day we made a motor trip over the pass across "the Alps" into Transsylvania—lying trim, neat, and wholly Germanic in sharp contrast to the straggling untidiness of its albeit suzerain neighbour. Here we visited a schloss used, we were told, as a private retreat by the Queen when she was able to escape the calls of state.

That night we were taken to the Casino, where we saw something of the glitter of the social round.

During the evening I was introduced to a General Avexnescii, chief of staff of the army, and took the chance to drop broad hints that we would be very interested to have a look round the barracks and military establishments. He was delighted and promised to arrange it, saying that his A.D.C. would call for us and show us round the next afternoon.

We went next morning at Mrs. Jay's suggestion to write our names in the Visitor's Book at the Palace, an imposing-looking villa. It was rather a surprise to find the Palace guard mounted by scruffy-looking, gnome-like hill men in dirty green uniforms, raw hide boots and small Tyrolean-like felt hats ; a strange contrast, we thought, especially at the Royal residence, to the brilliant rainbow hues and bright if tarnished glory of the officers' uniforms.

About noon, this mission done, we spruced ourselves up in our blue suits and trilby hats and, in due course, a vision in sky-blue appeared and ushered us into a waiting car.

The drive in the car we spent conversing in our limited French and listening to our escort's sad tale, told without rancour, of the chaotic muddle of Roumania's war debacle—how she had been let down by empty promises, both from ourselves and Russia !

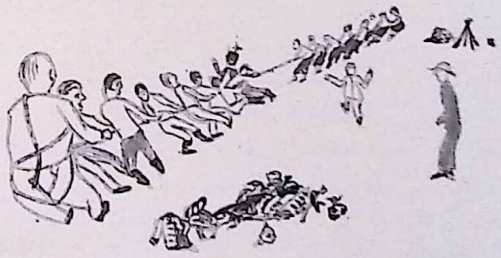
Arrived at our destination, we got out and prepared for our tour of the lines, anticipating with casual interest the opportunity of making comparison with similar establishments of our own.

We passed through the archway ! ! !

There before us, drawn up in review order on the square, were over 1,000 troops—FOR US TO INSPECT ! ! Smothering our astonishment, we avoided each other's eye and, drawing ourselves up, affecting as dignified an appearance as was possible in our doubtful "suitings" and trilbies, we proceeded to inspect. We passed up and down the serried ranks of sturdy, scruffy, green-clad gnomes. We bowed and doffed our hats at suitable intervals, making what we hoped were appreciative noises and gestures of approval at likely moments.

The formal inspection over, we were led off to some rising ground, whence, surrounded by a bunch of brilliant officers, we watched a tactical exercise carried out with thoroughness and no little efficiency and enthusiasm. Once more we nodded, smiled and expressed our approval in halting French.

Then followed "Le Sport." At this juncture I had a happy idea—an Officers versus Men Tug-of-war. A moment's astonished hesitation greeted the suggestion ; then the idea was quickly taken up. Off came the rainbow tunics, off came our blue coats. The ensuing contest was a huge success and immensely popular with the assembled gnomes.



Following this we were conducted on a swift tour of the lines. We visited barracks, stores, kitchens and stables.

Warming to our work, we tasted the soup and admired the general's horse, of which he was inordinately proud, with a veritable stream of "magnifiques," "exquis," and "superbes." Finally we were led off, amid great camaraderie, to the officers' own mess (an unusual feature in a continental army) and treated to a strange hotch-potch meal of fishy and meaty things, washed down with wine, tea and spirits liberally supplied. So liberally that we were more than glad, an hour later, to be escorted safely back to our hotel after submitting to the affectionate and alcoholic embraces and "salutations" of about thirty of our new friends and admirers.

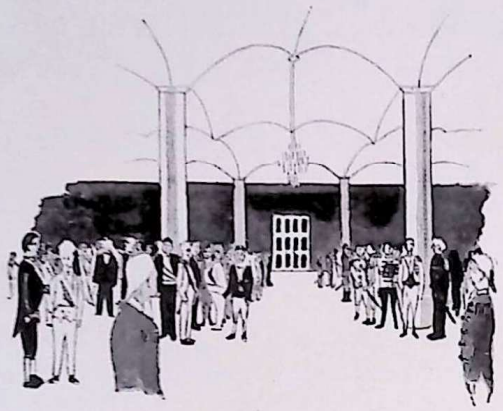
By what distortion of orders or misunderstandings it all came about we never learned, but it can be seldom that two such junior officers have received such attention and welcome—officially and unofficially—as we did when we "held our first Review."

The next morning, while we were still rubbing our eyes and wondering if it had not all been a dream, but with the evidence of our tender heads proving the reality, a Palace messenger arrived from M. Misu, the

Comptroller, bearing a Royal command for the two British officers to attend at the Palace that evening at 8 p.m. to witness some tableaux. (These had been arranged to entertain Prince Nicholas, who was home from the Bosphorus, where he was serving as a midshipman with the British fleet.)

Having ascertained on the telephone from M. Misu that dinner jackets would be *comme il faut*, we set about borrowing the various necessary items from almost every other inhabitants of the hotel—a tie here, a shirt there, collars, socks, waistcoats and all the paraphernalia. So that evening, after a certain amount of hitching here and tucking there, two fairly presentable young men stood in the porch of the Villa-Palace.

I cannot do justice to the scene into which we stepped. Cochran, Ivor Novello and Cecil B. de Mille in collaboration never could achieve a more perfect musical comedy scene.



Picture the stage setting—a fairly large oak-panelled hall, lavish with gilt, crystal chandeliers and heavy framed portraits. Stage right—assembled officers of the Royal Guard, a brilliant wedge of colour in their sky-blue tunics and purple breeches, glittering with rows of medals and orders which seemed to extend even round their backs. Stage left—the court officials in ceremonial dress—ribbons, orders and sashes—mingled with a galaxy of colours of Paris gowns, and scintillating tiaras and jewellery worn by the court ladies, their wives and daughters.

(We later spotted two insignificant figures in dinner jackets, like ourselves, whom we learned were the court barber and the court dentist—"commanded," no doubt, by the thoughtful M. Misu to make us feel at home amid the finery !)

After a few introductions I was settled next to M. Misu's daughter—"My daughter ; she has a husband and several children "—as much as to say, "No gallivanting tonight, my lad, whatever you may have heard about our nation !"

Presently a sudden hush heralded the arrival of the King and Queen through a small door (back-stage)—he in a dark blue uniform, she in white traditional national costume.

Hugh and I were led forward and presented, then the whole company moved into the theatre.

Here we were treated to the strangest entertainment I have ever assisted at. During a period of three hours the curtain rose altogether four times, for no more than a few seconds, to reveal the Royal family draped and grouped in different poses representing some historical event of which we, of course, understood nothing. It was something of an experience though, to see a King, three reigning Queens,* a Prince and a Princess so engaged !

During the intervals, an execrable band played stolidly and solemnly out of tune for stretches of three-quarters of an hour.

The curtain fell for the fourth time and a general move was made to a supper room—another Musical Comedy " set." Here, presently, we were led to an open space which had been left between the tables (I incidentally had been caught with a bun in mid-air and had to slip it into my borrowed pocket !), where shortly the Queen with her three daughters bore down on us. She entered into conversation, during which I did my best to lay on the flattery which I had been warned was more than acceptable.

This is a fair sample of our talk :—

Q. " What did you think of our theatricals ?"

* Queens of Roumania, Greece and Yugo-Slavia.

T. M. B. "Exquisite, M'am, disclosing an almost unbelievably artistic sense and talent in the Royal Family."

Q. " Ah, yes ! We are all very artistic. And do you not think my daughters are beautiful ?" (*Withdrawal of daughters, scowling.*)

T. M. B. "Indeed, M'am, yes ! In fact on seeing a group of you with your daughters in one of our English papers [*true*] I remarked [*not true*] to a friend that this must surely be the best-looking Royal Family in Europe !"

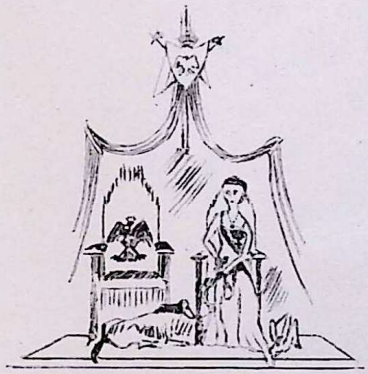
Q. "Yes, that is indeed true. But tell me did you notice anything specially about the Queen of —— ?" (*I forget*).

T. M. B. "No, M'am, not that I recollect."

Q. "Ah ! That is good. You did not then notice that she is going to have a little baby ? It is remarkable how well she conceals it."

This startling statement, after which the watchful M. Misu led us away, might have ended the whole incident on a "Mad Hatter Tea Party" note had not the Queen, even as she and the King were leaving, stopped in front of us and said, "Come with us ; I will show you the Palace."

We duly followed and were first shown over the apartments and then spent a remarkable and unreal hour in the throne room.



Here the Queen, a regal and picturesque white figure on the purple and gold-backed throne, sat with two fine borzois stretched at her feet. The King, stocky, stout and shrewd, stood beside her. The four of us, alone in the great room, launched into a discussion of political, national and social problems. Her Majesty revealed a completely new side to her nature, in most marked contrast to the pose of exaggerated condescension so evident during our public interview in the supper room. Indeed she overshadowed her husband, though he, too, revealed a close touch with affairs, for I clearly remember his telling me, then, that the Lausanne negotiations would soon be successfully concluded, "which will be good for you and for Curzon." The news was actually made public three days later !

It was after one o'clock before we were graciously dismissed, much to the relief of the bored, yawning courtiers we had glimpsed from time to time hovering at the doors of the throne room.

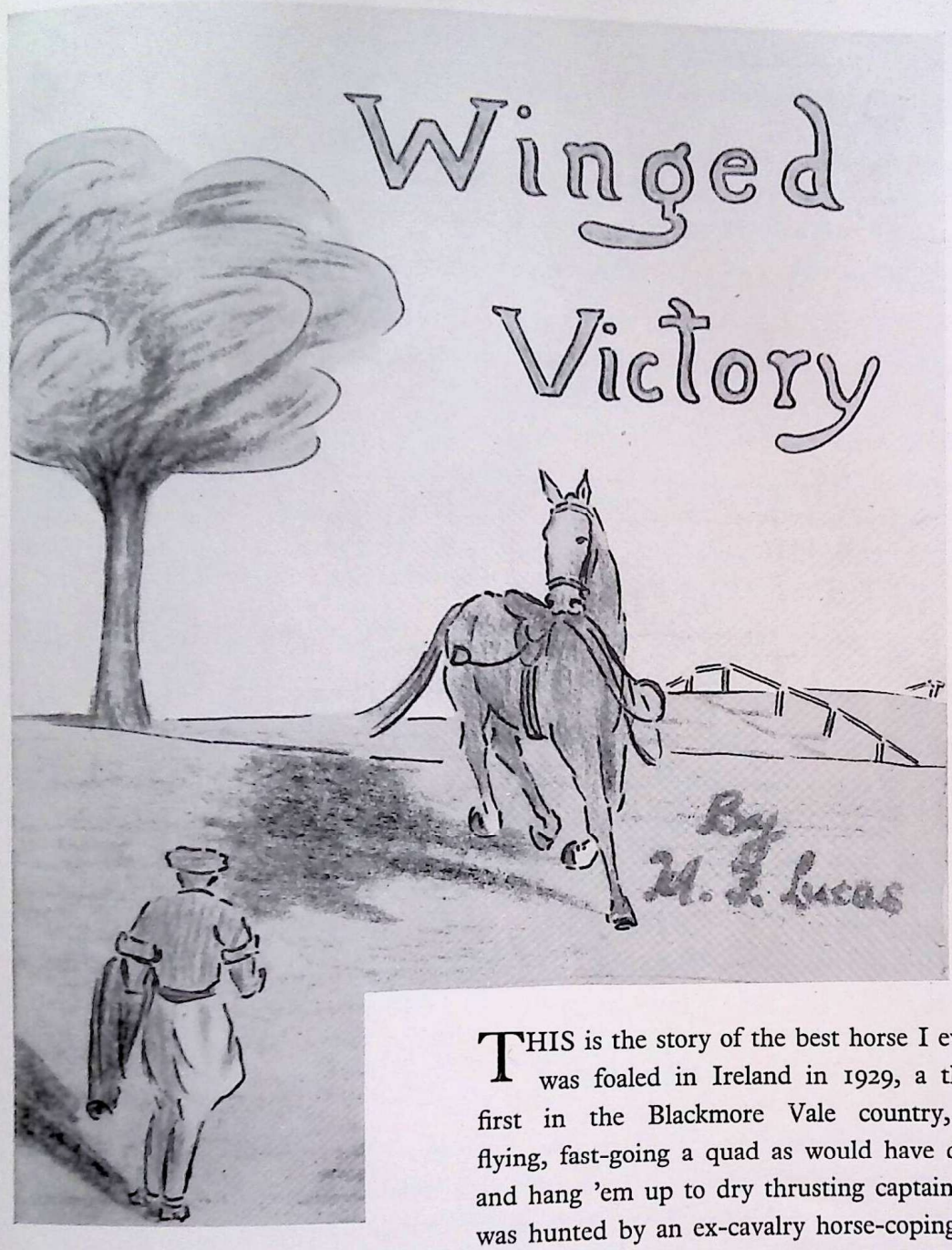
The curtain was down. There might have been an epilogue or a sequel. I might indeed have had the 1002nd Night to write up, for the next day we received a telephone call from M. Misu with an invitation from the Queen to an informal picnic with her and her daughters at the Transylvanian Schloss we had visited on our first day. We had to excuse ourselves—very reluctantly, for one does not picnic every day in the company of queens ! But our leave was up and we had to get back to Constantinople and reality. I've often wondered since what happened to that bun !

The Exile

FLESH and mind grow weak with slaving
In exile, there is no relieving ;
Iron ribs of bleak existence
Cry out for loving and for living.
I am tired of cold starved sense
Dream-tranced in another tense,
Of haunting, hopeless distance ;
Tired of the floor's plank bed
And the stomach's vain request for bread. . . .

Give me a library that connives
With wide window's peace-filled view ;
The rustle of the pages
Before the mind's calm odysseys
Through sunny, expurgated ages ;
Shelves rich with volumes old and new,
The garnered love of myriad lives
And raptures, agonies : thought, storm and lust
Distilled within the word's charmed sanctuaries
Innocuous as sunlit dust.
Give me experience second-hand,
With safe pageantry of picture-books
To close or open, as it please
An invalid's sick head ;
All the world at print's command—
And, should words weary, then instead
The prospect of the lofty trees
And domestic bickering of rooks. . . .
Oh, give me a chair, now, a fire
In lamp-lit room, snug-curtained from the stress
Of warring traffic and outside desire
And rain and arbitrary loneliness :
Shut out the echoes of the call forlorn
Where Fate the Huntsman winds his horn
Deep down the wintry forests of the night—
Give me the cloistered evening's peace :
A fresh brown loaf and milk and cheese
And, on the hob, the kettle's purring wheeze,
A home's serenities—
And then to add to all heaven's delight,
Grant her warm presence there :
Her loveliness
To banish all my memories' care ;
And all the poets in the world to yield
Their golden harvest in her praise,
Whose priceless love has crowned and sealed
The consummation of my days !

D. T. P.



The Best Horse I ever owned.

THIS is the story of the best horse I ever owned. Winged Victory was foaled in Ireland in 1929, a thoroughbred. He appeared first in the Blackmore Vale country, as hard-mouthed, high-flying, fast-going a quad as would have delighted the cut 'em down and hang 'em up to dry thrusting captains of Jorrocks' day. Here he was hunted by an ex-cavalry horse-coping cousin of my wife until he was sold to a hard-riding Scots Guards subaltern, who put him into training. He distinguished himself steeplechasing, not only by winning, but also by savaging any other horses that tried to pass him near the winning post, which proves him a horse of intelligence as well as spirit.

In the spring of '36, Winged Victory was dealt the first blow by fate. After some grand hunting, his master was ordered to Palestine and Winged Victory was turned out to grass, where he did not do very well. That autumn, his master returning unexpectedly, he was hunted before he was really fit and, being too willing, his heart broke down. This being no world for a broken-down horse, he was destined to be shot.

It was then that Winged Victory came into my life. My cousin heard of the tragedy and rescued him to

give him to me, because he knew I wanted a horse to lead the children's pony. I met him at Camberley Station, a bag of bones, with mud fever on all four legs, and a pained expression in his eye.

Luckily, I had a first-class ex-gunner groom who soon cured his mud-fever and we reconditioned him with slow exercise and careful feeding until he put on flesh and stood, no child's leader now, sixteen hands of bright chestnut with a white star and three white socks, and kicked like the devil if you weren't careful taking off his rugs in the stable. By that autumn, he seemed to have quite recovered and was so fit that I decided to try him with the Staff College Drag.

At the opening meet the familiar scene went to his head and he was off like a train as soon as the Field Master let us go. I had him in a big Pelham bit, but couldn't hold him at all ; we cannoned into the Master at the second obstacle, which was a narrow one ; and, in the next field, we caught the hounds. By pulling with both hands on the right rein, I forced him round in a wide circle and joined in again at the tail of the hunt ; but after two or three fields, we were once more on top of the hounds ! Another long circle saved their lives and then a long hill and a slight check at last brought Winged Victory to a stop. I was completely exhausted, so I handed him over to my groom and motored home to rub Elliman's on my wrists.

Then began a long period of experimentation with bits of various size, shape and make. I finally got him to go extremely kindly, though still absolutely freely, in a long-cheeked double bridle with a gag snaffle.

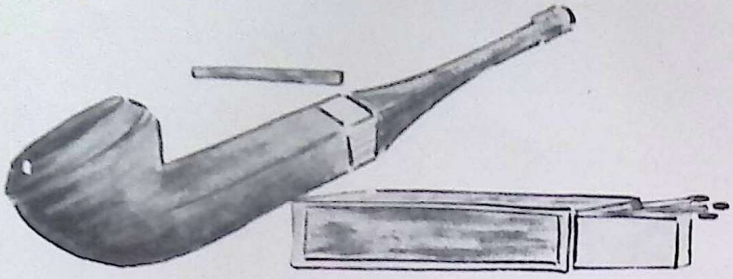
He gave me two grand seasons with the Staff College Drag with only one fall at a post and rails. Winged Victory was a wonderful jumper and made so much ground over his fences that we couldn't help keeping close up to hounds. He was a bit of a handful hunting with the Garth, as their country is rather enclosed ; and on one occasion he showed his impatience by kicking a hound in a crowded gateway ! Luckily, no damage was done.

But, in 1939, fate, in the shape of the War Office, again intervened and I was ordered to Malaya. I would not sell Winged Victory since he had been given to me, and it was difficult to find a really reliable person to whom I could give him away. He would, poor old chap, have to eat his heart out at grass and I was not at all happy about him. However, he had gone so well with the Drag that I decided to give him one last fling in the Staff College Point-to-Point at Ashridge Wood near Wokingham.

I let him go his own pace and near the end I was lying third or fourth. I decided that, after the last drop fence, I would start to ride him out. Just as I steadied him for the take-off, another horse bustled by, jumped too quickly, and fell in front of us. Winged Victory was equal to the occasion. He jinked sideways as he landed and avoided the rolling horse. Unfortunately, I was not sitting tight as I should have been, put too much weight on the off stirrup and—the leather broke !

Fighting a losing battle with inexorable gravity, I failed to get back into the plate and slowly but surely slid off. Poor Winged Victory ! With war clouds looming on the horizon, with my being ordered to Malaya, and the prospect of his ending his days at grass, it was likely to be his last race—and I had let him down. He finished third without his rider.

But Winged Victory was equal to his fate. My groom saw him come home riderless and called to him. He pricked his ears and turned towards his old friend ; but, as he trotted up to him, his legs folded beneath him and he sank down dead. His gallant old heart had given out at last.



TOBACCO

A Reverie by
A. PEFFERS

MY last few treasured shreds of tobacco failed me two days ago. Small wonder that my equanimity gave way to fractiousness—that, petulant, peevish and perverse, I have looked on men and things through jaundiced eyes. For me, the Lady Nicotine has ever been a constant loving companion, consoling in sorrow, sagacious in counsel, and, in my petty triumphs, reminding me of my littleness and the long road to the cloud-capped towers of Olympus. What boots it if under the caress of her cool fingers I have idled through half my days in dreams of vain Utopias ? Better thus than the turmoil of trampling others underfoot in the search for what men call success.

History acclaims Hawkins, Raleigh and Drake for their gold-rewarded piracy, but far nobler and more enduring was the other treasure—tobacco—which they brought home to England. Is not the scent of burning tobacco sweeter and more innocent than the reek of burning Spanish galleons ? The man who spurns tobacco is malformed in heart and spirit. Seldom have I met a non-smoker who was not a prig, a prude, a valetudinarian, a kill-joy or a royal ass like James the First of England and Worst of Scotland. Such a one were better unbegot. Pipe-smokers are genial, placid, tolerant men, without axes to grind, bones to pick or logs to roll. I cannot imagine one of them being a Hebrew prophet, a Borgia or a Napoleon. A pipe keeps the heart from venom, the head from folly, the tongue from bitterness and the hands from ill-doing.

Every cult has its eccentric and esoteric votaries. Tobacco has her snuffers, an unclean sect that has fortunately almost sneezed itself out, and her cigarette smokers. Cigarettes may satisfy women, popinjays and corner boys ; they are dishwash for virile palates. Fag smokers are in the same class as vegetarians, slop feeders and cissies. A noted Angus worthy summed up our degenerate age with :

"Aye, hairymaphodrites are multiplayin' like rabbits. Fat can you expect fan loons wear lang hair, design wifie's claes an' sook at paper smokes ?"

There are tales that in Germany smoking was once a capital offence, that in Switzerland the eleventh commandment reads, "Thou shalt not smoke." In our own land, whey-faced puritans, grim presbyterians and Jinglin' Geordie's Royal master fulminated against tobacco as a fruit of Hell, a gin set by that arch-smoker the devil. The Royal Bunce (that is, a royal person educated beyond his intelligence), in his "Counterblast to Tobacco," describes tobacco as "a weed used by red Indians to cure the pox" and smoking as "a habit repulsive to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs and in its foul reek the nearest approach to the fumes of the pit that is bottomless."

He even put a tax on it, unfortunately maintained to these latter days. Why is it that governments, when all resources fail, inevitably raise the wind on the simple pleasures or innocent frailties of the poor ?

Generalization is always dangerous and never more so than about such an individual art and pleasure as

smoking. How can one dogmatize about the best time for smoking a cheroot, the best kind of pipe or the best brand of tobacco or cigar ? For me smoking is a joy at any hour of the day or night. A pipe has never failed to soothe, solace or inspire. For work or reading, my pipe is my staff and comfort. Never is it so sweet as, with the moil and meals of the day behind me, I take it under the stars along the old road to Caldhame or into the tiny garden where, in the lamplight, the flowers against the south wall look like sleeping beauties each accepting a kiss of a fairy prince.

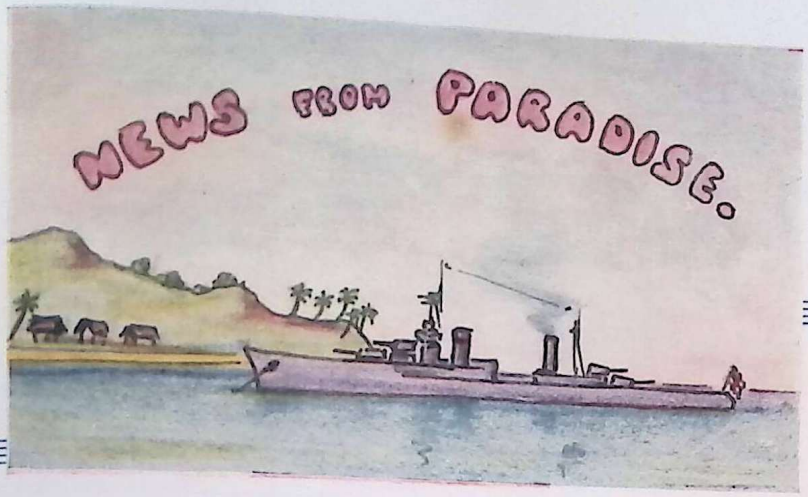
On the subject of pipes each smoker follows his own bent. For me, earth holds nothing so fair as a finely-seasoned briar, straight of stem, thick of lip and deep of loin, broad-bosomed as a Romany chye. After a briar I like a cherry-wood, broad and round of bottom, bellied like an argosy, wine-red as Homer's tea and redolent of hawthorn bloom in May. Happily, I was able to carry into captivity my king of briars and queen of cherry-woods.

As much care should be used in naming a tobacco as in naming a child. How many Alberts, Egberts and Osberts—in fact, all the tribe of Berts—curse the day they were baptized ? Today tobacco manufacturers display as little imagination and proprietry in this matter as our local town councillors in the naming of streets. Your true votary of tobacco makes his own mixtures and gives each the impress of his own individuality in a name appropriate to the mood of its making, the time and place of its enjoyment and the pleasure it is expected to give. Of my many mixtures, the names are mostly forgotten, but five remain to remind me of an idyllic August in Strathmore—*Morning Glory*, when we played golf at Cunninghill on a course wet with dew and ringed in a flame of broom; *Fisherman's Joy*, when we fished beloved Blackwater between the peace and purple of its encircling hills ; *Heartsease*, when we sat in the Roon of Feres or under the Old Firtree with a book and a bouquet of dreams ; *Sweet Heart Balm*, when, with "the monstrous regiment of women" and the sweetest dog in the world, I explored the creepy caves of Aberbrothwick, lazed on Lunan's golden sands, disturbed the ghost of Cardinal Beton in Malgund's broken keep, and sought and bought heather honey from cottar houses on the road to Clova ; *Night Benison*, when alone under the stars, I cast my accounts for the day to ease my head for sleep.

Never until two days ago have I lacked pipe or tobacco. Now I know the feelings of a mother when she loses one of two beloved children. In my need I sought comfort in a foundling. Yesterday, in the hospital compound, I came upon a dozen withered leaves, brown like my lady and redolent of a dim, seductive scent. Taking them to my room, I left them for a space in the sun, shredded them, added a little sugar, filled my briar and, like another alchemist, wondered if I had found the philosopher's stone. With fearful expectation, I drew a mighty draught. Hell fire skinned my tongue and scorched my protesting throat ; hot needles pricked my nostrils ; my eyes ran in aching floods and the hair on my head stood stark. I felt as one who has swallowed unwittingly a dwarf apple of Hispaniola, of which it is written : "For these apples being eaten by any person, he instantly changes colour and such a huge thirst seizes him as all the waters of the Thames cannot extinguish, he dying raving mad within a little while after." My companion turned round and remarked : "There's a hellish smell of burning ; something's on fire." I could scarce speak. I muttered "I am," and fled to the nearest water tap.

In the evening I met X, who swore that he couldn't tell the difference between tobacco and tea leaves which he was then smoking with seeming enjoyment. I now know X to be a gifted and persuasive liar, and that tea, if refreshing in a cup, poisons in a pipe.

Let Salvation Yeo sum up : "To be a lone man's companion, a bachelor's friend, a hungry man's food, a sad man's cordial, a wakeful man's sleep, a chilly man's fire—there's no herb like unto it under the canopy of heaven."



By
Capt. R. P. CHAPMAN, R.N.

WHILE serving in a ship belonging to the New Zealand Division of the Royal Navy I once visited Funafuti. This atoll is situated in the Gilbert and Ellis group and comes under the jurisdiction of the Governor of Fiji, at whose request we made this diversion in our annual visit to the South Sea Island dependencies.

A moderate sea was running as we approached this low-lying atoll, and breaking surf ahead confirmed our navigating officer's hope of a good landfall.

The entrance to Funafuti looked very small and far too shallow in the intensely clear water, but the native pilot who had come aboard seemed quite confident about taking our cruiser through. We put him aloft to get a good view and, with a few directions given by him in broken English, we found our way in.

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It is not impr
that operations her
will begin soon.

PACIFIC ATOLL
BOMBED

SUVA, Monday,
Enemy Aircraft, in operations over the S. W. Pacific today, raided the atoll of Funafuti, in Ellis Islands.
Bombs fell, but no material damage was done. A cockatoo was the only casualty.

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We steamed across the lagoon for about six miles to a small pier which led to a small native village.

The anchor was lowered gently on to the hard coral bottom and we prepared for the usual formal calls. In this instance, etiquette demanded that the Resident Administrator should visit our Captain before he might return the compliment.

We waited. We longed to explore the island, but no Resident appeared to unlock the door. No message arrived to explain his absence ; still we waited. Finally we sent out a spy in the person of our Medical Officer, who returned with a diagnosis of D.T. Immediate remedy was prescribed by our Captain : the Wardroom would buy all the alcohol in the island and his officers would call on the Resident until the Resident's cellar was dry.

I was fortunately one of the first callers ! The Resident soon recovered. [A year later he arrived on board, a new man, to express his thanks for the great benefits we had received at his hands !]

Official calls over, we were free to roam ashore and here we found a delightful people. All Polynesians are quietly happy folk, very friendly to and interested in strangers, contented with their lot and most generous. These were no exception.

Our commander, overcome with emotion at such a wide expanse of white coral sand, sent all boats away to be scrubbed with sand and canvas. The simple natives gurgled with delight, swept our sailors aside, scrubbed our boats whiter than any Fuller could have made them, and then, as a final gesture, loaded each boat to the gunwale with fruit before they returned to their ship.

The village was as clean as a whistle and neatly laid out. The paths between the huts were lined with lilies.

At a little distance there lay an enclosure in which they kept their pigs : here the villagers would wander in the evening. One member of the family would walk up a coconut tree and throw the fruit down to the others, who, calling to their pets, would carve the nuts and feed them by hand. One can only appreciate this care and attention who has tasted pig roasted in the South Sea manner—wrapped in palm leaves and buried deep over hot stones.

A fuzzy-haired Fijian, who had recently proved his competence by a successful mastoidal operation, presided over the well-equipped village hospital. He, too, was all smiles, proud of his charge and only regretful that he had too little opportunity of practising his art. The hospital was so arranged that, if one of the family fell ill, the whole of the family might move into a hut, similar to their own home, where they would all assist in nursing the patient back to health.

The village chief, remarkable as being the only native who wore a European hat—a bowler !—and for his ability to invest that object with dignity, was good enough to wait upon our Captain with a little gift of some boatloads of fruit. It was explained to him, as only our Captain could, how deeply appreciative we were of their courtesy and kindness. We did our best to make returns by showing his people over the ship, sending our band ashore to play to them, and to entertain them by night we burned our searchlights and fired off rockets and star shells.

Law and order on the island were represented by three or four Fijian policemen who lived in the Residency. They had nothing to do—except perhaps to support (*sic*) the Resident. Their main occupation was spearing fish at night by lantern light from the end of the pier.

In such seemingly idyllic surroundings, it was difficult to imagine that a white man, even if left long alone, might escape into a bottle—"but only man is vile "! For this atoll with so charming a name holds all that the natives need : even their one great fear, that of hurricanes, which may send whole seas over the island and destroy their food, has to a great extent been mitigated by the use of wireless.

Now a new evil has fallen upon them.

"FUNAFUTI HAS BEEN BOMBED."

Raggle Taggle **SHORT STORY** Competition

"NOW, shortbread," said the melancholy man with the empty bowl, "that's a meal. Succulent and crisp; satisfying and full of meat. No stuff and nonsense about shortbread; no frills, brief, concentrated and to the point, yet six courses in one. Complete in itself. . . . Now there's a little shop in Edinburgh . . ."

RESULT

1. THE LAST STROKE—B Bowster.
2. BLACK WIDOW—T. F. Beecroft.
3. THE TOYMAKER'S STORY—W. K. Forbes.

Well, that doesn't leave much to say. Names of the winners are inset on this page. Brief note of genuinely sincere appreciation to the authors of our fifteen entries for their effort and collaboration. And leave it at that. Comparisons are invidious, and anyhow there is already a large surplus production of at least the spoken word in this camp. But the Editor said two pages. . . . (original manuscript—Ed.)

The number of entries was quite encouraging, though it was a disappointment to find no Americans among the competitors; it was hoped that some mute Hemingway might disinter himself for glory. But as it was, the themes ranged in refreshing diversity from Glasgow to the North-West Frontier, from Little Muggleton to Finland. Such a mixed bag it was difficult to compare and place; construction, balance, coherence, style, punch—these can perhaps be marked with some confidence by absolute standards; but the final criterion is always the individual story's personality, its S.A. Story Appeal to you. There were a few amongst the stories submitted that were very well made, but which did not click; and of course, in estimating S.A., the fallibilities of the judge are bound to be engaged. I like Jean Arthur, but you may well prefer the Garbo. As it was, the judges were not quite unanimous upon the final order, though nearly so; they read, and arrived at their own conclusions independently; then met to compare notes. They agreed fairly comfortably, and the order shown above was proved by a clear majority. The first three are published in the following pages.

The competition was for Short Stories. The shortness, in one respect, was ensured by the limits set by the rules of the competition: 2,000 words. But shortness, as my melancholy friend appreciates, the essence of shortness has nothing to do with mere bulk. To hint at the nature of the short story by an extreme simplification, in comparison with the novel—it is as a progression of cut steps up a brief but sheer slope to the sudden, complete illumination of a peak; while the novel is rather a meandering stream, though ruthless, rolling down through the valleys, constantly enriched and supplemented by its tributaries. The steps of a short story should be defined and clear to the final discovery, which is decisive as a black-out on a stage, and complete as the solution of an algebraic problem. The climax can be made doubly effective by many devices of the "twist" nature; the three prize-winners give excellent examples.

And the story itself? Some of those submitted were obviously true, some were straightforward reminiscences, some were obviously and superbly untrue—if truth be limited to the matter of fact. When you read the three prize-winners you will find they all fall headlong into the last category. For though Truth be stranger than Fiction, it is very hard for any but a master technician to tell the truth of a matter of fact and to make it more exciting, more interesting, than an ordinary, competent short story. Indeed, the matter of fact has no existence beyond the moment of experience; it is at once adbucted ruthlessly by the celebrated romancer, memory. But memory, the most prolific creator of fiction, is not a good author; when it comes to the point of putting himself down on paper, he's not always sure where it all began, nor what to put in and what to leave out, nor even—and this is by no means so obvious as it might seem—where it ended. He gets lost in a tangle of detail, and the real author, the imagination, has to cut and prune and shape, until the thing is complete, defined and finished. The authors of most of our stories did not use enough ruthlessness, and as a result their stories tended to blur and, particularly, their endings suffered. An outstanding example of irrelevance and superfluity was in the use made by several of the clubroom setting. The story of the Toymaker shows how this may be used legitimately, an essential part of the story, but generally it was only a conventional frame, almost as though the writer were shifting the responsibility of the story on to someone else. A good story needs no frame other than the paper that bears it.

THE LAST STROKE

First Prize Short Story Competition

PROLOGUE

> In my youth one expected and viewed with gentle tolerance the habit of exaggeration in fisherman. One never dreamt of associating hyperbole with a devotee of the royal and ancient game. Even the slightest incursion into verisimilitude was tantamount to social ostracism. It is far otherwise today. Golfers now vie with Baron Munchausen in extravagant legends and incredible fantasies. In fact, there is now hardly a golfer whom even the most lenient stewards would allow to run in the veracity stakes. Such reflections as these have kept me hitherto from publishing a golfing story for the truth of which I can personally vouch. . . .

SIR Angus MacMucheon is a retired Scots business man than whom earth holds no tiger more rapacious, no snake more sinister, no dog's-leg more crooked. If he wants a thing he gets it by hook or by crook. In Little Muggleton we are tired of hearing the constant reiteration of his creed : all's fair in love and business. That he knows his vitamins and native liquor is evidenced by his corporeal geography which runs to mountains rather than valleys, to convexities rather than to concavities. But the man can play golf, is in fact, by far the best golfer in Little Muggleton. You can imagine the surprise, therefore, when it is learnt that the club rabbit, not a wild or domesticated rodent of the hare family, but one, Hubert Wyncome, challenges the knight to a match on level terms. Hubert is a quiet little man, with a great belief in the dubious pragmatism of Coué and admiration for the dubious wisdom of Bacon. His looks, withered by long years in the colonial service, conceal a juvenile heart and a delicately ironic tongue. When it is learnt that the stakes are ten pounds a hole and the hand of a fair widow, Letitia Brandon, to whom both men, officially bachelors, are paying court, excitement is intense.

When the rivals stand panoplied for battle on the first tee, it is a glorious June morning. They have the course, the finest village course in the eastern counties, to themselves. Sir Angus, whose sartorial taste naturally runs to large and obtrusive checks, has the honour. As he is halfway through his final swing, his opponent, in faded khaki shorts, shirt and Tyrolese hat, erupts into a sneeze like a young thunderclap. Not unnaturally the knight misses the ball completely.

"Sorry, old boy," says Hubert, "er—most unaccountable . . . er . . . Never felt better. . . . Dust, I suppose." Sir Angus gives him one look that would have fried an egg. The first hole is halved.

Despite various rude noises and bizarre capers on the part of the little man, the knight wins the next three holes easily. This, he thinks, is going to be a massacre, but there is to be no question of mercy. The little hound is already looking like an early martyr about to be pulled apart. He will be.

At the fifth, Hubert plays five shots to lie level with his opponent's drive. Sir Angus swings his number four confidently and hooks a lovely leg glide into the village pond. A certain lack of precision is to be expected when a pink mouse runs between your legs just as you are about to hit a golf ball.

"Bad luck," says Hubert sympathetically.

"Luck be damned !" shouts Sir Angus. "Don't you see that pink rat ?"

"Pink rat ?" repeats the little man with surprise. "Good God, my dear fellow, you must be in a bad way. Jag last night ?"

The knight looks as if he would like to give Hubert something—but not a bunch of roses. Hubert wins the hole in ten.

Fortified by several stiff pulls at his flask, Sir Angus is unmoved by various nasty innuendoes on the part of his opponent and wins the next four holes easily. At the turn he is so full of whisky and bonhomie, that he speaks with a Scots accent and whistles like the bagpipes. Hubert grasps the tactical situation at once and contrives with profuse apologies to upset the remaining contents of the knight's flask. Sir Angus takes refuge in Caledonian objurgation. Still, he thinks, I'm six up—the game's in my pocket.

Both hit daisy cutters at the tenth. Walking down the fairway with his opponent, Hubert remarks apropos of nothing : "It has often struck me, Sir Angus, how seldom ability to make money goes with brains or morals."

"Eh ?" mutters Sir Angus. "Whit the deil dae ye mean ?"

"Merely a general observation," replies the little man, "but supposing one is asked, as I was asked by Letitia the other evening, to epitomise the career of a profiteer. Nothing personal my dear fellow, would . . ."

The knight wuffles as if a wishbone had stuck in his gullet and says : "Stop bletherin'."

"Would I be right," continues the little man imperturbably, "in hazarding the reply—to get on, to get honour, to get honest ?"

The knight's remarks are unprintable. Hubert wins the hole in eight.

At the long eleventh, which runs alongside a country lane, lined with hawthorn hedges, Hubert discoursed airily on tact. However much one loathes a fellow one ought never to show it by word or look, particularly by look, and, in fact, one ought always to make one's company feel at home, even though one wishes they were. Sir Angus merely wuffles and gives him another egg-frier. Meanwhile, Hubert takes seven strokes to pass his opponent's second. At his third, the knight cuts the ball neatly past cover point into a disused quarry. It is a little disconcerting, to say the least of it, when an unearthly shriek hits one in the tympanum just as one's club reaches the ball. It is as well that the knight does not see the little man signal to a red headed boy in the hedge just before this regrettable incident. Sir Angus reaches the green with a stroke in hand. As he plays his putt he utters a howl like a dying banshee and his ball travels at speed into a bunker beyond the green. "My dear fellow," cries the astonished Hubert. "What is the matter ? My nerves won't stand much more of this."

"By God !" roars Sir Angus. "I've been stung !"

Again it is unfortunate he does not see the red-headed boy in the lane with an air-gun underneath his arm. Another hole to Hubert.

As they walk to the twelfth tee Hubert remarks by way of commiseration : "Bacon is right when he remarks 'It cannot be denied but outward accidents conduce much to fortune.' You are really having hell's own bad luck."

Sir Angus, too apoplectic to reply, wishes he were a cannibal. The twelfth hole is halved.

The knight now stands four up and six to play. He determines to finish off the match at the thirteenth.

"Ha !" cries Hubert, "the thirteenth. Hope you aren't superstitious, Sir Angus. I see you have just trodden an inoffensive worm underfoot. . . . Supposed to be bad luck, especially at the thirteenth. . . ." The knight snorts contemptuously.

Both hit long drives. Hubert, on the way to their balls, burbles merrily about the vicissitudes of golf, the connubial adventures of frogs, and the amatory value of plumage in birds. He hints that an elderly hippopotamus is not the sort of Lothario to give acute thrombosis to a widowed swan. Sir Angus maintains the reputation of his race for taciturnity and just manages to halve the hole.

At the fourteenth, Hubert in helping the knight look for his ball contrives to kick it into a rabbit hole. As the search goes on he talks airily on marriage, the pleasures of bachelorhood, and the folly of matrimony for men on the brink of senile decay.

"I can't understand," he says, "why a rich bachelor wants to give up good quarters for a better half. Letitia, too, has peculiar ideas. Only the other night she was saying that one man of her acquaintance ought to marry a cobra and she'd be sorry for the cobra. I wonder whom she meant. Hey ! That's my ball you've got your heel on. My hole I think."

At the fifteenth tee, Sir Angus could stand no more and growls : "Look here, Wyncome, henceforrit haud your damned tongue and keep awa fra me . . . ."

"Och," mimics Hubert. "Dinna be sae Scots mon. By the bye, did you hear about the Scotsman who swallowed half-a-crown ? No ? When they turned him upside down, only eighteenpence came out. What a nation !"

Sir Angus drives wildly into the deepest bunker on the course.

"Bunkers," says the little fellow, "seem to have a fatal attraction to you today. You ought to take a course in Couéism. You are, if I may say so, a victim of the Law of Reversed Effort. As long as you think of a bunker, your thought will dominate your mind and the ball will inevitably find its way into it. Success is not gained by an effort of will but by right drinking—I mean thinking. The champion golfer is not a man with the frame of a mammoth and the will power of a mastodon, but. . . ."

"Haud your wheesht, for goad's sake," howls the almost delirious knight, "or I'll brain you."

The hole goes to Hubert. At the sixteenth Sir Angus keeps as far away as possible from his opponent. His temper and nerves are at breaking point. When he slices into a wilderness of gorse, he gives a bellow of rage and hurls the offending club far and high into the air. It lodges half way up a pine tree. The little man suggests that Sir Angus will have to climb. The knight does so, and, contriving to impale himself by the seat of his plus fours, hangs precariously and gibbering like one of the larger anthropoidal apes. He cries piteously for help. Hubert contemplates him for some time before remarking : "Sorry, old boy, I haven't got a bag of nuts. When I look at your face and posture, I'm quite sure your mother must have visited the zoo just before you were born."

The seat of the knight's plus-fours ceases to function and Sir Hubert hits the earth like a dud shell. . . . Another hole to Hubert.

At the seventeenth Sir Angus is one up and two to play. Having failed by hook, he resolves to win by crook. The seventeenth is a short hole, a hundred and twenty yards long, and perched on a hill surrounded by bunkers. Hubert takes his spoon, slices his ball about forty yards towards the tenth tee where it hits a roller and bounces to drop securely on the seventeenth green.

"A bluidy fluke," shouts Sir Angus.

He takes a number seven and curses as his ball drops into a bunker.

"Hard cheese, Sir Angus," chirps the little man.

"Tae hell wi' you an' your cheese ! Some b—s hae a' the luck," cries the knight.

"Now, now," murmurs Hubert. "You mustn't be envious. But perhaps you cannot help it. 'Deformed persons and eunuchs and old men and bastards are commonly envious' as the great Bacon puts it ; You just about fill the bill."

He squares the match.

They walk in silence to the eighteenth tee all square and one to play. Both pull their drives into a deep ravine, full of gorse and long grass and lying about eighty yards from the last green. Both spend a considerable time looking for their respective balls. Hubert turns to see Sir Angus play. Both dash up the bank of the ravine to see the ball land about two yards from the pin. The knight smiles in triumph. Both go off to hunt for the other ball. After some delay the knight with some surprise sees the little fellow play from the middle of a whin bush. Both again dash up the bank to see the ball pitch on the green and roll to lie a foot from the pin and a dead stymie to the other. The little man is ecstatic. And Sir Angus—what is Sir Angus to do, having Hubert's ball in his pocket ?

There is only one thing to do in the circumstances. He has a stroke.

EPILOGUE

And there, having reached its inescapable climax, the story ought to end. The final note of its crescendo leaves the reader morally uplifted by the triumph of another David over another Goliath and emotionally with a rose tinted fantasy of Wyncome's wedding bells. But a regard for the truth, whose shining light I ever follow in a world of paradox and uncertainty, compels me to carry the tale to its real dénouement. Letitia Brandon, as soon as she hears her gallant knight is laid low, adopts the role of ministering angel and marries him as soon as he can stand. And after his one brief but glorious incursion into Machiavellian golf Hubert Wyncome—moi qui parle—is content. I cannot view with any enthusiasm a narrow life of mean economics to which marriage on an exiguous pension would condemn me. My exuberant temperament craves the solace, not of amatory dalliance, but of intellectual and more material delights. The reflection also that there is lacking in every widow a very significant and indisputable element of maidenhood also offends my naturally fastidious taste. And so I am happy to pass my days in an aroma of bacon and to have become a legend in my lifetime. I may be permitted to draw one final moral from my tale—it is as dangerous to be over intelligent as to be over foolish.

Black Widow

BY T. F. BEECROFT

Second Prize Short Story Competition

NOW it was finished. All the years of lost happiness, years of slow hatred, years of nagging, all gone. In a sticky ooze. How she'd bled. God ! How silent and certain the flow had been. How much—eight pints ? Eight pints of life, spreading slowly and dully, and then the spreading stopped, and the life stopped with it. Just like that.

The coat-hanger squealed on the rail, and a tiny shiver lived in the man, and then died. The trousers hung snugly, creases correct.

Habit is powerful. Rise, eat, train, work, eat, work, train, eat, fireside, bed, rise, eat, train, work, eat, work, train, eat, pool of blood, bed. Something wrong. No fireside tonight, blood tonight. A sticky, encroaching swamp on the bed and blue and green carpet.

"Why not furnish now ? Write for particulars"—1923, was that, or 1924 ? It all started that night, and it had all finished this night.

Brown shoes, old, cracks full of dried polish, blue socks, gay green pyjamas, between the sheets. The old order never changeth. Except for her.

Why don't we buy a new bookcase ? 1923, was it, or 1924 ? Why can't we, why don't we, why shouldn't we, why, where, who, when, why, where, moan, nag. Not 1923, that, or 1924, but every infinite second of 19 years. All over now. Had she felt it ? Only one swift, sure stroke, only one, one was sufficient to make her life pump out. No pump, no life now, death down there.

The spindly branches of the old tree fretted impatiently at the windows as the master, wind, commanded. Cheesy moonlight caught the night and showed it to the world.

Papers. They'd be full of it tomorrow. News and racing and divorce and humour and sport and advertisements and murder. "Black Widow Spiders arrive at Zoo. Deadliest in World." Black Widow. Black Murderer. Yellow Press.

The master ordered, and the curtains at the open window danced funereally. And the lifeless light of the moon fixed shadows amongst the whiteness of the bed clothes. Black Widow. White widower. A thousand miles away, a car's horn, arrogant, urgent. Silly. All finished now. Past his knees. All pumped away. Past his thighs. Stop sweating. Eight hairy black evil jointed horrors, one dark, wicked body, two eyes. Whose eyes ? Hers were closed now. Past his chest. A mighty effort, and the joints and the body, and the eyes were all one, a mess of black hair and torn muscle and sightless eyes and warm blood. All one with her. Both dead now. No nagging. No danger. No worry. Peace. Quiet peace. And the band tightened round his heart, and the canyon showed its bottomless depths, and he fell.

* * *

They found both of them next morning. He had died of heart failure ; his doctor had warned him to avoid any excitement. But what was the tiny ball of black fluff clamped in his right hand ?

THE END

The TOYMAKER'S *Story*

(THIRD PRIZE SHORT STORY COMPETITION)

THE scene of this story needs little description ; other authors, more experienced than I, have described it times without number. The reading-room of the club ; the half-dozen distinguished men, soldiers, administrators, hunters, explorers—all sunburned, all lean-faced, with steadfast eyes and magnificent thirsts ; the animated talk touching all manner of subjects ; the inevitable pause ; the little mousey man in the corner reading the newspaper—this is the scene.

Dick Standish, famous for his achievements in the upper reaches of the Amazon, having just finished recounting "a queer show" he was mixed up in with the inhabitants of Easter Island, the conversation turned to a general and animated discussion of the subject of cannibal islands. Those who had been to cannibal islands were racking their brains to think of a good story, those who had not been to cannibal islands were trying to think of some means of changing the conversation to a subject about which they had first-hand knowledge—pygmies, blowpipes, white rhinos, gun running, gold panning, and buying drinks after hours. Dick Standish was waiting for Miles Cavendish to buy the next round and Miles Cavendish was trying to think of some means of avoiding ordering it. Such conversation requires frequent lubrication, so the inevitable pause occurred.

The pause is necessary to the story, for it is here that the little man—I should have mentioned that he was insignificant—coughed and, in face of a battery of basilisk stares from steadfast eyes, said quietly :

"Er—excuse me, gentlemen, I could not help overhearing your conversation, and thought you might be interested to hear a little experience of mine."

Such an interpolation from such an insignificant little man was against the code of conduct practised by soldiers, administrators, hunters, explorers and others of their kind with lean, sunburned faces and steadfast eyes. But politeness is part of the code, and in any case the little man looked as if he might be good for a round, so, with reluctant enthusiasm, he was asked to proceed.

"Of course, gentlemen, my simple experience cannot compare with yours. I have always lived a quiet life, and look for nothing from life other than to be left in peace."

His listeners shuddered.

"My job, you know," he went on, "is not very exciting. I am in the toy trade. You may have heard of Robinson's Round Games. Well, I am Robinson. To look at me you would hardly think that I had travelled and had adventures. As a general rule, toy manufacturers, from one year's end to the next, meet nothing more exciting than the snakes of snakes and ladders ; so perhaps I overrate the romance of my one experience of nature in the raw. Possibly, to men like you, to have eaten human flesh is nothing out of the ordinary."

Dick Standish's steadfast eyes blinked. Miles Cavendish rang for the waiter.

"It happened like this. You will remember that, some years ago, there was a succession of crazes in the toy world—pogo sticks, yo-yo's, diabolos and others, each of which, aided by judicious advertising, swept the country and enabled their promoters and patent-holders to retire in the knowledge that they had brought joy to many youthful hearts and, incidentally, large balances to their bank accounts.

"Naturally I was able, by a careful manipulation of trade marks, to benefit in some degree from the popularity of each of these articles of juvenile entertainment. But, fool that I was, I was not satisfied. I wanted to start a craze of my own ; I wanted, if you will pardon an American business idiom, to be in on the big money.

"I searched high and I searched low, I pursued inquiries everywhere, I looked in all the reference books I could find to discover some evidence with which to start my enterprise. My search, my inquiries, my reading were in vain. I say in vain, but I did find a clue, and it was the following-up of this clue which landed me in the strange situation I am about to relate."

He paused, and his audience, which had started to listen with ill-concealed disinterest, were now attentive and anxious to hear more.

"It seems," continued the little man as he filled his pipe—"it seems, as my reference books informed me, that the yo-yo was invented by the Chinese—or it may have been the Matabeles, I forget which—and had been used as a toy by many generations of Chinese children, or possibly young Matabeles, before being introduced to the Western world. If such a toy, I argued to myself, had remained a secret so long, was it not possible that, among the few remaining savages of the world, there was a toy which would capture the imagination and sixpences of our children ? To find such a toy became the object of my life.

"I shall not go into details of the arrangements I made ; suffice it to say that, six months later, I found myself with my wife, a half-breed Dyak as interpreter and guide (I mean the guide, not my wife, was a half-breed Dyak) and two hundred native porters travelling through the wilds of New Guinea.

"You who have fought your way through virgin jungles will appreciate the difficulties I went through, difficulties rendered dangerous and dangers made more difficult on account of my inexperience. On one occasion faced with a mutiny among my porters, I was forced to hang eleven of them to restore discipline ; on another occasion, when surrounded by hostile savages, my wife and I were forced to blacken our bodies with burnt cork to enable us to pass through an ambush. Hounded by savages and wild animals by day, with nights made hideous by teeming insects, we at last came to a large village which Kimbu, my guide, informed me was friendlily disposed towards strangers. I decided to call a halt, to rest my party, and to pursue my inquiries, which hitherto had been fruitless.

"I sent Kimbu into the village, and it was not long before he returned, accompanied by the headman. He was a powerfully built savage, but his face was pleasant enough. He was naked as on the day he was born except for a short apron made of human nails stitched together with gold thread. His name, I learned, was Komintu Tigadi 'Nmord, so I called him 'Daffodil.' This seemed to please him very much, for he smiled broadly and invited my wife and me to stay at his palace.

"His palace consisted of a number of mud huts joined together, and my wife and I were given a capacious quarter next to the headman himself. During our stay, Daffodil did his best to make us feel comfortable and was forever sending presents of fruit and vegetables to my wife, for whose health he was most solicitous. The time slipped by pleasantly enough for me, for I was busy investigating the pastimes of the youth of the village. I was not very successful. The children were very timid, and scattered like animals at my approach. After many disappointments I discovered that these young savages had a sense of smell as strong as animals', and my only hope of seeing their games was to approach from the lee. This strategy was successful, for the first time I tried it I was able to approach within a stone's throw of a number of boys revelling in a water fight.

"The missile used by the boys was a water bomb which exploded on contact, amid shouts of laughter in which the recipient joined as heartily as the rest. As a lad I had had the normal experience of water bombs constructed from the pages of my Latin exercise book, and I recalled that, amusing as it was to throw them at someone else, there was little fun in receiving one in the eye. Yet here were boys receiving innumerable bombs all

over the body and enjoying it ! It was obvious that this water bomb was superior to anything known in the west. I shivered with excitement as I realized that my quest was at an end.

"As it turned out, the discovery was far simpler than the realization of my object, for no matter how I tried, I was unable to recover a single bomb, though in my efforts to do so I more than once received a shower of them. At first I was nervous when I saw the boys preparing to throw bombs at me, but, when hit by one, I realized how superior these bombs were to any manufactured by my school chums. So instantaneous was the explosion and so gently were the contents sprinkled on the face that the blow was more of a caress than an assault.

"At last, seeing no way of discovering the secret by myself, I explained the whole thing to Kimbu, who volunteered to see Daffodil. He returned to me with such a long face that, before he had opened his mouth, I realized all was not well. It appeared that no sooner had he mentioned the water bombs than the headman flew into a towering rage. All efforts to pacify him were in vain, though at last he calmed down sufficiently to agree to let us remain in the village on condition that I provided a feast for him. Kimbu suggested that the arrangements for the feast should be made by him, as he was fully informed of the necessary ritual and ceremony demanded by tribal customs. To this I readily assented, and to his further suggestion that I should keep away from the village while the preparations were in progress.

"We decided to have the feast on the following evening, so early next morning I took my gun and a haversack lunch and set out with a couple of native porters ostensibly to shoot, but in reality to stay near the village listening for the mating call of the pink-tailed toucon, the signal by which Kimbu was to let me know all was ready.

"Towards evening, when my patience was almost exhausted, I heard the signal and returned to the village. As I entered the village square it was plain to see that Kimbu had not been idle. In the centre of the square mats had been laid down in a rough rectangle and were covered with innumerable dishes. Already most of the men of the village were seated, and as I hurried up Daffodil hurried up with Kimbu, who explained that all was ready and that I was to sit opposite the headman. He also warned me to be very careful as he had got Daffodil into such a frame of mind that he had great hopes of obtaining the secrets of the water bomb if the feast passed off satisfactorily.

"After a few preliminary dishes, the first course was served. This consisted of a huge cauldron of meat stew which was placed in the centre of the throng. A young and beautiful virgin ladled out a generous helping into each bowl, topping it up continually until the whole was finished. I had eaten at least one bowlful with great relish, for my haversack lunch had been scanty, when I chanced to glance in the direction of Daffodil's apron and noticed that two new toenails had been added to his collection. I held out my bowl for a second helping when my brain registered the fact that the two new toenails differed from the others. Whereas most of the toenails were of a natural colour, the new ones were bright scarlet—a colour greatly favoured by my wife.

"That, gentlemen, is my story," said the little man. "I hope you haven't been bored."

There was silence in the reading room, broken at last by Dick Standish, the man of action.

"Great heavens, man, you cannot finish there. Surely you did something ?"

"What could I do ?" replied the little man. "What would you do if you had just eaten your wife ?"

"You might have mentioned the matter to the local R.M.," put in a famous colonial administrator, "or told the police. Was there no sequel ?"

"Sequel," said the little man, thoughtfully. "Well, yes. The last time I told the story was in this very room, and on that occasion someone remembered that there was a club rule forbidding talking in the reading-room."

THE END

Pago-Pago

A Legend of the South Seas

by

CAPTAIN R. P. CHAPMAN

WHEN my ship visited Pago-Pago (pronounced Pango-Pango) in the Samoan Group some years ago, it had not then achieved the status of an important American naval base, but it was the headquarters of the American administration of the eastern end of the group.

I retain two memories most vividly—first, the nine-hole golf course and its oft-recurring "19th hole," even during a round ; and secondly, the legend of the turtle and the shark.

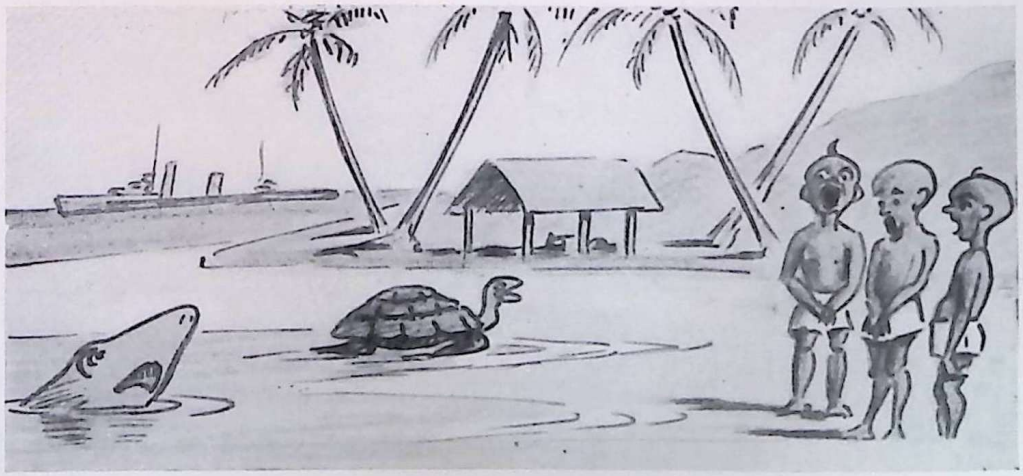
Once upon a time, a widow had lived in a native village, and been cared for by the villagers, she and her baby son. Growing impatient of this charge, the neighbours, in course of time, sent her a rat for breakfast instead of the customary mee-soo.

She took umbrage, and, taking her young son with her, went to the edge of a cliff and cast herself and the child into the seething cauldron below. There, so the legend ran, her soul entered the body of a shark and that of her baby boy became embodied in a turtle.

We were driven to the village, and, in support of the old story, the children of the village, enticed by promises of candies, gathered at the cliff edge, and, facing out to sea, began a chant : "Come, shark ; come turtle ! Come, beautiful one !"

This repeated at frequent intervals for twenty minutes, was becoming a little monotonous when, suddenly, a shark came cruising into the little bay, followed soon afterwards by a small turtle !

We hadn't played golf that morning, either !



Confessions of a Thief

By "MARTINGALE"

AT about half-past two o'clock one afternoon I was aroused from a state of coma by the "powers that be" behind the MAGAZINE, and requested (or should I say "detailed" ?), to write an article. "On what ?" I asked rather angrily, to which they replied, "Poaching," and so left me. It was not until later that I protested that this was rather a tall order. "You cannot," I pointed out, "expect me to put down on paper what in actual fact amounts to the confessions of a thief." I quoted the Oxford Concise Dictionary, which records, for all the world to see, that—"Poaching is to capture Game—Fish, by illicit or unsportsmanlike methods." Before I returned the dictionary however, I looked up the word "Voluntary" and found in clear type, "Opposite to compulsory." (Either this is a misprint, or I have been labouring here as a P.O.W. under a delusion. So, perhaps, there isn't so much evil in poaching as the dictionary would have us believe ?).

I should like to state here that my mother was Irish and that my father is a Scotsman ; though I have never allowed the Scottish half of me even to contemplate such a terrible thing, the Irish half has on many occasions had a damned good day's sport and no doubt, all being well, it will again. But that is not poaching as you know it, for Ireland and Scotland are poles apart in this respect. In Scotland—everything that creeps, flies, or crawls, belongs to someone of importance, who looks after it with a posse of gamekeepers. In Ireland, —all the above-mentioned belong to him who gives five shillings to the local herd to *mind* them for him (or perhaps I should say to *them* who give five shillings). In some cases by increasing my *salaries* to seven and sixpence and always taking whisky with me instead of beer, I have routed the opposition and had the beat to myself.

Elsewhere in this issue is a portrait of Morrissey (a king among sportsmen—in spite of the Oxford Dictionary). Morrissey "minded" more snipe bogs in south Ireland for me than I would care to mention. The area under his "control" stretched from the Shannon to the Blackwater and back again ; a magnificent feat, as his only means of locomotion is his somewhat large feet. He has also an ancient "female bike," upon which I have never seen him in action in ten years, for he always seems to be pushing it along the roadside, be it up or down hill. "It do be a b—r to twist since the Bear made a dive at a tinker's dog out through the auld frame." (The Bear, I should hasten to explain, is an outsize Airedale-Kerry Blue, to which Morrissey has been attached, by a stout rope, for nearly five years).

To the would-be poacher, or snipe-shot (as I shall now call him), a "Morrissey" is an indispensable asset and a damned nuisance rolled into one. "Indispensable" from the point of view that he saves you miles of useless bog-trotting in the wake of others who have been there the day before. "A damned nuisance"—because he and his tribe can never be trained to keep quiet. (After months of furious protest I finally gave up all hope of ever curing him of the habit of shouting, "Foire !" every time a snipe got up within five hundred yards, nor could I suppress his roars of delight at a "kill").

On one never-to-be-forgotten occasion Morrissey, the

Bear, and I crawled a ditch for several hundred yards to get up some "hivvy duck." With about seventy yards to go the awful stillness of the stalk proved too much, and I, and unfortunately the duck, were shattered to hear a voice proclaiming to the four winds, "We should surely kill the b—y lot." In all fairness to my old friend, I must admit that he comes out well on the plus side, and I shudder to think of the lies he has told on my behalf to "preserve bogs," the sole right to which was ours only by conquest.

There was only one man who had the better of us. I have never seen him, in fact I sometimes doubt if he really exists. I refer to one "Binchey," who (to quote Jas. Morrissey) is "Nothing better but a mean divil of a poacher." This will o' the wisp is responsible for every bad day we have ever had and a good deal besides (according to Morrissey), and he is "an unfrocked priest from Charleville way, who was fired out by the Pope for drink, women, and salmon-stealing." Every shot in the distance that one hears causes Morrissey to stop dead and hurl abuse at Binchey. Once, when a shot far away to the north and another equally as far south ten minutes later were laid at Binchey's door and summed up with a fresh oath, I thought that at last I could explode the myth. "Damn it all," I said, "Binchey can't be in two places at once." I was rewarded with a look of contempt and informed that "Binchey do travel the country like a hare, begob. Hasn't he a car three times the size of your own !" So, in the end, I was converted, and ever after Morrissey and I solemnly blamed Binchey for everything in Ireland that annoyed us. In fact, the last time I saw Morrissey was at the Killmallock point-to-point, slightly the worse for wear, and overjoyed that the Bear had "killed" two of Binchey's dogs in mortal combat at Charleville Fair.

I hope, when you read this, that you won't come to the conclusion that the whole of Ireland is free to all-comers. It isn't, but on the other hand, it is far from *restricted*. I think you might divide it into the following categories—(*a*) The bog belongs to Major O'Kelly ; (*b*) Major O'Kelly has the shooting of it ; (*c*) Major O'Kelly does shoot it ; (*d*) The bog's preserved. Taken in order—(*a*) sounds pretty conclusive and is better left alone—(*b*) ask more questions (most likely the Major has no more claim than yourself)—(*c*) Major O'Kelly has no rights at all—and finally (*d*) means nothing and only applies to hares and the local Coursing Club.

It is certainly safe to say that there is no place in southern Ireland which is out of range of free shooting. If you don't believe me, try it and I am sure you will agree that for rough shooting it has few equals anywhere.

Nowadays the close season after March 1st is strictly enforced, but, as the wildfowl go out the salmon come in. Salmon fishing in Ireland needs no introduction ; it is as good as anywhere in the world, as expensive, and as cheap. A licence to kill salmon costs £3, if I remember correctly, and there is free water on nearly all the best rivers. Moreover, what with Civic Guards and Bailiffs the 100 per cent. poacher has no chance worth mentioning. He does, however, exist in almost every locality, but strange to relate, he invariably has a licence and confines himself to a battle of wits with the bailiffs as to the *method* of *catching* his fish. His licence gets him on to the river bank, complete with rod, gaff and tackle (thus cutting out the science of indirect approach) and it is *after* this that the fun starts.

The Bailiffs and the Civic Guards know why he is there and he knows why they are there. It is worth a pound a minute if you happen to be within hearing when they meet. An Irishman would far rather catch a fish by illegal methods than any other ; the feeling of superiority at having conquered the fish, the bailiff and the police in one move is more than he can resist. They are all most amusing characters and, when they get to know you, they make no secret of their profession. There is a man on the Maigue who is a pastmaster at the "art" (and a very fine fisherman too—when he wants to be), and to hear him and Morrissey talking about "the sport" passes description. His name is Mr. Connors.

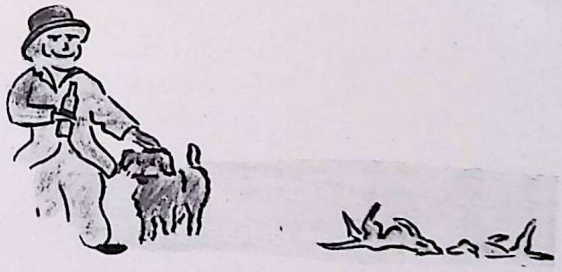
Unfortunately all good things come to an end, and so I was really sorry, though not altogether surprised, to hear that Mr. Connors had been caught in the act after a remarkably long run. I had stopped the car at Croombridge to pick up Morrissey and the Bear before starting a day's fishing, and I thought something was wrong from the solemn expression on my friend's face as he advanced on the car towing the Bear after him. "Connors is took," he announced as he clambered on board, throwing the Bear with a crash among the rods in the back. "Connors is what ?" I asked. "The Guards have him," said Morrissey. "Nonsense," I said, "they can't put him in jail for poaching." "They can so," replied my friend, producing his frightful pipe.

"He must have done something pretty bad," said I, wondering what was coming next. "Well, now," said Morrissey, blowing out a vast cloud of foul smoke. "There was a bit of a fight, and Donovan" (that's the bailiff) "got fired into the river. But 'twas the b—y scissors that let him down," said Morrissey with furious indignation. "He took a swipe at the line when he saw Donovan and the Guard running down the hedge and the scissors flew out of his hands, and there he was with a three-inch stroke-haul stuck in the fish, and he lepping out of the water in all directions." "What happened then ?" I asked. "The river was between them and so Donovan and the Guard ran for the auld bridge at Cherrygrove, and when they came up with Connors there was divil a sign of the fish," Morrissey added with a note of triumph. "They had words then," he continued, "and Connors got wild with Donovan and hit him a skelp with the gaff handle and he fell down the bank into the water. T'was a pity he didn't drown, for he's no use to man an' beast." "And the fish ?" I asked. "Didn't he rise to the top, belly up, in the middle of the battle, with the stroke-haul stuck in him and twenty yards of line stretched out from him, and the Guard roared at Donovan below to secure him. Begob, t'was terrible—man, fish and all, are within in the Barracks ; he'll get £10 or a month inside in Limerick." He did, for he got both ; but the thing which worried Morrissey most was that, in the hour or so prior to this sad disaster, Connors was seen landing three fine fish of which there was no mention in the subsequent proceedings.

"The Bear will surely find the fish, for he has a grand nose," said Morrissey with satisfaction. "The Bear will not," I replied, turning left at the crossroads instead of right. "I have no intention of searching river banks for poached fish, nor do I feel inclined to waste a day in pools that have had Connors' undivided attention," I added.

So we went elsewhere, but that evening, as we drove back to Croom, Morrissey demanded to be dropped at the crossroads. Nothing was said (other than to make arrangements for another day), for we knew each other too well. Some days later we met again, and I asked him then if he had found the fish the previous week. "I did not," Morrissey replied, "but begob, Donovan is fit to be tied. I ran agin him below Glenheven that night and the Bear ate his dog on him. There's nothing to touch the Bear" (looking with pride at the object on the end of the rope), "all the dogs in the country do lie on their backs and surrender at the sight of him and them that doesn't is conquered in a minute." (I believe this to be no idle boast. I've seen the Bear in action and for *Hund-Blitzkrieg* he has no equal.)

The years have rolled by and Morrissey and the Bear will have grown old together. The former has no children and the latter was being held back until a sufficiently wicked bitch could be found to breed from. But, if ever you go to Ireland, you'll find plenty like them to guide you on your way—they don't need looking for, they just turn up !



1943

31st December, 1943

—

1944

The raindrops slide along the eaves,
And pause, collect, and fall ;
Black and sodden lie the leaves
Strown out for funeral ;

From roof and wall, from plant and tree
The waters' voice descending
Chants idiotic exequy
Upon a mad year's ending—

Dirge that the sallow rivulet
Told the unhappy air,
Of nettle and sweet violet
Mixed in Ophelia's hair ;

Mad was her gaunt and sunless spring
For barren moons of hope ;
December brought the reckoning
That burst her reason's scope.

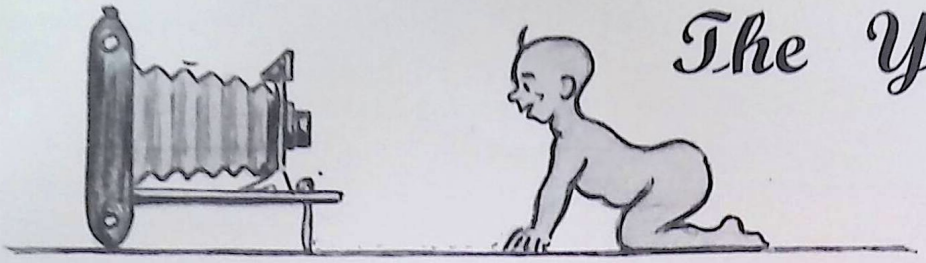
She asked but love : but peace on earth,
Freedom for love to build—
Weep ! you betrayed her in her birth,
Her womb your anger filled.

Mourn with the passing bells' dead chime,
Ring out her ghost with rain ;
To peace at last the stream of Time
Welcomes his child again—

Till on your vigil of sad eyes
There shakes across the water
A kindling light—behold arise
Time's resurrected daughter !

And above you, from the dawn-limned slopes,
Ophelia's radiant eyes
Compel you to her wanton hope's
Unquenchable surmise.

D. T. P



The Youngest Art

By A. M. MISSON

★

PHOTOGRAPHY is only about a hundred years old, but it has now become so much a part of our daily lives that the ability to handle a camera is an accomplishment which all should possess in some degree.

The newcomer to the art is at once faced by the problem of equipment. What camera should he buy? Cameras are to be had ranging in price from one to three hundred dollars; box cameras, view cameras and folding and miniature cameras world without end; this one has an *f*/4.5 lens and a shutter working to 1/400th of a second and that an *f*/2 lens and 1/1000th of a second shutter. Big cameras, little cameras, roll film and film pack cameras. It is safe to say that the newcomer should buy inexpensive equipment at first and junk this for more expensive and complicated equipment as his experience and knowledge expand. The $2.00 Box Brownie, working at *f*/12.7 and a shutter at 1/25th of a second, will make pleasing and crisp pictures in good light. It would be well to begin with some such box and have your films developed and printed at a finisher's. You will find, if you stick to the simple instructions and do not attempt close-ups, fast action shots, etc., that your results are quite good. Soon, however, you will progress beyond this stage and you will then be in a better position to select a camera to meet your specialized needs.

At this stage some debunking may be of value. Nearly all cameras fall into one of the following three classes: view cameras intended for professional and studio use; hand cameras or folding Kodaks intended for general amateur work; and the newer miniature camera of the Leica and Contax type so much used now because of their light weight and fast lenses—which cost no more than slower ones of larger size and greater focal length. In this latter field have appeared many cheap imitations boasting 1/1000th of a second shutters and fast lenses of unknown makes, catering for the uninitiated who deem these features to be desirable. The truth is that hardly any subject requires a shutter speed greater than 1/400th second or a lens of greater speed than *f*/3.5. The Leica and Contax sell for about $250 and the recently brought out Kodak Ektra with *f*/1.9 lens at $300.0, tax not included. This is a fine instrument with lots of nice points about it, but it will not make better pictures than the Kodak 35 with *f*/3.5 lens selling at $50.0. The picture size, by the way, is $1 \times 1\frac{1}{2}$ inches and therefore requires to be enlarged. The miniature camera is not capable of as good work in black and white as the larger cameras, due to the necessity of enlarging, which shows up grain, and the impossibility of doing any retouching on the small negative. Its sole advantage is its light weight and small size. It is also the only practical camera for colour film, but that is another story. For average use a larger size hand camera using $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ or No. 120 film is desirable. This gives an album-size picture without enlargement, or if enlarged less attention need be paid to grain size than with miniature negatives. The Eastman Monitor with *f*/4.5 lens and 1/400th of a second shutter sells for about $50.0 and is an excellent all-round camera. A camera which combines most of the features of the view camera with those of the folding hand camera is the Speed Graphic. This is the machine in almost universal use by the press boys. It is of 4×5 or $3\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ size and with its 1/1000th of a second focal plane shutter

as well as a standard 1/400th of a second between lens shutter, its double extension bellows allowing extreme close-ups by focusing on ground glass, and interchangeable lens feature and added Kalart range-finder and flash gun, it is the all-round camera ready for any photographic problem, as a press camera must be. This is a heavy job and not suitable for carrying about all day. However, the "Miniature Speed Graphic" in $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ size, while not in any sense a miniature camera, is reasonably light in weight and provides all the advantages of this model. Since it uses cut film in holders, only one exposure may be made if desired and immediately developed. It is without doubt the finest possible camera for the serious amateur and costs with range-finder and flash gun and with an Ektar *f*/3.7 lens only $150.

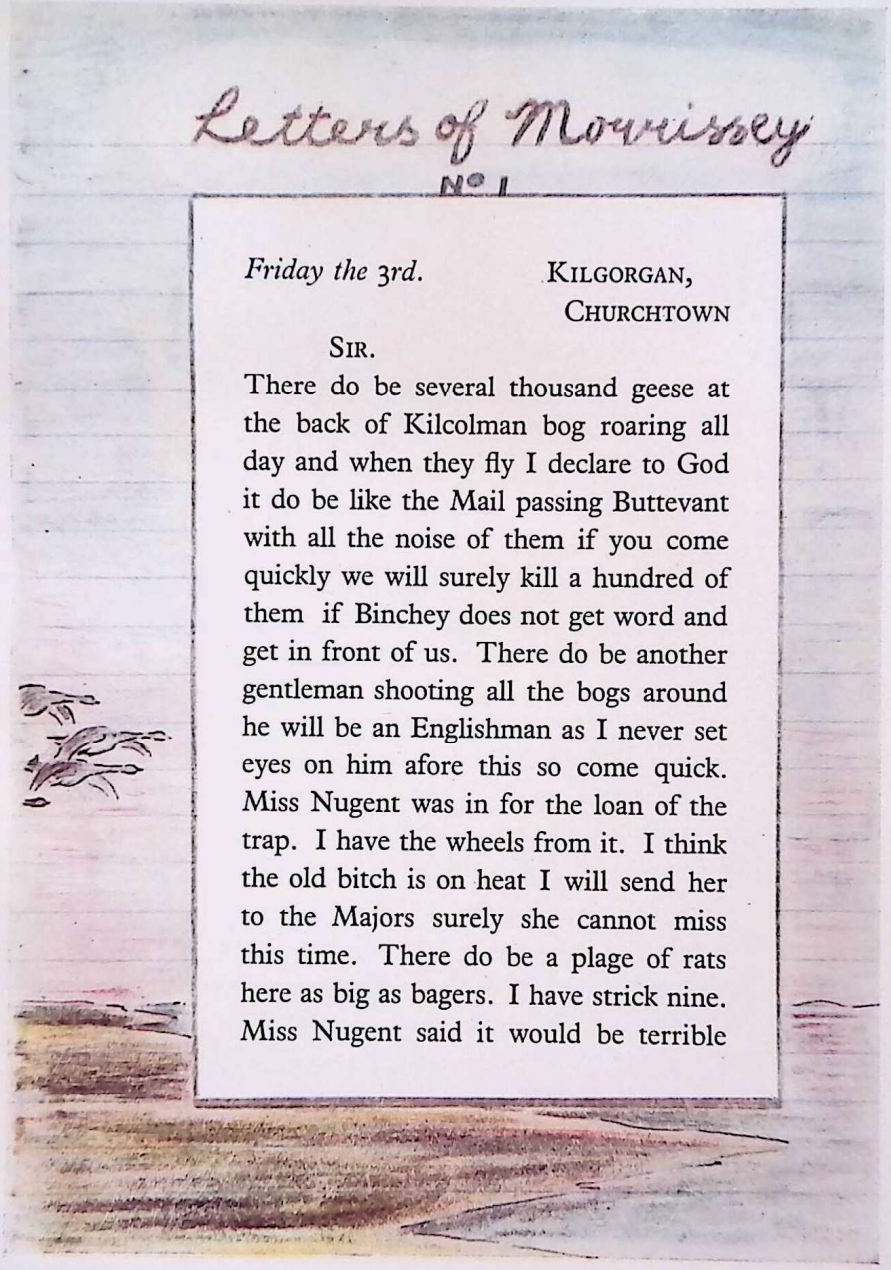
Beware of miniature cameras offered for less than $50.0 having extra fast lenses and shutters, etc. These are nothing but junk. Be sure you need an extra fast lens before you invest a lot of money in one, and remember that you will require other equipment such as an enlarger and complete darkroom, which all costs money.

Literature on photography is extensive and covers every aspect. The photographic companies publish pamphlets covering the use of their apparatus. In addition it is suggested that the beginner studies the following : firstly, a photographic magazine ; *Popular Photography*, published in Chicago, has taken the lead in the amateur field. It contains useful and instructive articles and pictures. A book on composition should also be purchased. Unless a picture is a good composition artistically it will not amount to much no matter how well the technical details have been done. "How to make Good Pictures," published by Eastman Kodak, is intended for the beginner and costs only $.50. An annual like the "Photo Almanac," which is in the camp library, is extremely useful. Finally, a catalogue from one of the big dealers, such as Fotoshop, Inc., 18E, 42nd Street, New York City, which lists practically everything known to the art, is useful and should be in every amateur's library.

CHINESE WHITE

I see where darkling ridge or sky embowers,
  Some snowy glittering forms that seem to rise
  Remote and distant from us, to our eyes
Anchored within some other world than ours
Where all is white and clean, where gaudy flowers
  Bloom all the year around, where winter vies
  With summer's heat, and human art supplies
The match for snowy peaks with glistening towers.
Or else some genial giant has seized his brush
  In massive grasping hand of spectral size,
  Wishing to give us mortals a surprise ;
He waits until the dying days's last flush
And dips his brush in Chinese White—then hush—
  He dabs it upon the canvas of the skies.

P. C. GRANT



Friday the 3rd. KILGORGAN,
CHURCHTOWN

SIR.

There do be several thousand geese at the back of Kilcolman bog roaring all day and when they fly I declare to God it do be like the Mail passing Buttevant with all the noise of them if you come quickly we will surely kill a hundred of them if Binchey does not get word and get in front of us. There do be another gentleman shooting all the bogs around he will be an Englishman as I never set eyes on him afore this so come quick. Miss Nugent was in for the loan of the trap. I have the wheels from it. I think the old bitch is on heat I will send her to the Majors surely she cannot miss this time. There do be a plage of rats here as big as bagers. I have strick nine. Miss Nugent said it would be terrible

dangerous so I will shut the old bitch up first and put the pisin well within in the holes so as to fix them right. Tommy Careys ass is dead of the Kollic the Vet says his belly was full of yue. He had three young pigs ate by a fox so he was telling me Miss Nugent says he sold them in at the fare and will try and get paid by the hounds. He will surely have bad luck for his tricks. The weather is wicket for snip but we will kill all the geese. The Bear and me will be at Kilcolman X when I get the telegram wire from yourself.

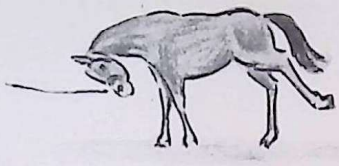
Obediently

JAS. MORRISSEY.

P.S. Bring no women they are no good after goose and it is monstrous cold here.

★

Early Morning Exercise



by J.G.N. Brown.

WHEN I learnt to ride, it was severely enjoined on me by my bristling sergeant-instructor that I should at all times impose my will on the horse.

"Never, hunder hany circumstances," he would thunder at me as I passively permitted my bored mount to drop into a lethargic walk, "hallow an animal to get the hupper 'and. At all times you must be in complete command, or the hanimal will take liberties." And he would glare at me. I knew what that glare meant; trotting without stirrups, or down the jumping lane with my hands above my head, as like as not. So I would jag and bedevil my horse into the conviction that anything, even cantering, is worth a quiet life.

Thus hardened mentally, as well as physically, I became competent to own a horse of my own. I acquired Top Hat and received further instruction.

As a proud new owner I watched Top Hat being groomed one hot and dusty Indian evening.

Two headropes, reinforced with a chain, secured his roman nose in the doorway of his open stall. As I approached he was biting and shaking his head in an effort to free himself. At each scrape of the brush, he bared his stained rugged teeth and snapped viciously. Frustrated, with ears laid well back, he regarded me with a malevolent eye, a glassy orb of murky impenetrability, bordered with white and shot with red viens; an eye of hostile dislike that gave the impression of having seen much disillusion, a devilish eye. It glinted with suspicion and yet, with humour too.

"Barbari wallah, sahib," said the syce, and he grinned proudly. He had every right to be proud of his position, for Top Hat chose his servants carefully. If they didn't please him, and he was critical, he bit them.

For Top Hat was old, nearly old enough to be my elder brother, but age had not diminished his abilities. It had made him irascible, impatient of fools and ignorance, but only because they stood in the way of his enjoyment of life. His years had mellowed and enriched him into a full and satisfying character, like an old yet ageless man, who has seen much that was disreputable and much that was good, has made his own definitions and ceased bothering his head about other people's. And I grew to love that eye, with its transparent, changing expressions. I can see it now, head turning to one side, as a horse has to in order to look you full in the face, as a horse so rarely does.

He knew so much more, did Top Hat, than I, so that I had to forgive him his fits of temperament, his uncompromising character, which after all is no more than the prerogative of the old. And with his wisdom he protected me.

When my old instructor used to glare at me, I had to choose between facing him or the horse and naturally the latter hadn't a chance. It was, after all, dumb. But not so Top Hat. At least it wasn't so much what he said as what he implied; after all isn't that always the case in this polite and gentlemanly world?

He was at his least communicative, as one would expect, in the early morning. I would find him standing glumly in his stall, livery, motionless and lowering at the cheeky heartiness of the early sparrows.

"Huh! You here again?" He would turn a blank dull eye on me. It was necessary for the syce to saddle him with care. "Can't you leave a poor old body in peace? What have I done to be disturbed at this god-forsaken hour? Hey, you clumsy lout," and he would snap viciously and then relapse into hopeless immova-

bility. He would resist the syce passively by clenching his teeth to the bit, blowing himself out to the girth, all the while making petulant protests, "hey, you fool" and "clumsy idiot," and throughout wearing the air of a drugged martyr.

I know this mood and, true to my training, am firm. To be sure, there is always a show of resistance at the gate, a mulish side-stepping, like a small boy gibbing at bed-time, but all I have to do is to raise my crop so that he can see it out of the corner of his eye. With a convulsive jerk we trot out on to the road where we continue in a jerky, crab-like motion, forelegs on the sidewalk and hindlegs in the gutter, a good six inches lower.

"Hey, you've no call to get nasty. I was only thinking that maybe you'd changed your mind," and he continues muttering and grumbling to himself about old bones and my being the death of him, with drooping head, stumbling and slipshod, until his habitual early morning coma overtakes him and we drop into a slow and somnolent walk. Only a few passing snatches at the green hedge give any indication of life at all.

The maidan before breakfast during the monsoon is a brave sight. It is green and broad and encircled with palm trees. Sleek, brightly coloured cars border it, while horses, with their syces squatting in endless conversation, await their masters. Slowly and majestically the ragged cavalcade of riders moves round the outer edge : grey-haired old men on weight carriers, hard-looking women energetically trotting, young men in undignified clothing and occasionally in difficulties, down to small children on shaggy ponies. Americans, Indians, English, Parsees, all are there and, in the middle, Japanese gentlemen practise golf shots and children romp with their ayahs and their dogs. There is an air of life and freshness, so soon to die in the breakfast sun.

As we take our place in the procession Top Hat raises his head and pricks his ears forward. The torpor of night falls off us both. We sniff the morning air and hold ourselves up. I greet friends and acquaintances, and Top Hat, who knows my social standing better than I do, behaves himself. Passing Sir Alexander he is a model of equine good manners and lengthens his stride, probably because he has heard Sir Alexander's stories many more times than I have : with Mrs. Beebe, who rides to keep her weight down, in which she succeeds more by reason of anxiety than exercise, he is careful not to make any sudden movements. I even think I may get through the morning without mishap.

"Not bad," says Top Hat, quickening his pace and breathing deeply. "Not bad at all. Now what about a spot of trotting ?"

Now this is the moment of my downfall, for the same morning freshness that stirs up Top Hat weakens my self control. It is inevitable. By God, it is a grand morning.

The movement is intoxicating. Top Hat throws his forelegs beautifully and knows it. He covers the ground briskly and gives me the flattering impression of really being at one with him. We flaunt ourselves.

We draw up on Peter who is riding his new and rather timid mare, and I rein in to keep pace and exchange the news of the day. Now Top Hat is a cynic and a misogynist and no respector of sex. Also he is very jealous and dislikes moving level with man or beast. So, before we have gone a couple of yards, he bores in on the mare until my toe rubs her tender flank, and he makes a vicious snap at her inoffending and startled eye.

"For heaven's sake man, take that black brute away from here." Top Hat casts a malicious glance round at me, a glance that is full of a flattering contempt of Peter and his precious horseflesh. My hand is forced and we lengthen out again. Peter always is unnecessarily fussy anyway.

"By gum," says Top Hat. "This is good," and he arches his neat neck a little more proudly and throws it even higher. He breathes deeply and expels the air forcibly. "Um-ahh. Nothing like a canter in the morning. Always said so, by gad !"

"Who said anything about cantering ?" and simultaneously I catch sight of a familiar figure with jet shoulder length hair on a strawberry roan a hundred yards ahead. So does Top Hat. We trip into stately and dignified pursuit.

Only a very slow and dignified canter is permissible on the maidan. It is a law that one does not gallop, because of Sir Alexander and Mrs. Beebe and the children on shaggy ponies. But cantering in the sharpness of the early morning, I do agree with Top Hat here, can lead to almost anything. The cold air stings as we swing along. Surely a short burst won't do any harm. . . . And I am lost.

Not that it isn't glorious while it lasts, the powerful rhythm, the whistling air. Sir Alexander finds it difficult to retain his seat and his dignity as we thunder by: away goes Mrs. Beebe, her bloodless Betty recognizing an emotion long since forgotten and feebly reacting to the joyous memory: the children on shaggy ponies want to join in: mud and clods fly. Heaven knows what thoughts fill Top Hat's equine brain in tune with his legs. Does he see a white polo ball, or a tent peg, or the dodging rump of a pig? Does he hear the shouts of an excited crowd or the thunder of a squadron charge? With head down and a mouth hardened by fifteen years in the army, resisting all my efforts, we fly along.

There is a line of three jumps. Top Hat jumps beautifully and, though no respector of sex, he likes to show off disgustingly before a pretty girl. I steady him and we take the first two jumps in fine style, good high ones they are, recently made up with brushwood. Suddenly I know that he is going to refuse at the third and he slithers obstinately to a stop, head thrust forward. I am thrown on to his neck, stirrups lost. In the distance I hear Peter's shout of laughter. Breathlessly I fight for equilibrium and once back in the saddle I lose my temper. I am wearing spurs and carry a crop.

"You blasted old devil. Come on back," and I wrench him round with a ham-handed tug.

In turning, my leg brushes against the jump and I look down in irritation. Just over the other side, one finger in his mouth, plump brown legs spreadeagled on the ground, is a tiny Indian child. He is dressed in a scarlet tinsel coat and his innocent eyes have been lovingly ringed with kohl. They look up at me with wide surprise and then with a friendly grin and a lisped "Thalaam thaib" he returns to the absorbing task of filling an old hoof mark with mud.

Feeling rather sick I have a momentary vision of a tiny blood-stained mouth, inert, the call for a doctor, the sudden hush and then the ripple of questions breaking into a roar of voluble complaint, "the thoughtless British," endless interviews with tearful women and bitter Indian lawyers. How could I have failed to see . . .? Leaning forward, I pat Top Hat's neck three times, the regulation "make much of your horse."

Subdued and still shaken we walk back to the palm lined road. I would like to apologize to Top Hat, but he shakes himself irritably as if he guessed my intention. "Least said, soonest mended," I could imagine him saying.

"Come on. That's enough trouble for today. I've got to go and earn enough money to keep you and your servant in food and comfortable idleness for the rest of the day."

Eagerly he picks his way to the waiting syce.

"Hey, you," he grunts, with the abruptness and impatience of good manners of old age, "gimme that lucerne," and he hardly waits for the bundle to be untied before grabbing it.

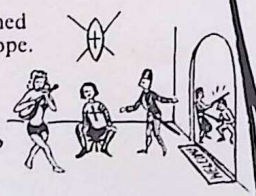
Ye Hiftorie with ye Lidde offe!!

WHEN Great King Alf to save himself
Strategically retreated
Incog. into a herdswife's hut
He was unroyally treated.
She made him sit
And watch the spit
On which some cakes
were setting,
And when he tries to fraternise
She boxed his ears for petting.

When King Canute, that worthy Jute,
Was king of all the Saxons,
His courtiers all persuaded him
He ruled the sea's tide actions.
And so he planned.
Upon the sand
Enthroned to test his power,
His feet got wet, they lost their bet
And heads at Bloody Tower.

King William One stole England's throne
When Harold got his packet,
And hence the flood of Norman blood
Now deemed aristocratic.
But if it's true
This Norman "blue"
Begat all these successors,
One only hopes that Marie Stopes
Will sell *them* safe suppressors.

In Richard Coeur de Lion's tour
Around the sights of Europe
He got attached and almost matched
To a blonde with hair like tow rope.
In vain his Lords
Would use rude words
To get him back to duty,
But he remained a lion chained,
For "Blondie" was a cutie.



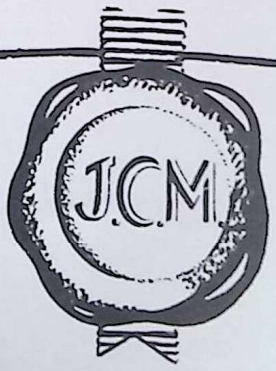
You've heard of John, the grasping one,
Whose Peers resented squashing,
He gained renown becos his crown
Got mangled in the washing.
His nobles sat
And "chewed the fat"
Within the "Star and Garter"!
They smote "His Nibs" between the ribs
And sprained his "Magna Carta."

Tho' Henry Eight was fond of Kate,
He tried her life to frighten,
He chucked the chin of Anne Boleyn,
And they went off to Brighton.
There used to spend each long week-end
From Saturdays till Mondays,
While Wolsey stayed at home and made
His famous woollen undies.

Good Queen Bess was fond of dress,
Her tailor's bills were bumpers
Until she learned to knit herself
And make herself some jumpers.
She tried in vain
To purl and plain—
It kept her pretty busy;
Her greatest pal was Walter Ral,
Who called her "Skinny Lizzie."

Now Charles the first in a Royal burst
Of uncontrolled rude anger,
Told Cromwell O. that he could go
And . . . (gestured with his finger).
But that old trout—
—A good Boy Scout—
Was not prepared to do it,
And so instead cut off Charles' head,
And took six strokes to hew it.

When Charlie Two returned anew
And brought the Restoration,
He lived in sin with Nellie Gwyn,
The Drury Lane sensation.
His Court in dut-
-y followed suit,
With frolic and abandon,
and prudes now tell 'twas thus befell
The Plague and Fire of London.



A Tale of Switzerland

by

H. C. BRISTOW

AFTER a week of perfect weather, during which we had been out all day and every day, we felt that it would be a good idea to spend Sunday quietly in preparation for another energetic week before returning home. However "Man proposes . . ."

I do not know who first made the suggestion, but perhaps we all had the same thought at the same time. Possibly just automatic reaction to the unusual sight of a deserted curling rink ; unusual to us at any rate, because hitherto that rink had daily presented a scene of great activity as scores of old men, to the accompaniment of much technical and, so far as we were concerned, quite unintelligible advice, had sent stone after stone sliding down the ice.

For the benefit of the uninitiated I will briefly describe the little that I myself know about the game.

Curling is a mixture of bowls and deck quoits, and is played on a rink, or pitch as I will call it, of perfectly smooth ice, with "stones" instead of the woods used in bowls. Seen from above, each stone is circular, having a convex top and base, and, in order to throw it, a handle shaped like an inverted letter L is grasped, the stone being swung back and then released with a forward movement of the arm. Each stone weighs 28 lb., and, after being thrown, any stone which fails to reach the "house" is removed from the ice, the same applying to one which goes too far. The object of the game is to throw the stone in such a manner that it will finish as near as possible to the wooden "dolly" in the centre of the two concentric rings. A team may consist of any even number of players up to eight, the captain, called the "Skip," giving any instructions he considers necessary as the game proceeds, as, for instance, telling a player to knock away one of the opponents' stones, leaving his own in its place.

The rink in question was a large square surface on which were six pitches, with a canvas screen, twelve feet high, placed round two sides in order to keep off the sun. Below the screen was a six-inch bank of ice to prevent stray stones from running off the rink down the "nursery" slopes where beginners were practising on skis.

We had often watched the old men playing, thinking how easy it looked, but we never expected to play, as the rink was always crowded and they looked so serious that we could never summon up enough courage to approach them. Hence our joy when, on that fateful Sunday afternoon, we found the rink deserted.

To think was to act, and before a word has been spoken Frank and I, followed by Joan and Ann, were on the rink rolling up our sleeves ready to play.

Selecting a couple of stones from a box, Frank and I prepared to carry them over the ice to where Joan and Ann were waiting, but, much to our astonishment, we found that we could not make any progress whatever. Not having the right kind of shoes for smooth ice, we were anchored by the weight of the stones, and could only stand there looking ridiculous until the girls, becoming impatient, suggested that we should put them down and push them across, which we proceeded to do very gingerly, a foot at a time. Scarcely an auspicious start to such a simple game !

Having pushed the eight stones to the starting line without further mishap, we began to argue as to who should start, nobody seeming very anxious for the honour. The debate having finally reached a deadlock, we tossed for it and I picked up the first stone, looking, I hoped, much less concerned than I felt. Encouraged by well-meant advice from the others, I swung the stone back to the full extent of my arm and fell flat on my face. In the excitement of the moment I had not only forgotten that my shoes were not the most suitable for that type of work, but also that, in swinging 28 lb. in a backward direction, I should have been prepared to adjust my balance to the extra strain.

After I had retrieved the stone and examined myself carefully to see if any bones were broken, I then noticed a steel plate with spikes in it, which was apparently meant for standing on when delivering the stones. Having placed this in a suitable position, I picked up the stone and, ignoring the ill-concealed sounds of mirth proceeding from the other three, determined to make no mistake with my second throw. Taking care to distribute my weight evenly, I swung back my arm and hurled the stone with all my strength. It stopped after a paltry journey of three yards.

"Ha !" I said, taking the offensive, "why don't you sweep the ice with those brushes, instead of standing there looking superior ?" Frank took the hint and swept the pitch, only falling down once in the process, while once again I prepared to place the stone dead in the centre of the two rings.

I certainly did a little better, but after Ann had said that if she couldn't throw farther than four yards she would eat the rather attractive hat she was wearing, I retired with dignity, the effect being slightly marred by a stone which someone, I felt sure, had placed behind me on purpose. I decided to be magnanimous, and heap coals of fire on Ann's head by treating her failure with quiet sympathy, but unfortunately I was not given the opportunity, the stone sliding effortlessly down the pitch and stopping a foot from the dolly. I felt a little better when Frank's two attempts both petered out half-way, and I almost raised a smile when Joan sent two stones at right angles to the correct direction. She said the bias must have been wrong, but I didn't think it would have made any difference.

We had just agreed that perhaps, after all, curling was not our game when, to our dismay, we noticed two old men walking towards us across the ice. There was no escape. "Would you care for a game ?" they asked, and would not listen to our protestations of ignorance. "Oh, that's all right. We'll be the Skips and tell you what to do ; besides, we're not very good ourselves." Perhaps not, we thought, but after they've seen us they'll think they're professionals.

The two Skips took up positions behind the dolly, and having decided that the two girls should start, told Frank and me to take a brush each and stand half-way down the pitch. In some trepidation we did as we were told, while Ann prepared to throw the first stone. As it arrived opposite me I was startled by a roar of "Soup, soup" from our Skip. As a matter of fact the afternoon was getting a trifle chilly, and thinking it an excellent if somewhat unusual idea, I dropped my brush and looked round for the welcome beverage. Perhaps the incident might still have been explained away if I had not dropped the brush in front of Ann's stone, thereby irretrievably spoiling what looked like being a good throw. Swallowing something which appeared to have stuck in his throat, the Skip patiently explained that when he shouted "Soup" I must brush the ice in front of the stone to make it travel faster—or was it slower ?

Ann was given another throw, and again came a roar of "Soup ! soup !" Muttering under my breath that he wouldn't catch me this time, I dashed forward, brandishing my brush in what I hoped was the correct manner. To my dismay I found that the stone was travelling much faster than I could in my slippery shoes, and, in spite of heroic efforts, I could not manage any better than to sweep the ice about two feet behind it, which did not appear to be what the Skip wanted. However, a more tranquil atmosphere prevailed when it was seen that the stone, quite unassisted, had stopped inside the outer circle, and the game was allowed to proceed.

Unnoticed amidst the bitter feelings of the critical period through which we had just passed, sixteen more old men had occupied the adjacent pitch, and were already settling down to serious business. There were cries of "Soup ! soup !" and another that sounded like "Crack an egg on it !" as stone after stone went hissing over the ice, to finish invariably close to the dolly. If any of those old men had met us during the course of the day, outside the curling rink, he would probably have thought we were four normal and quite pleasant members of society, and I can think only that there must have been some malign influence at work which made our best intentions appear malicious.

I don't know what first made them view us with hostility, but perhaps it was when one of them discovered that I had inadvertently put the spiked plate down on the pitch, instead of behind it, thus making some holes in the ice. In any case they seemed a bit annoyed about it, and, on looking back, I believe it was from that moment that our two Skips began to wish that they had not been so anxious for us to play with them. It was just as well that they could not see into the future !

If our Skips thought that we could all equal Ann's effort, they were rapidly disillusioned. Joan's first stone, owing no doubt to wrong bias, again left the pitch, fortunately away from the one where the old men were playing, and no comments were made by anyone. In fact, if the matter had been allowed to rest there, all might have

been well, but in a fit of generosity my Skip invited her to have another throw, and told her how to correct her aim. Most unfortunate ! I hesitate even now to think about it. We all know that wretched feeling when, amidst a deathly hush, everyone appears to be looking in our direction : our hands are too large, and our clothes don't fit, and a second seems an eternity. That was how we all felt when Joan's second stone shot across the pitch where the old men were playing, cannoning into a stone which no doubt would otherwise have finished right next to the dolly. Amidst a silence in which one could have heard a stone drop, the old boys stopped their game while one of them retrieved the stone and handed it back to Joan with an expression on his face which seemed to say, "It's more in sorrow than in anger."

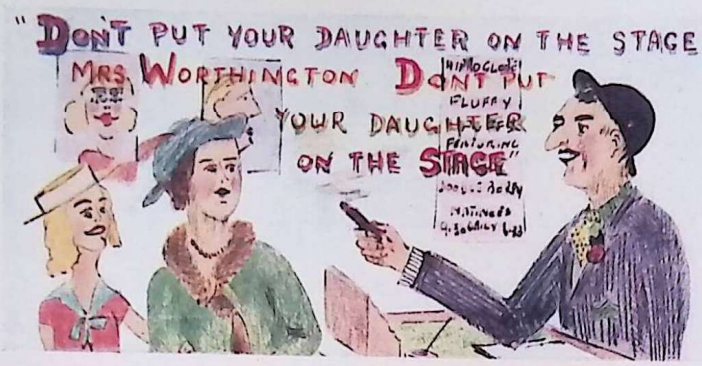
I won't go into the sordid details of my two attempts to reach the "house," for, although I didn't actually fall over again, nevertheless both my stones were removed from the ice as quickly as possible, no doubt in the hope that the old men wouldn't see them, but I was quite sure that they had.

Last, but certainly not least, Frank entered the arena. I shall never forget the next few minutes. Encouraged by advice from his Skip, Frank threw his stone extremely carefully, and was probably not surprised when it failed to reach the "house" by about two yards. Apparently, not yet completely disillusioned my Skip told him to throw again, and to "give it more strength !" Smarting under the failure of his first attempt, Frank took him at his word, and gave it more strength. I had never, and I'm sure no one else had either, seen a stone travel so fast as it set off with a sort of bitterly determined look on its face. The expression "burning the ice" might with truth have been applied to that stone as it sizzled down the pitch in a shower of spray.

Had they been asked a few moments before, our Skips would probably have replied that the days when they might have been expected to move fast were over long since, and a very reasonable answer too. Nevertheless, in the few seconds available to them, they managed to achieve a speed which would not have disgraced men thirty years younger. A missile weighing 28 lb. is not to be treated lightly, and the noise of its passage, and the activity of our Skips, had also aroused the old men on the next pitch to a sense of their danger, their game temporarily suspended while they anxiously watched its meteoric career.

Striking the dolly with a smack like an off-drive to the boundary, Frank's stone received the first check to its hitherto unimpeded advance as it came up against the six-inch bank of ice under the screen. It was a mere check, however. Leaping over the bank, it dived under the screen, and disappeared down the nursery slopes, spreading alarm and dismay amongst a group of learners on skis, who suddenly found themselves capable of executing the most complicated movements without difficulty. Back on the rink silence reigned, and gathering up our belongings we slunk off with heads bowed. But unkind fate had not finished with us. As we left the ice there arose a moan of sheer horror. We stopped, hoping against hope that our ears had deceived us, but as we watched we saw one of the old men stoop down and pick up something from the middle of their pitch. It was my hot pipe. I had dropped it during the excitement, and it had made a depression about the size of an egg.

We didn't bother to retrieve it !



by Thespian

TO which observation, made, I believe, by Mr. Noel Coward, I shout, "Hear ! Hear !" Not that I know Miss Worthington ; she may be a young woman of exceptional charm, or she may have spots and no roof to her mouth (both severe handicaps to a successful stage career). It does not matter, for the advice would be the same, coming from anyone who has ever had anything to do with the "Theatre." Luck is all too important a factor in deciding on success or failure in "the profession" (it out-weighs ability, personality, and good looks), and it is not from purely selfish motives in a definitely very over-stocked market, but because of its enormous difficulties and disappointments, that its members invariably discourage recruits.

It is not surprising, therefore, that, when young Ernest said to me, "When all this is over I intend to go on the stage. I am sure I can act, but what ought I to do about it ?" I should implore him with tears in my eyes to abandon the idea immediately. I particularly remember the occasion because he and I were busily engaged in that absorbing occupation of carrying dirt from "A" to "B," (with the certain knowledge that the following week we should carry the same dirt from "B" to "A"), and you will appreciate how strongly I felt about the whole affair, when I tell you that for a full minute I quite stopped thinking about food.

I believe that ultimately I succeeded in dissuading him, though at the outset he rather churlishly suggested that I feared he would oust me from my established position as God's gift to the Bermondsey Repertory Company. I admit that he has rather more chin and hair on his head than I, but I had *his* interests and not my own at heart. To prove my point I told him a story or two concerning a would-be actor acquaintance of mine. The first of these stories I shall set down here and now in case there are other P.O.Ws. possessed of this frightful urge to "entertain the public."

Algernon Bogworthy was a likeable young fellow and a dutiful son, who had tried most diligently, but equally unsuccessfully, to be all enthusiastic about the family wet-fish business, which was a flourishing concern in "Greater London." Algernon was cursed with the acting disease ; that was the whole trouble, and try as he would he could not suppress it. One day, when this desire was more than usually out of control he begged his father for permission to give it a trial. The elder Bogworthy, though his soul did not rise much above hake and halibut, was an indulgent parent and released his son from his wet-fish obligations on condition that Algernon did not use the family name ; for, as he remarked with some truth, theatricals and wet-fish did not mix well. This was really rather fortunate for the lad had already decided to call himself "Ivor Novello." He soon found, however, that some other fellow had thought of that one already, so he took the name of "De Courcey," and retained his christian name for old times' sake.

We need not dwell on Algernon's early struggles, it is sufficient to say that, during the first two months, he was thrown out (sometimes literally, and sometimes metaphorically speaking), of some of the best, and most of the worst, theatrical managements and agencies in London. He was a "sticker" though, and, one

morning as he was standing on the front steps of the Arts Theatre Club, hoping to be mistaken for Mr. Jack Buchanan (whom he in no way resembled), he overheard someone to say, "I believe they want tall dark men for that new show at the Royal." This was quite enough for our hero, who was short and fair ; he was off like a rocket.

It was most certainly Algernon's lucky day. When he arrived at the Royal, he found a large crowd milling round a small office-boy in the outer office of Messrs. Golbaum and Goldstein (Theatrical Enterprises). Thinking he would smarten himself up a bit before the coming interview, he pushed open a dingy and suggestive-looking door, only to find, somewhat to his surprise, that the appearance of the door had been misleading and that he was, in fact, in "the presence." Perhaps Theatrical Enterprises had had enough of interviews for one morning, or more probably they had luncheon "dates" with ladies of undoubted ability (theatrical ability I mean, naturally). Anyway, Algernon was engaged on the spot, before even he had a chance to begin his audition piece "To be, or not to be," as a "Footman" at the princely salary of Three Pounds per week. True, this part carried no lines, but it was a start, and that was the main thing. He had to be on the stage throughout almost the entire play, wearing the most wonderful livery (no expense spared by Messrs. G. and G.), from Maurice Angel's Emporium.

Now Algernon was as keen as mustard, and accordingly he made it his business to learn all the male parts (of which there were about forty in the play). He also had "his eye on the main chance," and it was not long before he was able to secure for himself a small part *with* lines. It is possible that a strategically placed banana skin had something to do with this, for the lad was nothing if not resourceful ; anyway, the actor originally engaged to play the part slipped and broke his ankle. This new part, though small, was of some importance to the plot. It was designated "Gentleman-in-Waiting," and, even if most of the waiting was done off-stage, Algernon was determined to make the most of his few seconds before the footlights and "give the audience all he had" and more. At the climax of the story, in the third act, where the heroine was to be discovered alone and in a somewhat overwrought condition, he was to dash on the stage and, in a voice clogged with emotion, he was to say, "Lady Jane, what have you done ? What have you done ?" He really did his utmost "to get into the skin" of the part ; he studied his lines most assiduously at all hours of the day and night until he was word perfect ; he tried all the usual intonations (and some rather original ones of his own too) ; and if his incessant mumblings in the wings during some of their best scenes nearly drove the rest of the cast crazy, he must, I think, be excused to some extent on the grounds of youthful enthusiasm and ambition.

So the night of Algernon De Courcey's (née Bogworthy), debut arrived, and there he was, dressed to kill, made-up (perhaps a trifle too lavishly) and waiting eagerly for his big entrance in act three. As the curtain was not due to rise on act one for at least half an hour this punctuality was unnecessary and a source of some inconvenience to the stage staff ; but even the stage-manager's "Get the hell out of here. You're not wanted for three hours yet," could not dampen his spirits. For Algernon was in a rosy haze of "The Dream Come True," which nothing could mar, even his false moustache (which would tickle his nose), and the firm conviction that any minute he would be violently sick (which is a feeling common to all actors and actresses however competent and experienced, on their "first nights").

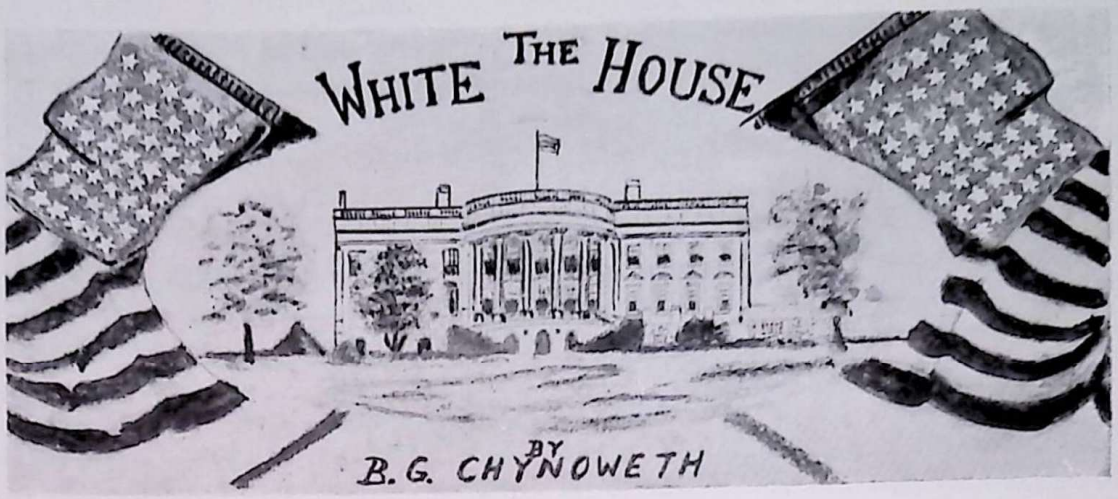
At long last the third act got under way and started to build up to its climax and Algernon's dramatic entrance. Throughout this act he had already made several premature attempts to get on to the stage, only to be hauled back in the nick of time by his coat-tails and the assistant Stage-manager, when his great moment arrived. With a final twirl to his moustache Algernon DE Courcey, actor, strode on to the stage.

Now, sad to tell, this "final twirl" was to prove the young hopeful's undoing, and this was the way of it. Algernon, being entirely ignorant of the advantages of crepe hair and spirit-gum, had not only equipped himself with one of those abominations of desolation, the ready-made false moustache, but he had been so foolish as to obtain the kind which is fastened by a clip to the nose and, quite incorrectly, guaranteed "non-slip, however hectic the revels." Unnoticed by Algernon, the moustache though not dislodged became twisted, and about three inches of it were projected up his left nostril, which, since he entered at stage right,

was fortunately the up-stage one. No sooner had he embarked on his all-important speech, however, than his nose began to tickle, and he delivered his lines in the following manner, in his efforts not to sneeze. "Lady Jane—sniff, sniff—What have you done ?—sniff, sniff—What have you—sniff, sniff, sniff—done ?—sniff." With the exception of the elder Bogworthy, who was firmly esconced in the dress-circle behind a large cigar, and who, in any case, was somewhat hazy as to the theme of the play, the audience was entirely misled. Algernon made what he considered a dramatic exit, quite unaware that he was leaving "Lady Jane" in hysterics, and flushed with success he waited in the wings for congratulations, if not an encore. But he waited for them in vain. He was overwhelmed, it is true, but not with praise, as he had hoped, but with oaths and curses, and finally he was discharged with ignominy and told never to show his sanguinary face inside the theatre again.

So Algernon returned to the parental bosom a wiser, though a sadder young actor. His experience had been bitter, but at least he had learnt a valuable lesson, never, in any circumstances, to pin his faith to the "clip-on" false moustache.

Well, that is the first of the stories which I told young Ernest as we were earning, what we laughingly call, our "working rice." I could see it had shaken him considerably and, much encouraged by my progress in the gentle art of crabbing the "profession," I returned to the attack with some further stories which I shall be happy to pass on to you at some later date.



THE Presidential Election, to appoint the thirty-third President of the United States of America, will take place in November, when the "Electors" meet to choose the man to fill this great office for the next four years.

A candidate, for President, must be at least thirty-five years of age, a natural born citizen and a resident at least fourteen years in the United States.

Each of the forty-eight states is required to appoint Presidential Electors—one per member of Congress (roughly proportionate to population). These electors vote for the President by ballots which are opened and counted in Congress.

Any candidate who obtains a majority of the electoral vote shall, if eligible, be President. If no candidate obtains such a majority, then the House of Representatives selects the President from the three candidates with the highest number of votes. These provisions are contained in the Constitution, which did not intend that the President should necessarily be selected by popular vote. Custom and law in the several states have, however, established the practice of a popular primary vote for electors. As a result, the electoral vote closely approximates to the ratios in the popular vote. Not since 1896 (Brian obtained popular vote—McKinley was elected) has a President been elected without popular plurality.

The President assumes office in January of the year following the election to serve a four year term unless it be terminated by death, impeachment, resignation or inability to serve (*e.g.*, insanity).

No President has ever resigned. Impeachment was brought against one (Andrew Johnson) in 1868, but failed to convict. Several have died in office to be succeeded automatically by the Vice-President for the remainder of the term. If one of these had died in office, he would have been automatically succeeded by the Secretary of State. To succeed himself, a President must be re-elected.

The first President of the United States, George Washington, rejected the proposal to hold office for a third time and thereby created a precedent unbroken for 143 years until the present incumbent was re-elected for a third term in 1940.

Washington was the onlv President to be nominated by the people as a whole. Since then political parties have dominated elections.

Early in election year, primary party elections are conducted to elect delegates to each party convention where they vote to nominate the party candidate and to approve the party platform (campaign, promises and policy).

The national primary elections, then, select the national electors who are morally bound to cast ballots for the candidates nominated by their respective parties. There are usually two major parties (at present Democrat and Republican) and several minor, such as Socialist, Communist, etc.

The President's duties are, by the Constitution, to recommend necessary measures to Congress, to execute their laws, to receive ambassadors and to commission Federal officers. Subject only to consent of the Senate, he makes treaties and appoints higher officials, such as ambassadors and Supreme Court Justices. He is Commander-in-Chief of the armed forces. Their size, composition and regulations are, however, determined by Congress. This divided responsibility illustrates the checks and balances imposed by the Constitution upon the powers delegated by the people.

There are three independent departments of government. Congress makes the laws and controls the funds. The Judiciary interprets the laws and determines their constitutionality. The Executive executes them.

The lower House of Congress is most responsive to popular will, being elected directly by the people for two-year terms. Since Congress controls expenditure, the President is closely restricted by popular approval. This restriction is modified in war-time by the traditional inclination of Congress to strengthen executive power by partial subordination of political demands. On the other hand, the President has the power to veto laws passed by Congress, who, can then, enact them only by two-thirds vote. It can be seen that, while the Government is political, it is not quite as sensitive to popular demand as in those democracies where loss of majority brings immediate change in control. The President may lose party majority early in his term, yet he would retain office for his full four years.

Under the President the Executive department is built up functionally into the ten major sub-departments, of State, War, Navy, Treasury, Justice, Post Office, Interior, Agriculture, Commerce and Labour, the heads of which constitute his cabinet.

The composition of these departments has been fixed by Congress which has also created over a hundred separate commissions and other agencies to handle special functions which have evolved. This organization, with many agencies all under the President, imposes upon him a very heavy administrative burden which is shared only by his very limited private secretariat which operates in the Presidential offices in the west wing of the White House, his official residence.

The White House, though altered inside, has been standing since just after the war of 1812-14, when its predecessor was burnt by the British troops. The upper floor is the private residence of the President and his family.

The lower floor, excepting the offices in the west wing, is devoted to public and official reception rooms.

Presidents have varied widely in mode of living.

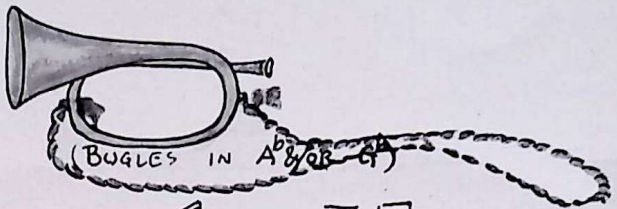
Some have been lavish in entertainment, pomp and circumstance. Others have gone to an extreme of simplicity.

They are required to follow no fixed rules in this respect. The President receives a salary of $75,000 per year and an expense fund of equal amount.

No provision is made for his support or employment after he leaves office. Some presidents have been wealthy men. Others have had practically no private means. The post is universally considered a very onerous one—a "man-killer."

President Roosevelt is the thirty-second President in 155 years, covering thirty-nine "terms."

BUGLE CALLS, FORMOSA



1. Reveille

2. Lights Out

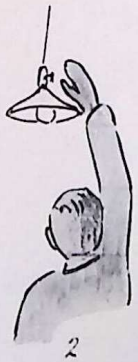
3. Tengko

4. Dismiss

5. Messy

Guard-changing (2 bugles)

1.


2

3

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INK *for* INK

A Tale of Vengeance In Kind

By Septimus Drophalfpenny

I HAVE some sympathy for my friend Algernon Bogworthy, to whom aspirants for the stage turn for encouragement and advice. I have had a similar experience as unwilling mentor to hosts of doting mothers who, because their son or daughter was editor of its school magazine and "has always had a flair for writing," wish to burden the Press with one more incompetent. My advice is invariably "Don't." I first of all tell them, in order to establish my bona fides, that when the time is ripe I shall endeavour to discourage in my son any such tendencies (if he displays them); and then, to prove that the way of the journalist is hard and even physically dangerous, I relate a tale which usually fixes matters. If it doesn't—well, they cannot say they were not warned.

It is the tale of a young dramatic critic (myself) and a young (but not quite so young) amateur actress, a Miss Clarisso Sprockett, with more money than talent and a keenly developed sense of outrage. It was one night of September, 1934, that I was asked to attend at Miss Sprockett's private theatre, "The Torch," the production of a Molnaresque Viennese comedy entitled "Caprice." The theatre itself was in the best arty-crafty tradition, all subdued lights and faintly indecorous suggestion, tubular seats and black and white curtains. Miss Sprockett had previously staged Oscar Wilde's "Salome" and only the law governing dramatic propriety had prevented her from transforming the Dance of the Seven Veils from a stage effect into unashamed reality.

"Caprice" had not even the specious lure offered by semi-nudity. As a soporific it might have had its uses, but, alas! the seats forbade sleep. I was reduced almost to tears of boredom, and in my review I said so. I returned to the office raging against so much pretentiousness and affectation and only the restraining influences of the law of libel and my wife limited the quantity of vitriol I used. As events proved, just as well.

On the following afternoon I was in the press gallery of the Legislative Council, drowsing comfortably, when my repose was shattered by a Hansard messenger, who told me that a young lady wished to see me in the foyer of the House. Having an easy conscience at the time, I naturally assumed that the visitor was my wife and was surprised to find Miss Sprockett (whom I knew but slightly) waiting for me, and dressed appropriately enough for one who had come straight from her sister's wedding.

I approached to within easy conversational range, whereupon she gave me her opening salvo: "It is a pity, Mr. Drophalfpenny, that you allow personal prejudice to influence your judgment." I was about to remark, "Personal prejudice be jiggered!" when she jerked her arm from behind her back. I expected a bodily assault—and got one, although not quite in the manner I had expected. Something hard struck me above the left eye, something unpleasantly liquid was dashed against my face and down my clothes. My first thought, inspired

doubtless by Samuel Goldwyn and M.G.M., was vitriol ; my first reaction was to turn her up and spank her. The thought proved wrong and the reaction resisted, thanks to the Old School Tie and the traditional Drophalfpenny chivalry, I grabbed her wrists, but was forced to release them in order to wipe the bluish liquid—empurpled by gallons of the best Drophalfpenny blood—from my face. Dignity was difficult to maintain in the circumstances, but I did my best. I bent down and removed a large Onoto ink-bottle from the floor, whither it had bounced from my eye.

" Your ink, I think," I remarked politely, handing her the bottle.

"I think you've had most of it," she replied, and swept out like a conqueror, as I suppose in fact she was.

I was taken by a horrified House messenger to wash the stains of battle from me, and my first glance in a mirror revealed a spectacle almost as dismaying as the events which had occasioned it. My face was suffused with a delicate shade of mauve, a compound of blood from an inch cut over my eye and ink ; my clothes had a heather mixture appearance. What had formerly been a gent's natty brown pin-point creation was now liberally sprinkled with dashes of blue, red and purple.

My family's reactions when they heard of the incident an hour or so later were various, according to their temperament. My mother was deeply concerned at the wound and possible damage to my eyesight ; my wife was horrified even to the extent of using violent language in my mother's presence (she often does in mine, usually with me as the target) ; and my father, who first heard of it from a member of the House at a dinner at the Club, was inclined to be amused and to treat the whole matter as a childish prank.

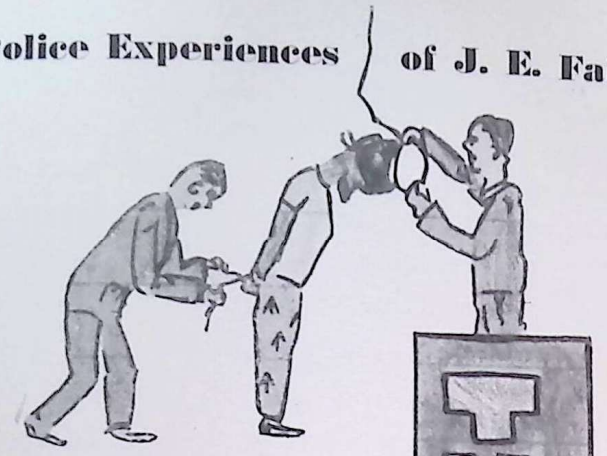
The rest of the story has a purely academic interest. Next day Miss Sprockett, in an interview with an evening paper, asserted her right to give "ink for ink," and was brazenly impenitent. Incidentally, she denied that she had thrown the bottle. She suggested that I must have bumped my eye against something. She was right. I had. On legal advice from a friend of her mother's (and incidentally also a great friend of mine—an eminent "silk" who described her action, in the sanctity of chambers, as that of "a Billingsgate fishwife" or of "a third-class washer-woman with pegs between her teeth and soapsuds on her arms")—she wrote me a letter in which she expressed regret that she had "*poured so much* ink" (italics mine) upon me.

I refused to take any action, if for no other reason than that I did not wish to transform the act of a hysterical schoolgirl into martyrdom for her art, but, for political reasons, the Government induced the Crown Law Department to take up the matter ; she was charged with common assault and fined the maximum of £25, and so, with a pitiful squeak in the sordid surroundings of the police court, was sounded the last blast of her trumpet against the monstrous power of the Press.

Or rather, almost the last blast. A few days later Miss Sprockett sent my newspaper a letter forbidding any of its representatives to darken the doors of "The Torch Theatre." We bore the blow philosophically, and published her letter under the heading of : " 'CAPRICE'—THE FINAL CURTAIN."

Therefore, Mrs. Worthington, don't, because on the joint advice of Noel Coward and Algernon Bogworthy you have discarded the stage as a suitable avenue for your daughter's talents, inflict her on the Press. The Press has done some pretty bad things, but it doesn't deserve that.

More Police Experiences of J. E. Fairbairn



THEN THE ROPE BROKE!

IN 1935, a Sikh policeman in the Shanghai Municipal Police took the law into his own hands, and murdered a comrade whom he suspected of making advances to his wife. A jury of Englishmen in the British Supreme Court found him guilty, and he was sentenced to death.

The condemned man was removed to Ward Road Gaol, and the official British hangman was sent up from Hong Kong, the Shanghai Municipal not being a competent authority to execute sentence of death. As far as I can remember, his fee was £10, plus expenses, plus an allowance wherewith to buy the rope (he was required to burn it after execution).

On the appointed day the Sikh was taken from his own cell to the cell next door—the place of execution. Present were the Governor of the Goal, the Deputy Governor, the prison doctor, the official hangman and his assistant, a volunteer from the Gaol staff, who was responsible for binding the accused's hands behind his back and blindfolding him. The condemned man was placed on the trap, and the rope put over his head.

As often happens, the man's legs gave way under him. (This is liable to cause some inconvenience, as the drop is calculated with the victim's weight and height taken into consideration; any variation due to the prisoner's fainting, etc., is liable to upset the calculations, resulting either in the prisoner's neck not breaking or in complete decapitation.) The hangman pulled the lever, the trap opened, the prisoner disappeared—BUT THE ROPE DID NOT HANG TAUT! It had broken. Below lay the prisoner unconscious on the floor. Regardless of the sentence that "thou shalt hang by the neck until thou art dead," the Governor, instead of hanging him again, had the Sikh removed to hospital, where, apart from a slightly elongated neck, he recovered, was pardoned, and sentenced to life imprisonment.

Whether the rope had been tampered with was never proved. I should think that a sympathetic Indian warder could probably throw some light on the case.

Dealing with Riots

The Shanghai Municipal Police is one of the few police forces which maintains a riot unit, whose sole duty is to deal with riots and shooting affairs, and conduct searches. With so many poorly paid mill and factory operatives in the city, it is a paradise for the labour agitator, with resultant labour disputes.

Many years of experience has shown that tear gas is the most effective and humane weapon against rioters. The normal procedure in mill riots is for the "strikers" to barricade themselves in and destroy the machinery. This happened in 1936 at a brewery, at which the Riot Squad arrived with every possible mob-fighting device—searchlights, tommy-guns, shotguns, tear gas, protective shields, scaling ladders, axes, crowbars, etc. The squad was greeted with a shower of full and empty beer bottles, to which it replied with tear gas shells and bombs and smoke bombs. It was not long before the weeping rioters came pouring out, to run the gauntlet of the police, who helped them on their way. As a rule no arrests are made ; it is unwise to convert a rioter into a martyr.

A Martyr Frustrated

During the 1937 Coronation Celebrations in Shanghai, Chinese for miles around came to see a military tattoo on the race-course, and a certain amount of horseplay was inevitable. Ladies of easy virtue were stripped, and so on. A policeman tried to intervene and was rudely manhandled. One thing led to another, more police arrived, and before we knew where we were the whole thing became a large *melee*. We had to keep the crowd moving, and several of the more obstreperous loafers were hit.

The crowd chose one of them, smeared his face with blood, and laid him on the road near the exit—a martyr of the brutal police. No attention was paid to him until it became necessary to clear the road just before the close of the Tattoo. The spectacle of the police advancing towards the man cured him of his "martyrdom"—he effected a marvellous recovery. But he was not quick enough. Just as he was rising to his feet, someone hit him good and proper and he went out—a real martyr this time, but I am certain that nothing will ever induce him again to play the martyr of the brutal police.

Shooting Affrays

Shooting affrays are common, and district police often corner armed criminals in cul-de-sacs or houses. It is then left to the Riot Squad to finish off the affair. Searchlights are focused on all possible exits, and the squad, protected by bullet-proof vests and shields, begin a systematic combing of the locality. If the criminals, once located, refuse to surrender, they are treated to a dose of tear gas, together with a gas which causes violent spasms of coughing, which in turn reveals the exact locations of the besieged. They are then given a burst of tommy-gun fire—through the wall, floor or ceiling—which continues until the coughing ceases.

Not very sporting, perhaps, but very, very effective.

SIX BOOKS—and a P.O.W.

FEW disciples of literature have not at some time or other asked themselves what books they would choose for an indefinite sojourn on a desert island. In pursuance of this tendency, RAGGLE-TAGGLE asked three members of this camp—a British brigadier, a British gunner captain, and an American naval ensign—for a list of the six books they would select to accompany them into a second term of imprisonment—without access to any others—and the reasons for their selection. Shakespeare's works, the Holy Bible and omnibus books were excluded. Their answers follow.

1. G. C. EVELEGH

AS few room occupants, and certainly no "groups" as a whole, agree on such a simple matter as the correct degree of moisture in cooked rice, this choice of books series should produce a most interesting and diversified selection, for tastes differ widely and the choice is almost unlimited.

I think agreement can be expected in making a really good Atlas the first choice, and there will in all probability be a majority in favour of Whitaker's Almanack as second, but there likely agreement ends.

Some light literature is obviously desirable but cannot be afforded for inclusion as one of the remaining four books, and so must be combined as a reference book. I suggest that Pears Encyclopaedia covers the requirements as one can open it at random any time and be certain of finding something of interset.

A good history comes next, for it is a subject which never becomes stale and actually goes on improving on acquaintance. Unfortunately, I know of no single history which is adequate and so must allot to this subject two of my remaining three books. My choice falls on Wells' *Outline of History*, which deals with the world as a whole, and H. G. L. Fisher's *A History of Europe*, which loses much of its value without the former as its background.

The last selection is naturally, the most difficult to make. It must, I think, be of a collective nature, such as *Selected Poems*, *World Drama*, *Philosophy through the Ages*, etc., etc., or concerned with a hobby such as stamps, astronomy, architecture, etc., or one of the arts.

If I knew of a collective book on the arts in general, it would undoubtedly be my choice, but, failing that, I should complete my list with Orpen's *Outline of Art*.

My list is therefore :

Atlas	Pear's Encyclopaedia.	Fisher's History of Europe.
Whitaker's Almanack.	Wells' *Outline of History*.	Orpen's *Outline of Art*.

2. W. K. FORBES

Only six books ! What a horrible thought, but let's see. I want a book to make me laugh and a book to make me sad ; I want a book to help me keep in touch with my job, I want a book of poetry ; I want a reference book, an atlas, a cookery book, a book with pictures, a first-aid book. I want lots of books, but can have only six.

Let's get rid of the easy ones first. A book to keep me in touch with my job. I'm an accountant so I'll take Cropper's *Advanced Accounts*.

My next choice is Boswell's *Life of Johnson*—to my mind, the perfect bedside book, full of wisdom and wit with passages to suit every mood.

Now poetry, I must have a good anthology. *The Oxford Book of English Verse* seems an obvious choice, but *The Week-End Book* is good, too, and, in addition, has sections on such varied subjects as food, first-aid, birds, etc. I think this is a brainwave. *The Week-End Book* enables me to eliminate all sorts of books I would like to take but obviously cannot.

Pears Encyclopaedia has much to recommend it as a book of reference. It has also an atlas, so it will be No. 4.

Now I want something solid, something educational like Wells' *Outline of History* or Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. I shall choose Wells.

For No. 6 I should like something with pictures. I wish there was a book for adults on the lines of *The Children's Encyclopaedia* or the *Wonder Books*, but I know of none, I am a confirmed bachelor ; not for me the delights of changing baby's "nappy," smacking "junior's behind," and paying for the latest style in feminine hatwear which goes out of fashion within one week. No, mine will be a masculine establishment, but I shall ensure that it runs smoothly by reading Mrs. Beaton's *Household Management*.

Cropper's *Advanced Accounts*.
Boswell's *Life of Johnson*.
The Week-End Book.
Pears Encyclopaedia.
Wells' *Outline of History*.
Mrs. Beaton's *Household Management*

3. H. A. LEVITT

In the event of another war, we foresee two possibilities—either another alliance with Britain or war with her. In either case, it is essential that we should understand each other's language. Therein lies the reason for my first choice, Webster's Standard Collegiate Dictionary. For without Webster, how could we know, when asked to file a report on "Boots," whether riding-boots, hip-boots or just shoes were intended. Or if suspenders were spoken of, would they, our captors or fellow-lodgers, mean suspenders or garters ? Lack of space prevents a discussion of the ramifications which a humble word like "biscuit" offers. In addition to supplying a solution to such problems as these, Webster presents such an admirable volume for careful study. Not only of philology but also of ornithology, architecture, drawing and, with the use of illustrations contained therein, model-making.

No. 2 is Dale Carnegie's *How to Win Friends and Influence People*. Careful perusal might lead to untold benefits, a staff job or even two bowls of rice without alienating other inmates. One might even on release jump on to G.H.Q. staff or into Congress.

My third choice has not yet appeared in print. However, I am sure someone will sum up his experiences in the War of Greater East Asia by publishing a volume entitled "101 Ways to make Rice Palatable."

The problem now presents itself "What to do with time spent on vigilant and fire guard, benjo watch and inclement weather." We provide for such contingencies with Thornton Veblen's *Theory of the Leisure Classes*. Not only is the title appropriate, but the volume is guaranteed to outlast the period of incarceration.

For volume 5 we suggest James Joyce's *Ulysses*. During imprisonment, ample opportunity will be had for reading and re-reading it. Perhaps two years will even be sufficient to unravel it.

Rounding off my list of suggestions, I include, for purely æsthetic reasons, and for the purpose of relaxation after a day in the garden or on the farm, the fourth edition of Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*, leaving my list :

Webster's Dictionary.
Carnegie's *How to Win Friends and Influence People*.
——'s 101 *Ways to make Rice palatable*.
Veblen's *Theory of the Leisure Classes*.
Joyce's *Ulysses*.
Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*.

Golf Secretaryship

by Experience

SCENE

A "Bright Young Thing" playing the Final of the Women's Club Championship against an "Old Stager," comes to the last green "all square" and "dead" in 3. *The Old Stager, some thirty yards away in* 2, *proceeds to hole her chip, when the following duologue occurred.*

B.Y.T. (*Calls out on the verge of tears*) "You lousy old w---e !"

O.S. (*After terrible scene*) "Will you repeat those words before the Secretary ? ! !"

B.Y.T. "Certainly—with pleasure !"

Scene shifts to Secretary's office. He, after unavailing efforts to avoid a club scandal, makes a final and successful effort.

Secretary. "Come, Come, Madam—I'm sure you cannot wish this story broadcast through the club. After all, I have been retired from the Army for ten years but they still call me Colonel ! !"

Tact ! Of such stuff are good Club Secretaries made.

TO become a Golf Club Secretary you apply in competition with about one hundred others. If lucky enough to get into the final selection list, you will, with ten or eleven other survivors, have an interview with the Club Committee.

Before this a most hopeful way is to join the Golf Club Secretaries' Association and take a three months' course under the secretary of a well-known club. You will pay him about fifty pounds—but should gain a lot of practical knowledge.

I cannot speak from personal experience of this system. I was an old member of the club advertising and, in reply to a long questionnaire, I wrote in answer to "STATE QUALIFICATIONS" — the word "NIL." However, shortly after, I received a wire out of the blue to say that I had pouched the job.

To revert. At the end of your course the Golf Club Secretaries' Association can nearly always place you in due time—if recommended by your tutor secretary.

The job, once you are installed, is not at all difficult to hold ; the essential qualities being : (*a*) Keenness and common-sense in upkeep of course and organizing ; (*b*) Ability to keep accurate books ; (*c*) A good mixer, preferably a reasonably golfer (handicap 9–14 is quite good enough and likely to come down) *and* as illustrated, *tact*.

UPKEEP OF COURSE, CLUBHOUSE, ETC.

A first-class green-keeper and steward are obviously essential and should be already at any good club; also a popular and efficient professional.

Owing to differing conditions of soil, sub-soil, climate and so on, the secretary will depend largely on his green-keeper for the first two or three years. Hence the need for a first-class man—well-trained and well-paid. After that, he himself should be well on his way to take complete charge, responsible to his small Green Committee of three, of whom one usually knows how to grow daffodils, another how to weed a tennis court and the third and most valuable knows nothing and says so.

Committees and sub-committees are often tiresome but are much more in your hands than they realise and only need careful leading.

You make out the agendas and, if of medium intellect, will pass anything important or of a very controversial nature through the appropriate sub-committee of three. Once past them it is pretty sure to pass the full and more pompous committee.

Another art that comes with experience is "Packing your committee," *i.e.*, see that members you want are duly nominated and posted before the annual general meeting. Firmly dissuade members from nominating the nuisances that all clubs have. Get a few generous men of means or you may find that your small salary becomes little more than an entertaining allowance!

Handicapping is another task. This lies almost entirely in the secretary's hands, subject to very clear rules laid down by the E.G.U. to which nearly all clubs south of the Tweed belong.

The E.G.U. system has abolished many anomalies of inter-club handicapping, so that any member can meet a golfer from another club on a fair handicap basis and risk his half-crown with a fifty-fifty chance of pulling off his match. Women's handicapping is strictly dealt with (usually by a women's committee who submit proposals through you for decision by the club committee) by the L.G.U.

ACCOUNT BOOKS

Two hours a day for accounting and interviews should be ample.

Balance books at least monthly.

Audit quarterly if possible.

Money is paid to you at each and every moment—subscriptions, locker fees, green fees, etc. The one golden rule is—"Drop everything you are doing at once and enter the money in your cash-book and safe," even if your pink gin has to wait. Never put money in your pocket even for five minutes.

Lastly, the secretary must at all times be ready to turn out to give a visitor a game or many a valuable green fee or prospective member may be lost.

No one should imagine that there is a fortune to be made in a golf secretary's job but you do meet influential people and make many friends who will remember how you looked after them.

Round London the salary may be £600 per annum, plus a house and the run of your lunch and tea teeth.

In the country, with few exceptions it will be nearer £200 to £300 annually. In the former case, however, the work is at least twice as arduous and tedious.

In the country four weeks' leave in the autumn is easily worked in but cannot be taken before October.

All in all it is hard to imagine a more pleasant job for a man who has retired at the age of forty or forty-five.

CAPTAIN L. G. CAMPBELL, R.N.

[Space only admits sketchy outline but if anyone is interested, I will gladly tell him all I know after ten and a half years' experience and knowledge of countless golf clubs.—L.G.C.

LÉGION ÉTRANGÈRE

by Captain Vromans

ONE of the most remarkable men I met in the Navy was a marine. He bore the name of a well-known and wealthy family, and I will call him "Jansen," a name he himself used on certain occasions.

I was a very young lieutenant when "Marine Jansen" was appointed as orderly to some comrades and myself. He was an elderly man, nearly twice our age, who treated us, within the limits of naval correctness, in a fatherly way. I can still remember thinking that it was not quite right that this particular man should make my bed and polish my shoes. We never thought it disrespectful when he occasionally remonstrated with us, asking us perhaps, whether we would not use the other pair of shoes today as it was so wet? And at times even more personal remarks were accepted from him without question. He was an excellent gun-layer, a correct marine and altogether an example of good conduct. His education was far above the usual, he used French expressions frequently, and was obviously a man fit for some rank. Yet he remained a marine, and never sought promotion. He seldom left the ship, saved his pay, did not drink beer, was a non-smoker, and was in short a paragon of virtue; but surely such a model man cannot exist, there must be a "dark secret" hidden somewhere. . . .

In those days every man was granted two weeks' leave a year, and then our friend was always one of the first down the gangway. It was not until five or six years had passed that the first part of his "dark secret" came to light.

One of the officers of his ship, a great specialist in dancing and night-clubs saw, at a rather select night-club in the Hague, someone who attracted his attention. For some time, he could not connect the sharp, aristocratic features of the elegant and opulent figure, clad in immaculate evening dress, with "Marine Jansen!" The marine, recognizing the officer, and realising he should not have signed a false name in the visitors' book, or be in civilian clothes, approached the officer, and, apologizing, asked to be allowed to retire to prevent a scandal. This wise act brought its own recompense, and an official report was not sent in.

His knowledge of French was explained when an official letter from the French Embassy in the Netherlands was delivered to him. His lieutenant heard of this, and made some tactful enquiries which elicited the second part of his story. . . .

Marine Jansen had served for some years in the "Légion Etrangère," which fact he had not disclosed when he enlisted, giving "man of all work" as his occupation. The Diplomatic letter proved to be an invitation to a periodical ceremony for members of a French Military Order. The way in which he qualified for his decoration, while an infantry private, is remarkable.

Being in the rear of his company, which was manoeuvring before an attack, he was able to catch the horse of his Major, who, hit by a stray bullet, had fallen from the saddle. "Jansen," who could scarcely ride a horse, mounted to join up with his swiftly advancing company. At that moment the "bugles" sounded the "general advance," and his

horse, excited by the noise, got out of control of the inexperienced Jansen, and, quite against his will, galloped him madly to the head of another company in the act of a furious and successful attack "à la bayonette !" He was the hero of the hour, but shortly afterwards he asked for his discharge, and so lost his only chance to reach commissioned rank.

His leaving the Legion was connected with still another part of his background. He had been told that his mother, on her sick-bed, was inquiring for him. She still believed that the reason for his absence from home was that he was studying "overseas" ; and it was now too late to tell her that he had become a fugitive from the law. A mad fight with a fellow-student who had slandered the name of a girl, ending tragically in a fractured skull for his friend, and exile for him. After his return he tried, under an assumed name, to make a living as a waiter, nightwatchman and sandwichman, but all in vain. Eventually, missing the soldier's life, he joined the Marines, and returned home during his leave to seek "Light, Life and Love" . . . for fourteen days.

And yet this story has a happy ending, and the day came when the old "troupie" could start life again, and have everything his heart desired. Some years had passed, and I was waiting at the "Gare du Nord" for the night express to take me back to Holland. I was searching for the right platform when a well dressed old man touched me on the sleeve saying ; "You will probably remember me, I am Jansen." I recognized him at once, and he showed so much eagerness to talk about old times, that, having more than an hour to spare, I could not refuse his invitation. He took me to a really charming night-restaurant, where the Colonel "en retraite" was evidently well known. After an excellent glass of wine I left him not much the wiser ; he treated me as if I knew his whole life history, and on parting hinted that after his mother's death he was very well off, and could afford to live "in town," where he was free to cultivate "light and life" par excellence.

Escape from Finland

By H. C. BRISTOW

AT the beginning of June, 1940, I found myself, as one of some 150 British volunteers, in the lovely town of Savonlinna (New-Castle), on Lake Saimaa, faced with two alternatives : (1) to remain with the Unit and be looked after by the Finnish Government, with the dreary prospect of remaining in Finland for the duration of the war, or (2) to go off on my own, and try to find some way to get back to England. Those of us who had sufficient money, probably not more than thirty altogether, naturally chose the second alternative, and so, with three friends, to whom I shall hereafter refer as Bill, Jock, and Peter, I set off by train for Helsinki, with the good wishes of the less lucky ones who had to remain behind.

After establishing ourselves at a small and reasonably cheap hotel, we went into conference as to ways and means. The difficulties confronting us were considerable, as a glance at the map will show. The Baltic was obviously out of the question, as the Germans held the Straits between Denmark and Norway. We could not obtain visas to any of the southern Baltic countries, and Russia, naturally enough, would have nothing to do with us. In Sweden we should have been worse off than in Finland, and we gave Norway up as hopeless after discussing the possibilities with several Norwegians who had just come from that country. The Finns themselves were only too anxious to help us, but pointed out that their ships were not allowed to carry men of military age belonging to belligerent nations. The Germans, of course, knew of our presence in Finland, and any Finnish ship found carrying one of us was liable to be sunk or confiscated. That left only the northern port of Petsamo, in Lapland, some 350 miles above the Arctic Circle.

After three weeks in Helsinki we decided we would find out what were the chances of getting away from Petsamo, and accordingly, on 29th June, we moved up to the small town of Kemi, at the top of the gulf of Bothnia, about fifty miles south of Rovaniemi, on the border of Lapland, and started to make enquiries in as discreet a manner as possible.

Some volunteers whom we met shortly after our arrival in Kemi, told us that they had themselves been trying to escape by way of Petsamo, but had had no luck, and they considered the chances of success were small. That was not a very encouraging start, but as we had nothing to lose and everything to gain, we determined to carry on with our plans.

Our knowledge of the Finnish language was slight, but we knew enough to get food and other necessities, and, when necessary, always managed to make ourselves understood by signs. There was no physical danger involved in what we intended to do, and the only thing we dreaded was being caught by the plain-clothes or military police in Lapland, and being sent back to the Unit with the possibility of having to remain in Finland for many years. Delightful country though it was, that was the last thing we wanted. In the light of after-events we were able to see that many of our difficulties were imaginary, but unfortunately there was nothing to tell us that at the time.

While we were able to move freely almost anywhere in Finland, Lapland was closed to us. It was a Military Zone, and nobody was allowed in without a special permit, which, needless to say, we could not obtain. The railway ran only from Helsinki to Kemijarvi, a small town about twenty miles north of Rovaniemi, and, so far as our purposes were concerned, the last-named town was the terminus. From Rovaniemi to Petsamo the only means of communication was by the Arctic Highway, a laterite road some 350 miles long. Along that road, at that time, about 100 lorries every twenty-four hours travelled from Helsinki and Stockholm, carrying cargoes to the ships at Petsamo. Those lorries had to make round trips of from 2,000 to 3,000 miles, each one having two drivers, very efficient and highly paid men. Owing to the surface of the road, its width, and the speed at which lorries were driven, accidents were frequent, as was only too obvious from the wrecked trucks which littered the ditches.

As we discovered later, Petsamo itself was a district surrounding a fjord about seven miles long, the exit to the Arctic Ocean being a long narrow channel, with steep cliffs on each side, leading from a large deep-water harbour, on the slopes of which was the fishing village of Liinahamarii. At the time we arrived, vessels varying in size from 2,000 to 12,000 tons were lying at anchor there, wharves having been hastily built to allow them to discharge, and take on, cargoes. The ships were Finnish and Swedish, and all of them sailed direct to the Americas, sometimes calling in at an English port on the return voyage. No ship could leave Liinahamarii without

German permission, which was only given after an inspection of the bills of lading, and crew and passenger lists, following the same procedure as our own Navy with regard to neutral shipping. Ships which left without permission, as some did, ran the risk of being confiscated or sunk ; a very real risk in view of the fact that the Germans in Norway could see the ships leaving the harbour.

Soon after arriving in Kemi we got in touch with a Norwegian at Rovaniemi, who had a drifter which we tried to hire to take us from Petsamo to Iceland, and it was not until nearly three valuable weeks had been wasted that we learnt that he was only prepared to sell it to us for a mere trifle of £800 ! That finally decided us to rely entirely on our own efforts, as time was passing, and the appalling news from France had increased by a hundred-fold our anxiety to return.

As the result of much discussion it was agreed that we should make ourselves look as much like Finnish dock-workers as possible—a difficult task, as we were all tall and thin, while the Finns were short and stocky—and make our way north as best we could. We divided into pairs, and Bill and I having lost the toss, agreed to wait for a week before following the first two. On a hot July day Jock and Peter left by train for Rovaniemi with our blessing, while Bill and I settled down to wait for a week with what little patience we could muster.

A few days later, to our great surprise and delight, we received a letter from Peter saying, in very guarded terms, for fear of censorship, that they had arrived safely, but that things were difficult and we were not to follow until we heard from them again. However, our patience was quite exhausted by then, and on 23rd July Bill and I, having neglected to shave for several days, and wearing dirty overalls, boarded the train at Kemi station and started on our long journey north. In order to halve the chances of detection we decided to travel independently, so Bill made for Tornio where the lorries from Sweden entered Finland, while I went on to Rovaniemi.

Darkness is indeed the friend of those bent on illegal undertakings, and throughout the next six weeks the fact that it was light for twenty-four hours was to prove one of our biggest handicaps.

Arrived at Rovaniemi I made my way by a devious route to a garage where the north-bound lorries filled up with petrol, and there waited until I saw one which looked suitable for my purpose. The Swedish drivers could not speak English, but the "I-want-a-lift" sign is known the world over, and there was no difficulty in getting them to understand. I jumped into the back, and made myself as comfortable as possible under the tarpaulin, though that was not easy owing to the sharp edges of the numerous boxes which comprised the cargo. In a few minutes we were off, and it is almost impossible to describe the feeling of relief which flooded over me at the thought that I was really off on what I hoped would be the last lap of my journey home after so many long weeks.

The weather was cold, with a very damp mist, and the frequent stops for hot coffee, which the drivers shared with me, were very welcome. We also had to stop at four military guard posts, but luckily the sentries only examined the drivers' papers, and did not inspect the cargo.

After twenty hours of fast driving we arrived at Parkina, the largest village in Petsamo Dirstict, and there I said goodbye to the Swedes, who would accept nothing but a packet of cigarettes, and seemed offended at my offer of money. They were good fellows, as were all the Swedes and Finns with whom we came in contact.

After a good meal at the local café, I set off to find Jock and Peter, and it was not long before I discovered them at the only "hotel," a much-bombed building where, for one shilling a day, one was given a space on a wooden floor in a large room, and nothing else ! They were not very pleased to see me as they thought that the four of us would be too conspicuous, but I was not prepared to worry about little things like that, and asked them what they thought of our chances. Apparently they had already made one attempt to stow away on a small ship, but having been discovered by the bosun and sent ashore, they were not very hopeful about further attempts. They said that there was no difficulty in getting on to the ships while they were tied up to the wharves, but that there was no way of finding out when a ship was likely to sail, and as some of them might be there for weeks, it made things a trifle difficult. We later noticed that some twenty-four hours before they were due to sail, ships would move away from the wharves into the stream, but unfortunately that made it almost impossible to get on board without detection.

A few hours later Bill arrived, having spent thirty hours on the road, and we immediately got a lift to Liinahamarii, where we inspected the lay of the land, and made our plans. There were about a dozen ships at anchor in the harbour, and a further four or five at the wharves. Next day I went on board several ships, and interviewed their captains, all of whom, while receiving me with courtesy and sympathy, explained that, much as they would like to, they were quite unable to help me. Most Finnish seamen spoke English, many of them fluently, and that was a great help to us.

The ship which Bill and I finally selected as offering the best chance was one belonging to the Swedish Thorden Line, the *Esther Thorden*, of 5,000 tons, carrying twelve passengers. Amongst her crew was a man whom we had met while at Savonlinna, and he offered to show us a good place in which to hide. At midnight on Sunday, 28th July, in a heavy rainstorm which had driven the night-watchman to shelter, we went on board, and were taken by our friend to a rope and paint locker at the stern, just over the rudder. The entrance to it was by means of a man-hole with a hinged lid, just wide enough to admit one person at a time, and, as we soon found to our cost, it was not a good place, as members of the crew were continually coming in to get odd things they wanted. However, we had no choice, and, by dint of pushing things out of the way, eventually managed to conceal ourselves behind some coils of rope, leaving about six inches head-room when we lay at full length. It was, of course, pitch dark, and, to make matters worse, we could hear some of the crew snoring behind the bulkhead, so that we could not afford to make more noise than was absolutely necessary. The ship was expected to sail in two days' time, our man had told us, by which time our food supply, consisting of two small loaves, half a pound of butter, and two bottles of water, was likely to be exhausted.

Three days went by without any sign of movement, and we fully expected to be sent ashore at any moment, as a member of the crew had come in on the Tuesday, and got hold of my hair by mistake. We had made signs to him not to give us away, but we were not very hopeful. Our fears were justified, for, at five a.m. on Thursday, 1st August, the trap-door was thrown open and the bosun, followed by our friend in the crew, came in and pulled down our camouflage. Apparently the man who had got hold of my hair had informed the bosun, and unless we paid him five pounds he was going to have us thrown off. Bill and I just had that amount between us, and having handed it over with as good a grace as possible, the bosun then said that our hiding place was no good—we could have told him that !—and he would show us a better place. He thereupon took Bill away to the steward's pantry, and, on his return, tucked me into a corner of the locker, and piled boxes and old sails round me. He said the ship would be sailing at twelve o'clock, and that the Chief Officer would make his search for stowaways at ten.

Punctually at ten o'clock the door opened and the Chief Officer looked in, shouting in English "Any stowaways aboard ?" I was sure that he knew I was there, but he was a very good chap, as I had discovered when I had met him a few days previously. He was a great admirer of P. G. Wodehouse ! Needless to say, like Brer Rabbit, I "Lay low," and he shut the door and went away. Nothing further happened until one o'clock, when the door again opened and, to my horror, Bill came in ! He had been found in the pantry by the steward, and sent ashore. Bitterly disappointed, he had rather lost his head, and, seeing a launch leaving for the ship with the last passengers on board, he had jumped in and returned to the *Esther*. I felt certain he must have been seen, an assumption which proved correct. The police had seen him, and refused to let the ship sail until he was produced. The Chief Officer stalled them off for two hours, but finally had to give in, and sent a cabin-boy to tell us to come out. The police took us ashore, and said we must return to the Unit as soon as they could get free transport passes for us. Meanwhile they gave us a good meal at the police post, and it was literally with tears in our eyes that we watched the *Esther Thorden* pick up her anchor, and sail out of the harbour. I naturally did not feel very pleased with Bill, but as it later turned out, he had done me the best turn possible. I met some of the passengers from the *Esther* about ten days later, and they told me that the ship, having sailed without German permission, was stopped by an old cruiser a few hours after sailing, and had been taken to a Norwegian port, where she was likely to be interned. Passengers and crew had been sent back.

Bill decided to stay at Liinahamarii as long as he could, in the hope of getting on another ship, but as there was none likely to sail for a week or more, I thought it best to return south, and so, without waiting for the free pass, I made my way back to Helsinki, calling in at the Unit on the way. I hoped the police would not bother to check up on me, and apparently my hopes were justified, as I heard nothing from them.

In Helsinki, much to my surprise, I met Jock, who told me that Peter had joined another volunteer, and, so far as he knew, had successfully stowed away on a ship going to North America. That was encouraging news, so I asked Jock to join me in a second attempt, and we started to make our plans forthwith. Luckily he had enough money for both of us, and we agreed to follow the same procedure for returning to Petsamo as we had adopted the first time. We travelled independently, and both arrived there without mishap, to find that Bill had just been ordered by the police to go back to the Unit. I never saw him again.

After a few days Jock said he was going to hide on a ship called the *Kastelholm*, 7,000 tons, cargo only, but for some reason or other I did not like it. He sailed in her shortly afterwards, and on my return to England I heard that she had been stopped by the Germans, so Jock was presumably interned in Norway, though I have never been able to find out what happened to him.

I finally chose a ship of the Finnish-America Line called the *Anja*, 5,000 tons, carrying cargo and twelve passengers. I made friends with several of her officers, but they could not help me. However, from one of them,

I found out which was the bosun, and, having approached him, arranged to meet him next day when the crew were at lunch, and he would show me the best place in which to conceal myself. He was rather reluctant to help me, as he was afraid of losing his job, but I managed to assure him that I would not give him away if I was caught.

On Tuesday, 20th August, I duly met the bosun, and he told me to make my way down to the bottom of the forepeak while the crew were out of the way, which I did, and discovered a stowaway's paradise ! A heap of bamboo mats made a perfect nest, and I settled down comfortably to await the ship's departure, which the bosun assured me should take place on the Thursday. For food I had a long sausage, two loaves, some butter, and two bottles of water.

Thursday passed, then Friday, and on Saturday I decided to wait for a further twenty-four hours before going ashore, as the ship's sailing date might have been postponed indefinitely, and I was getting hungry ! About ten o'clock on Sunday morning I heard heavy boots descending the ladder, and then a voice, which I recognised as the third officer's, yelled in Finnish "Any stowaways on board ?" From the sound of his voice he was very drunk, and that was confirmed when he fired a revolver, the bullet hitting the deck a few inches above my head, and causing me to jump, with very painful results. I managed to smother the unkind remark which came to my lips, and was soon relieved to hear his boots ascending the ladder, and the eventual closing of the door.

About six p.m. I heard the hoot of the ship's siren, and then the lap-lap of the water on the bow-plates as she got under way. We were off !

I waited until midnight before emerging from my hiding-place, and my feelings may perhaps be imagined when I got out on to the forward well-deck, and my lungs took in great gulps of lovely salt-laden air. The coast of Norway was a blur astern of us, and I wondered how many pairs of hostile German eyes were watching us. I was awakened from my reverie by a roar from the bridge, where I saw the third officer leaning over the rail beckoning to me. He appeared to be suffering from a hangover, and wanted to know just what I thought I was doing. I told him, and, not being in a condition to deal adequately with the situation at the moment, he told me to go to the forecastle and get some hot coffee. I promptly did so, and then one of the crew gave me his bunk, on which I lay down, and was asleep in a few minutes.

The next morning I was sent for by the chief officer, who started to ask me a few questions when he was interrupted by the arrival of another stowaway, who had spent the last five days in the coal bunkers, and looked as if he had ! That was too much for the chief, and he dismissed us, after saying that we would have to work our passage back to England via the United States. I had had no idea there was anyone else on board, and had not seen the latest arrival since leaving the Unit in June. Like myself, he was penniless !

Five days passed uneventfully. The weather was calm and sunny, though cold, and the crew did everything they could for our comfort. As regards the "work," the captain told us before we left the ship that he had never seen two men do so little work in such a long time !

At five a.m. on Sunday, 1st September, I was awakened by a shout from my companion, and on going outside, saw a ship of about 20,000 tons approaching at high speed. The previous day we had found ourselves in the midst of twenty-four icebergs of various sizes as we were entering the Denmark Straits between Iceland and Greenland, and these had caused our speed to be reduced considerably. Later in the day a thick fog had come down, which stopped us completely, much to the captain's annoyance, as he had hoped to slip through the Straits during the night, in order to avoid the British contraband control. He had nothing to conceal, but the examination would entail serious delay.

The approaching ship proved to be a British armed merchant cruiser, and it was a delight to see her lower a boat with a prize crew on board, and send it away without stopping. The new arrivals ordered the *Anja* into Reykjavik harbour where she was detained for a week for examination, and then allowed to continue her voyage to America. We were then taken ashore, and, after being interviewed by the Field Security and Naval authorities, told to make our own way back to England as best we could.

The British Consul arranged for hotel accommodation for us, and at the end of a week we were lucky enough to find an Iceland trawler skipper who was willing to give us a passage to Fleetwood. He would not accept any payment, and his crew could not do enough for us. The engineer gave me his bunk while he slept on the deck, and on Friday, 13th September, we landed at Fleetwood. The German invasion scare was then at its height, and judging from the thoroughness with which the immigration authorities examined us, it appeared that they thought we were the advance-guard of the enemy ! Our troubles were not quite over, as we had no money for train fares, but eventually the police came to our rescue, and, a few hours later, after more than six months abroad, we arrived at our homes. At the time I thought I was the luckiest chap alive, but often, during these years in Japanese prison camps, I've wondered whether I was so lucky after all ! Who knows ?

"Murder the King"

by A. G. VROMANS

"MATE el Rey y ve tu a Malaga"—"Murder the King and go to Malaga." This old saying reveals Malaga as the refuge for the exceptional—the free spirits, the adventurers—and in such a place, sailors are at home.

As we lay in the harbour, the night breeze wafted to us the mixed scent of baked chestnuts, garlic and spices. As the town lights began to twinkle, unrest spread through the ship, a feeling that adventure lay in wait for us ashore. "Salud y pesetas," the Spaniards have it—"Luck and money." So, in a short time, the streets and plazas were full of deck and engine room ratings, marines and officers (in mufti).

Night erases from the average South Spanish town the impression of dirtiness and shabbiness with which it is cloaked in daylight. The silver and gold of the not over-many lights, accentuated by the deep shadows of gateways and narrow, mysterious passages, creates an illusion of old-time prosperity. The almost forgotten Moorish culture seems revived, crossed with the traditional romance of Spain. Crooked alleys, porticoes, queer bazaar-like market-places, "serenadas" to mantillaed señoritas high above on barred balconies, the "señor con guitarra," Spanish love songs—southern Spain gives you all these, gifts unobtainable elsewhere.

However, that night we did not go ashore to enjoy others having their romance. We wanted some for ourselves. On a large plaza, we found the evening promenade in full swing. All is leisure. Why make haste in a country where "Mañana" is the favourite maxim ?

We strolled to the theatre. Much too early ! But a few piastres induced the orchestra leader to do his stuff. Only Spanish music—no jazz. We had gone to see the famous ballerina "La Valenciana," but the show apparently could not begin until there was enough noise in the house. The whistling, rhythmical thumping on the floor, combined with cries of "Olé ! Olé !" of the public and "Acaremello !" "Illustrella !" and "Cigarète !" of the vendors became deafening.

The tumult reached a climax as the curtain opened and was sustained until the dance act began. Just before the last show began we did something very un-Spanish—we handed La Valenciana a large bouquet of red, white and blue flowers, amid cries of "Olé ! Olé, las Olandeses !" Visions of a stage door assignation came to our fevered minds as a small closed letter was smuggled to us. Disappointment ! Just "Many thanks" in German) ; no meeting after the show, not even a "Wiedersehn in Wien."

After dispatching a certain type of guide (whose services we did not require) almost into the gutter, we decided to visit a cockfight (strictly forbidden). The way led through unbelievable, narrow, dark, smelly alleys

to an obscure patio. Within a few minutes we laid our money on, and were as excited as the regulars. Suddenly a silence fell, violently broken by a series of crashes as oil-lamps were overturned and by cries of "Guarda-civil !" A raid ! And we were nicely caught in the beams of police torches—with the evidence of our law-breaking—two nearly dead cocks—before us.

Now there is only one thing worse than a Spanish prison, and that is another Spanish prison. Manacles were already visible when out of the darkness came a charming young woman who convinced the police that we were her guests—her painted face made such an event possible—and, thanks to her good offices, we were freed.

To steady our nerves, we visited the nearest wineshop and drank "cerveza con vino"—a highly poisonous beverage—until one of us recalled a certain theatre which the Dutch Consul had contended should be put out of bounds. We found it, but our tender morals were not in danger, as the show was quite unintelligible—at first. The second turn proved that the fatherly Consul was right after all. The audience seemed to agree. Chestnuts, as missiles, were followed by an over-ripe orange bombardment—with visible results. We noticed exclamations in our neighbourhood strongly suggestive of the Amsterdam dialect ; the show went on, and the performers did well under fire.

And then the lights went on, and we saw rows and rows of Dutch sailors, and, in a corner seat, our own executive officer, who was thus sadly reminded of his writing an order prohibiting visits to the theatre. We heard later that an engineer-lieutenant had found the main switch.

When the uproar had died and the performance ended, we once again found ourselves untimely in the street. On to a club for a final drink. Suddenly one of us remarked : "Listen ! They're singing the 'Piet Heyn.' " That meant trouble, for everywhere in Spain the people regard this song, telling of Admiral Piet Heyn's capture of the rich Spanish silver convoy in Cuba, as an insult and a challenge.

We went out, accompanied by some Spanish army officers whom we had met at dinner.

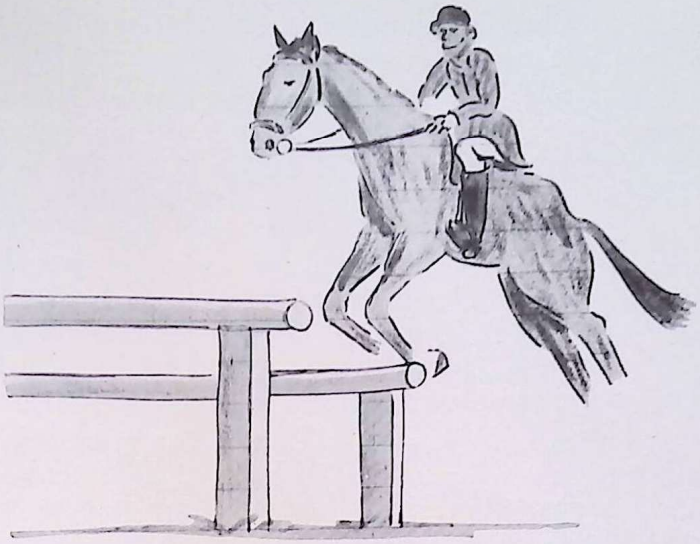
The sound of the tumult guided us, and our arrival was none too soon, for our compatriots had been driven into a corner, and knives were flashing. The Spanish officers separated the combatants, and the situation was saved. The new "España-Olando" alliance was duly celebrated.

A last surprise awaited us at the landing stage. Over the whispering sound of the water lapping the quay, we heard our National Anthem sung by a well-trained voice, slowly and stately as a hymn. The singer proved to be our only "passenger," a theological student with a call to be a naval chaplain, who was giving his sea-legs a trial. He had boasted that he could find his way about any foreign port, but had become lost when returning from a bridge party, wandered for hours and hours, reached the quay far past midnight and could not find a boat. Then he remembered hearing something about singing national songs if you wanted a boat from your ship, and he was beginning his repertoire for the fourth time when we found him.

Very properly, "La Noche Malaguenza" ended with the singing of the National Anthem. We were tired out and short of cash, but "Por Que Llorar ?" ("why be sad?") as the Spaniards say.

School for Horse-masters

by
Lt.-Col. J. R. Pugh
U.S. Cavalry



IN the heart of the United States of America and of the State of Kansas lies Fort Riley, home of the Cavalry School. Here, many young Cavalry officers, having served some years with a regiment, gather together to imbibe the mysteries of tactics, the characteristics of their weapons, the secrets of the new mechanized vehicles, and all the improvements of modern warfare. But the hearts of all the eager, young, students (or at least this was so when I was there some years ago) are fixed on the second year, which is, if you are one of the lucky few chosen for it, a year of horsemanship and horsemastership. Undoubtedly this year, so desired by all, is already a thing of the past. The mechanized vehicle, with all the manoeuvrability of the horse and the fire-power of a regiment, has come, and we (who knew the old and loved it too) can but bemoan the change and remember.

"Second Year," as it was called, not only gave one a full year of horse training, but, in many cases, was a stepping-stone to the Army Horse Show Team.

Except when absent on trips, the team's training ground was at Fort Riley. Many of the team's horses were those carefully guided through their early training by the "Second Year" students. Many times horse and student joined the team together.

I was a member of the coveted class in the Fall of 1939, a class, which, due to world events, was scattered to the winds long before the normal graduation, which, by precedent, should have taken place in the June of 1940. (By February, all of us had left on extended manoeuvres.)

War in Europe had begun in September, 1939, but, nevertheless, the Olympic tryouts were held at Fort Riley in early October. The war between Finland and Russia (to us so far away) had but changed the proposed scene of the 1940 Olympic Games from Helsinki to Tokyo. It was the three-day event trials in which one of my closest friends, 1st Lieutenant Scott-Sandford, was killed at a water jump. What a waste of precious life for a contest which never materialized (for he was one of the most gentle and lovable persons I have ever known).

The High-Schooling event was also held, but this tryout was superfluous, for Major Tuttle, of the Quartermaster Corps, owned and rode two horses far superior to any which the Cavalry School training had produced. (It has always amused me that Major Tuttle was never allowed to instruct the students of higher horsemanship at the Cavalry School because of his unorthodox training methods.) In the Dressage (in my opinion the very ultimate in horse-mastership) he reigned supreme in results obtained. I do not mention this in criticism, for my primary interest has been to take horses cross-country over varied obstacles, not to make them gallop in reverse, so my opinion concerning this higher art of horsemastership would be of small value.

It suffices to say that a modified French method of training is used at the School, a method designed to produce horses in

all departments, jumpers, cross-country, and schooled. Methods are based on centres of gravity, distribution of mass, and so on ; "pressing buttons," as advocated by the old Spanish school, is taboo.

The Horse Show team of 1939 was captained by Major John Tupper-Cole (a veteran of the 1932 Olympic Games, which were held in Los Angelos, and the 1936 Olympic Games, held in Berlin). He was an excellent trainer of horses, as well as the other members of the team. I should say that their prospects for success were never better. "Jenny Camp" was still with the team and going stronger than ever. (She had been placed second in the three-day event in 1936 ; the event of the disputed water-obstacle, which the German team took close to the dam in shallow water, while foreigners plunged headlong into water over their heads. "Slippery Slim," one of our best horses, broke his leg at this obstacle and had to be destroyed.) "Dakota," that old campaigner, winner of high jumping classes at Toronto, New York's Madison Square Garden, Mexico City, Valparaiso, Dublin and elsewhere, was still turning in superior and steady performances. I could name many other excellent prospects.

My heart and soul, however, was tied up in the "Prix de Nations." Major Cole had opened the tryouts to any horse in America, and had prepared suitable courses—he said they were the stiffest ever erected in America and I believe him). Three enormous courses were laid out for jumping on alternate days ; "oxers," "in-and-outs," Irish banks, worm fences, vast stone walls with riders, water, telephone poles concealed in apparently soft brush (namely—modified "aikens"), were present in profusion, varying in height between four feet six and five feet ten.

I entered an Irish-bred cast-off hunter, "Sir Conrad," (by "Dennis D'Or," with dam by "Woomsgate"), obtained two years before. This horse had an extraordinary jump in him, when I bought him, but was uncontrollable except in an enclosed riding hall. Long and patient work with the lounge, quiet hacking, jumping on a big hunting snaffle, and an increase of three hundred pounds in weight, had made a different horse of him. During this training period, I designed a special bit for him, for use when he attempted to take the broken-bar snaffle in his teeth (it was a single twisted bar supported within a double set of rings). By this device, tightening the rein did not pull the bit up into the corners of his mouth, and thus he found it an elusive thing when he attempted to set his jaw. I add also, that the hours spent on his back by my wife at the walk, quieting him every time he attempted to "jig," had a miraculous effect. I would entrust none but her with the task, for his "jigging" would try the patience of an angel ; many are the times that I have watched them together, plodding down the road.

His knowledge of what was wanted surprised his trainers. During that first Winter, 1937-1938, he won against horses from Maryland, Washington and Virginia, capturing the Jumper Championship of a series of indoor shows at Fort Myer (while my wife was taking the Hunter Championship on a grandson of "Man-of-War").

Meadowbrook saw him in the Spring, Madison Square that Fall. Had the rider had the iron nerve of the horse in exhibiting before large crowds, his success would have been greater. In May, 1939, he was a member of a team of three from the little Mexican border post of Fort Clark. This team journeyed to Fort Riley and, much to the surprise of all, won the biggest class of the show, defeating two teams entered by the United States Army Horse Show team. Three Lieutenants glowed under the success and tried to look humble.

Because of our faith in the horse, as I have said, the thoughts of both my wife and myself were with the "Prix de Nations." When "Sir Conrad" won the tryouts in three days of magnificent jumping, our jubilation knew no bounds. Three days he went without a fault, steadily placing himself for the jumps, the like of some of which he had never seen before. His *nearest competitor had a score of seventeen* against him. Magnificent "Dakota," pride of the team, found the "going" too big, refused out three times on the second day, and eliminated himself.

This is a memorial to "Sir Conrad." Undoubtedly he has passed into another world, for he (like myself) was in Bataan. (Most of his comrades were slaughtered and eaten.) Slated for great triumphs in Tokyo, instead he became a victim of the inexorable tidal wave of war.

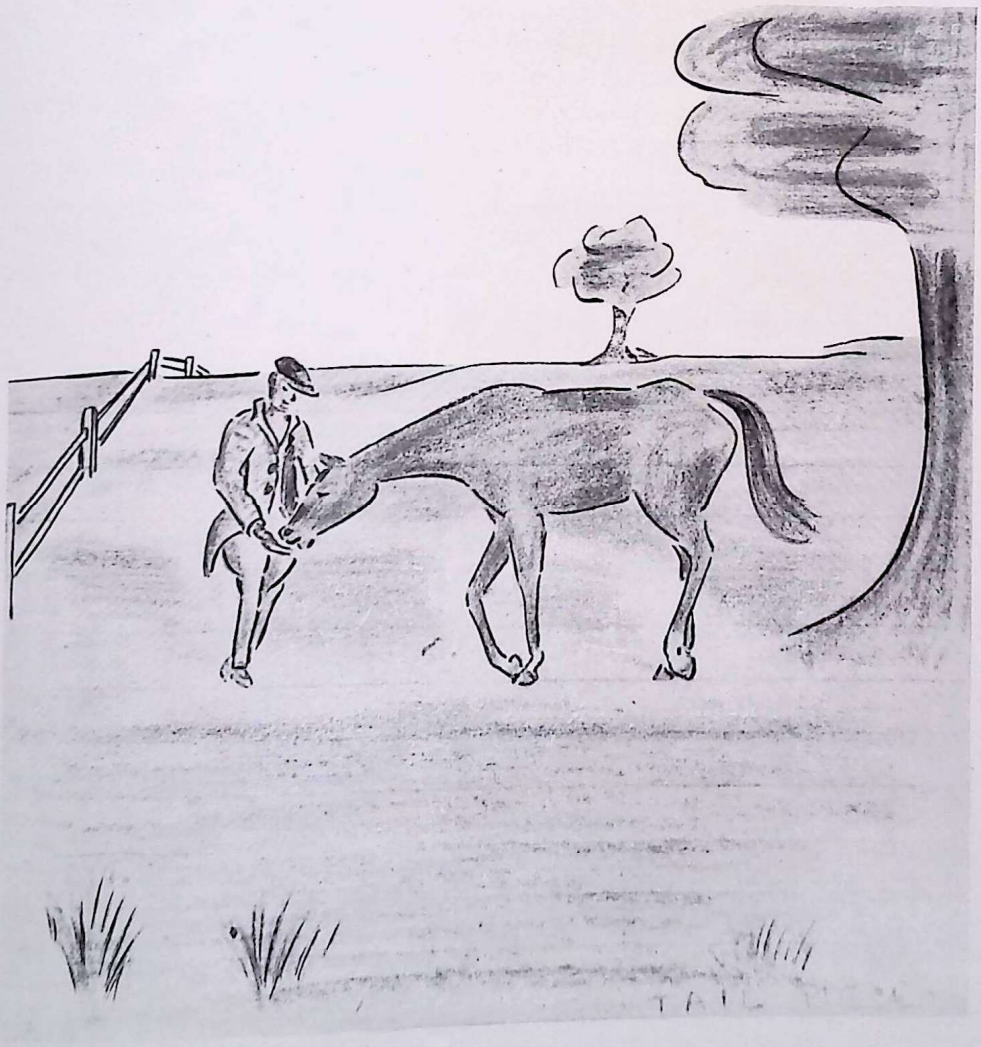
I could tell a score of stories of him. His uncanny instinct at Major Cole's unique twenty-one feet "in-and-out," where *water* had been placed within the two jumps on the normal landing spot. In order to negotiate

them correctly it was necessary to strike the water. Many competitors, approaching the "in," saw the water in the place where they would land and so refused ; others took a wide jump, so getting in too close to the "out." Many said that it was unfair, but the son of "Dennis D'Or" took it as if he'd seen through the trap (and no water), spraying the jump official as he went by.

Nor shall I ever forget him after he had cleared a huge triple-bar over water, the last of a series of big jumps at a Washington horse show, at which he won the class at a "jump-off" (he always loved "jump-offs") ; when he stopped dead in the paddock and looked me square in the eye as if to say, "Well, how about that carrot ? We've won, haven't we ?"

I still see him taking sugar from my wife (to whom he was most partial), while lying down in his stall with our Doberman Pinscher bitch curled up within his fore and hind legs.

So "Here's to Horses ! "—the toast—"SIR CONRAD !"



OVERHEARD IN THE LIBRARY

THE STORY OF SAN MICHELE

. . . It's good. Real good. Sold thousands in a year, must be good. There's a lot about death. You'll like it.

What's this BLIND MAN'S BLUFF?

Murder.
Good?
Bloody good.

WUTHERING HEIGHTS.

. . . A well-written tale. I read it all. Someone told me it's a classic. I was surprised.

(*Find out for yourself.*)

. . . It's the dirtiest book in the library.

(?)

. . . A nice story. She keeps on getting on religion and sliding off again.

(*About three times a day.*)

. . . Sorry. Found I'd read it.

WINDSOR TAPESTRY.

1. Tapestry! Patchwork! The most dishonest and threadbare and unconvincing case I've ever seen put.
2. A grand book! I don't wonder it's so popular.

(Con. var. *ad lib.*)

THE BIBLE DESIGNED TO BE READ AS LITERATURE.

. . . Say, have you read the 'Song of Songs'? It's warm! It's hot!

THE IDIOT.

. . . And how!

A PASSAGE TO INDIA.

. . . Couldn't take it, I'm afraid. Chap who talks about polo mallets can't know much about India.

D. T. P.

The *Intelligent* Englishman's Guide to Americanisms

by H. A. LEVITT

AMERICANISM, a term first used in 1781, designates (*a*) any word or combination of words which, taken into the English language in the United States, has not gained acceptance in England, or, if accepted, has retained its sense of foreignness ; and (*b*) any word or combination which, archaic in England, has continued in good usage in the United States. The first class is larger and has a longer history. Early Virginian and New England settlers, confronted with plants and animals new to them, borrowed Indian names or invented them, *e.g.*, racoon, chinquapin, opossum and squash (Indian) and bullfrog, canvas-back, cat-bird and live-oak (inventions). Many Indian names became anglicised, and others, such as hominy, moccassin, pane and tapioca, were adopted.

Archaisms showed themselves more slowly, but by the beginning of the eighteenth century there were already a large number of them, and throughout that century they increased. The English language in Britain was changing rapidly, but, in America, it was holding to its old forms. There was little emigration to the colonies, and Americans rarely visited England. Thus, by the end of the century, " I guess " was already an Americanism, although it had been in almost universal use in England in Shakespeare's day. So, too, with many verbs (to wilt, whittle, fellowship, approbate) and adjectives (burly, catty-cornered and likely, and clever where it meant amiable) and multitudes of nouns (cesspool, greenhorn, jeans, flapjack and fall, where it meant autumn). A few of these have returned to English usage by the force of American example.

Meanwhile, American English has begun to borrow words, chiefly nouns, from non-English settlers (hence the Dutch cruller, scow and Santa Claus, and the French gopher and prairie), and to develop new words of its own (*e.g.*, backwoods, landslide, half-breed, hired girl, spelling bee, and crazy quilt). In the Americans' coinage elegances were disdained—vividness was the aim.

In 1789, Benjamin Franklin denounced "to advocate," "to progress" and "to oppose" as barbarisms, but all are good American today and even good English. Webster, the lexicographer, gave his imprimatur to "to appreciate" (in value) ; and no less a hero than Washington reputedly popularised "to derange." "Happify," "compromit" and "hemologise" have since succumbed, but "placate" and "deputise" survive, and with them American nouns like breadstuffs, mileage, balance (remainder), and elevator (place for storing grain).

Divergent Meanings

During the same period, many important words began to have different meanings in England and America. What Englishmen called a shop was referred to as a store in America as early as 1770. The use of "rock" to designate any stone, however small, and "lumber" for "timber" dates back even farther. Many differences were caused by changes in English usage. "Cracker" in England once meant precisely what it now means in the U.S. The English abandoned it for "biscuit," but America remained faithful to "cracker." How "shoe" came to be substituted in America for the English "boot" is yet to be determined.

Thus, the American dialect of English was firmly established by the time the Republic was initiated, and in the following fifty years departed more and more from standard English. The settlement of the West, carrying young men beyond the pale of urban society, made for grotesque looseness of speech. During the two decades before the Civil War, everyday American became almost unintelligible to an Englishman. It was bold and lawless in its vocabulary, careless of grammatical niceties, and disfigured by a drawling manner of speech. Its phrases were soon to show themselves in the national literature.

The Civil War was followed by efforts to police the language. Free schools multiplied, and grammarians began to campaign to rid the language of such phrases as "It is me" (sound historically) and the pronunciation of "either" as "eether," although the use of "eyther" by an American is an absurd affectation.

But the spirit of the language and the people is against such reforms. Under the very noses of the purists a new and vigorous slang was born, and simultaneously the common speech began to run amok, a speech which today is almost lawless and which Ring Lardner predicts will, in a few generations, dispose entirely of the few inflections left in English.

Even on higher levels, the language of the Americans is a genuinely living speech, taking in lean-words with a vast hospitality and incessantly manufacturing neologisms of its own. It runs to brilliantly vivid tropes. The American shows a far greater linguistic resourcefulness and daring than does the Englishman. "Movie" is better than "cinema," "job-holder" than "public servant." The English seldom devise anything as pungent as "rubber-neck," "lame-duck," "bootlegger" or "steamroller" (in its political sense). Such exhilarating novelties are produced in America every day, and many live to take on literary dignity. The visiting Englishman finds them difficult, and even more baffling than American peculiarities of pronunciation.

The common vocabularies in England and the United States show important differences in the meaning of words. Here are some examples :—

AMERICAN	ENGLISH
Ashcan	Dustbin
Backyard	Garden
Baggage	Luggage
Bathrobe	Dressing gown
Billboard	Hoarding
Can (noun)	Tin
Candy	Sweets
Checkers	Draughts
City editor	News editor
Collar button	Stud
Commutation ticket	Season ticket
Derby	Bowler
Drug store	Chemist's shop
Editorial (noun)	Leader
Elevator	Lift
Garters	Suspenders
Hunting	Shooting
Janitor	Caretaker
Patrolman	Constable
Public school	Board school
Roast (meat)	Joint
Saloon	Public house
Shirtwaist	Blouse
Sidewalk	Footpath, pavement
Spigot	Tap
Streetcar	Tram
Undershirt	Vest

Of late, increase in inter-communication between England and America has tended to halt the differentiation between the two dialects. If it ever vanishes, the fact will mark a victory for America.

An Open Letter from two "Perfect Guests"

I AM hoping, after the war, to spend quite a time visiting the homes of fellow prisoners and I was imagining the other day in my dreamy manner what a grand time I would have, when it occurred to me that some houses are not so pleasant to stay at as others. So I might as well state here and now what I expect.

Now the first thing that you, my prospective host, must realise is that you must make me feel thoroughly at home ; and by at home, I mean that you mustn't start and wriggle when I throw cigarette ends on the floor. If you object, put an ashtray within easy reach, *before*, not after, I've burnt a hole in your best carpet. And I mean easy. Nobody can bend forward every minute out of a low chair without getting indigestion.

Similarly a man in his own home is entitled to his moody silences, so don't assume that, because I ruminate a little, I'm not enjoying myself. Nothing is worse than having to maintain a bright spatter of conversation because you know that, if you stop, your hostess will start apologising for the fish.

Now meals. Breakfast should certainly be of the running buffet, come as you please, type. I am used to eating my breakfast at a certain time and to alter it suddenly can have a very bad effect on my health. I have been particularly strong on this point ever since I went to stay with a martinet, who insisted on everyone breakfasting together punctally, and omitted to ask the previous night at what time. I was caught dithering outside the dining room door, one eye to a keyhole, trying to decide whether I could hear the servants laying the table or the family finishing. The other meals may, in fact ought to, be collective and punctual, for it should be remembered that, unlike the host, the guest is by nature late for breakfast but early for lunch.

And I may as well make it clear now that I absolve you from all conversational responsibility at breakfast. I will be able to hold all the chit-chat I want with the bacon and eggs. Also I trust that you will provide me with a newspaper and do not read excerpts at me.

In passing, I may mention that it is a pretty compliment to pick some special flowers for my place at the table, but I prefer to have an exclusive butterdish and ashtray, with my own box of matches in it, tactfully renewed at each meal.

Now, I am an ideal guest because, for the morning, all you have to do is to lead me gently to the bookshelf and leave me alone. Keep a careful selection of books scattered round the house and they will do half your work for you. The host who keeps a copy of THE YOUNG VISITORS in the cloakroom, ESQUIRE in the bathroom, THE STORY OF SAN MICHELE and Gibbon's DECLINE AND FALL (an excellent soporific) in the bedroom, and HANDLEY CROSS and the latest Evelyn Waugh in the living room, shows a flattering consideration for his guests besides a nice sense of literary discrimination.

But for the morning only. After a morning indoors and a good, I trust, lunch and a post-prandial nap, my conscience and liver will combine to make me feel bored. It is then, and only then, please note, that I expect you to do something, a drive, a walk, a visit, anything you please, but arrange some little diversion for

me : not, mind you, that I want to be shown masterpiece after chef d'oeuvre after highlight. My vocabulary of words expressing appreciation lasts about half an hour. Nothing is worse that one of those managing hostesses who drive you on a rigid schedule from the breakfast table to the very door of your bedroom at night, unless it is the bachelor who leaves you entirely alone and complains of a headache after a silent dinner.

Remember that a guest can get bored with his host's company as well as the other way round and that a third party at dinner, particularly if feminine, will encourage the guest to fulfil his part of the bargain and entertain you.

And that brings us back to the bedroom, my only refuge, and as such it should be comfortable and inviolate. How I dislike hosts who are always popping in to see if I'm alright and surprising me in unpacking my meagre underwear or a bottle of whisky, or guiltily wiping my razor on his best towel. The bedroom should be well furnished, with an easy chair and biscuits, fruit and cigarettes by the bed, *and* a light that you can read by. And if you must have the conventional writing table in the spare room, see that it doesn't wobble and is furnished with an inkwell that is not crusted and dried, and paper that is not obviously bought at Woolworths and a violent purple. Nor do I normally use manilla envelopes.

Finally, never issue general invitations without specific dates or ask me in a benevolent, airy way to stay as long as I want to : because I have either to insult you by going or to take you at your word until I notice the railway timetable being left about in conspicuous positions.

But it is not what one expects that makes a pleasant visit ; it is the unexpected little touch of consideration, the little extra refinement that shows that the host is doing his best to avoid all those devastating embarrassments that will crop up even among the most intimate friends.

One of the best examples I know was the host who always kept a box of rather strong Burmah cheroots in the lavatory.

DIGESTIVE DON'TS

The purely personal prejudices of Captain W. K. Forbes

Don't give me a priceless teacup which only holds a mouthful of tea.

If one of your dishes is praised, don't go into lengthy details as to where you learned the recipe, what the ingredients are and cost and how little Johnny always has a second helping. If the dish is good, you are not improving it and, if the praise was mere politeness, you are just being boring.

Don't draw attention to the half-cooked potatoes I have left on the side of my plate by apologising for them. If you do, you force me either to ruin my digestion by eating them, to lie that they are quite good but that I am not hungry (in which case I shall have to hold back on the excellent pudding which follows), or to agree with you and so insult your cook.

Don't serve coloured sugar with coffee.

Don't press me to a second helping when I have already refused four times and I shall positively hate you if you insist on passing me a large slice of something on the carving knife over the heads of other people.

Don't put your marmalady knife in the butter.

Don't forget that I take milk and no sugar in my tea : to say that you "never remember what you take" is a personal affront.

Don't ever, under any circumstances, not have enough to go round. As an ex-prisoner of war, I shall probably burst into tears.

RAGGLE TAGGLE

Art Competition

FOR the competition we received 23 entries from 11 competitors. All the entries were exhibited in the library on the 9th of March, together with about fifty more pictures by competitors, Colonel Derham and Major Sanderson, who did not enter, being judges.

We hope you enjoyed the exhibition. A very large number of people attended, of which only about two were more interested in the books.

The main difficulty before the judging committee of the competition entries lay in the variety of styles and the inclusion of copies as well as original work. To overcome this each picture was awarded points under the following headings : originality, drawing, colour, composition, feeling and ambition ; and was placed according to the total scored.

Under originality we gave few points to copies from photographs and pictures. While some competitors did not exactly copy another picture, they did not reproduce a scene from their own imagination, but drew from memories of other pictures : or again they chose a subject which has been treated so often by other artists on calendars, hoardings or in magazines that the result had a second-hand appearance. For example, a landscape

in which two headlands come down to the sea, with a sailing boat in the foreground, is very attractive, but it is common in both art and life, and is an easy subject. Highest marks were given to those entries which obviously came out of the artist's own imagination and experience, for it is from that point of view that art is most rewarding as a hobby.

Drawing is self-explanatory and easy to judge. Here the copyists came into their own, and those who attempted to portray action.

If drawing is the craft of sketching, colour is the art. Drawing can be learnt by practice and rule of thumb, but the handling of colour is more intangible and depends to a greater extent on intuition and talent. Inevitably the three winning entries were coloured, though the actual winner scored low under this heading.

Composition again is a matter of rule of thumb. Difficult compositions successfully handled got more marks than easy ones.

Feeling is abstract and difficult to judge. It is a common practice when looking at pictures to consider the subject only and not the treatment. The spectator is prejudiced by his own personal sentimental memories of, for example, a stretch of familiar countryside and consequently likes pictures in which it is portrayed. One competitor made a determined effort to seduce the judges on these lines with a realistic reproduction of a plate of ham and eggs (etc.). But it is unfair in a competition to apply such personal and accidental standards. In this habit usually lies the reason why so many people disagree with selection committees' choices in art competitions. In assessing feeling one must dis-associate the subject matter from all personal prejudice and judge solely how far the artist has improved on a photograph of the scene.

Under ambition we gave marks for those entries which set out to achieve a difficult result. In so far as it is equally admirable to know one's limitations and to achieve them, we give good marks to the more modest but more successful attempts ; but in a competition of this nature among amateurs, ambitious failure deserves as much credit as modest success.

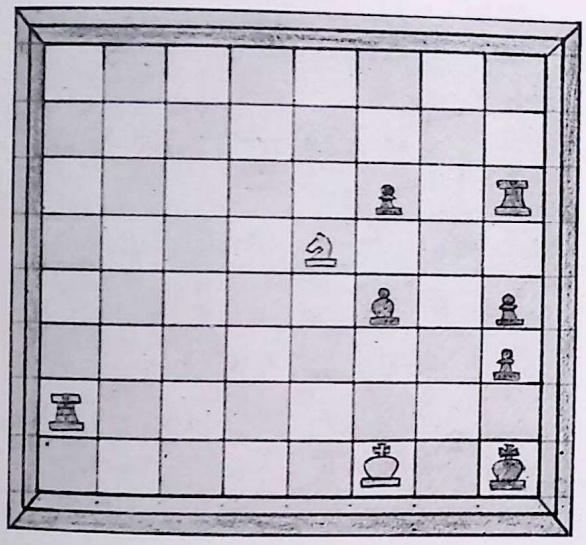
That is how we judged the winners. The first and third prize winners are published here-with, the runner-up, B. E. Field, wishing to retain his self-portrait in water-colours. You may not agree with our choice. So much the better if you have sufficient interest to disagree. To pick winners among such a diversity is invidious and we hope that each competitor will be encouraged by his own individual champions. If we have succeeded in en-couraging any of the competitors to further efforts and in inducing others to follow, our objects will have been completely achieved.

Next month we are holding a Short Story Competition, details of which will have been posted by the time you read this.

PROBLEMS AND PERPLEXITIES

2-MINUTE CHESS PROBLEM

RED.



WHITE

White to move and mate in three moves.

Solution on page 127.

Who Said? and Where?

1. "When Adam delved and Eve span, who was then the gentleman?"
2. "We shall not sheath the sword."
3. "But it moves all the same."
4. "Patriotism is not enough."
5. "We have today lit such a candle as, by God's grace will never be put out."
6. "Death is an awfully big adventure."
7. "On, Stanley, on!"

Advertisement for What?

1. Well worth screaming for.
2. They come as a boon and a blessing to men.
3. Go! Suck a . . . .
4. Mary had a little lamb with lots of . . . .
5. He won't be happy till he gets it.
6. Out of the strong came forth sweetness.
7. Every picture tells a story.

Solution on page 127.

Bridge Problem

♠ A, K, 2.
♥ J, 10.
♦ A. K. J, 10.
♣ 7, 6, 4, 3.

N.

S.

♠ Q, J, 10, 9, 8.
♥ K.
♦ 5, 4, 3, 2.
♣ K, J, 10.

North is dealer; E.-W. vulnerable.

The bidding :	North	1 D	2 S	4 S	Pass
	East	Pass	3 H	Pass	Pass
	South	1 S	3 S	Pass	Pass
	West	2 H	4 H	Dbl.	

West has the 7 of Spades; North plays the Ace; East discards the 5 of Hearts. How should South play the hand?

Solution on page 127.

PROBLEMS

1. A steamer sets out from Liverpool for New York at 10 knots and as soon as it arrives turns round and returns at 20 knots. A second steamer leaves New York when the first steamer left Liverpool and does the round trip to Liverpool and back without stopping at the average of the first steamer's speeds, *viz.*, 15 knots. Which steamer gets home first?

★ ★

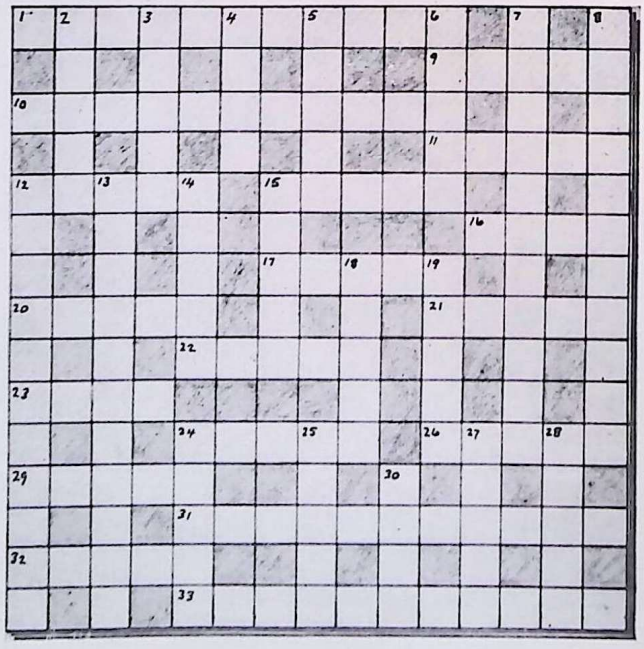
2. An aeroplane sets out from Singapore (which can be considered as on the Equator) at 12 noon on 31st December, 1943, and flies due west at 1040 m.p.h., thus it is always noon on the earth, vertically below the aircraft. When it arrives back in Singapore the crew are disappointed to find that it is 12 noon on 1st January, 1944, and they have therefore missed "seeing in" the New Year. Where should they have done this?

★ ★

3. Two half-pint tumblers are three-quarters filled, one with water, the other with whisky. One tablespoonful (one oz.) is taken from the whisky glass and poured into the water. The resultant mixture is stirred and a tablespoonful of it taken and poured into the whisky glass. Which is now greater: the concentration of water in the whisky glass or whisky in the glass of water? What are the concentrations?

Solutions on page 127-8.

CROSSWORD



CLUES ACROSS.

1. A cocktail, a butterfly—or a flapper? (2 words 7, 4).
9. Kind of nut (5).
10. A wizard, but a lover at last! (11).
11. To get away, but centrally cut off (5).
12. Does this coo make a baby scratch? (5).
15. There are 36 of them in this puzzle (5).
16. Belgium river (4).
17. He's in a car, and they're useful in cars, too (5).
20. A plane state? (5).
21. Pale in pulled strings (5).
22. Strawberry red and banana yellow? (5).
23. A jot or tittle? (4).
24. As placed, its a credit to you (5).
26. Follow (5).
29. Sounds as if I am about to burst into song, but its only a nice covering (5).
31. Swings loose, but here's a win (11)
32. Sprite (5).
33. A friend of Britain and her Dominions through experience? (11).

CLUES DOWN.

2. A clever department? (5).
3. N. (5).
4. Girl's name (4).
5. A lot of this knight's tail is missing! (5).
6. Town near 16 (5).
7. Above all kings? (3 words 3, 2, 6,)
8. Question (11).
12. Steel dust, nearly so, anyway (2 words 4, 7).
13. Is there a motor road in these mountains? (11).
14. Kinds of boat (5).
15. If you draw 7, you won't be this (5).
18. I'll find it if Cain put it away (hidden) (15).
19. One form of aster (5).
24. Eager to change (5).
25. The Frenchman is bored (5).
27. The foot of the oak tree is painful (Rev.5).
28. As far as (5).
30. This form of socialist sounds horrible! (4).

Solution on page 128.

General Knowledge

1. Name the assassin and place of assassination of the following :—
   (1) Sisera.
   (2) Duke of Buckingham.
   (3) Marat.
   (4) Abraham Lincoln.
   (5) Arch-Duke Franz Ferdinand.
   (6) Belle Elmore.

★ ★

2. Name as many mistresses as you can of the following :—
   (1) Louis XIV.
   (2) Francis I of France.
   (3) Charles II.
   (4) Louis XV.
   (5) Carol of Roumania.
   (6) M. Paul Reynaud.

★ ★

3. Name the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World.

★ ★

4. Which is correct ? :—
   PHALAROPE is :
   (1) An Oriental Robe.
   (2) One of the nine muses.
   (3) A bird.
   (4) A prehistoric animal.
   (5) Piece of Jewelry.

2. TRIFORIUM is :—
   (1) A kind of clover.
   (2) Part of a church.
   (3) Part of the stage of a theatre.
   (4) A sacred drama with music.
   (5) A three-legged stool.

3. SPONTOON is :—
   (1) Musical Instrument.
   (2) A weapon.
   (3) A kind of sailing boat.
   (4) A receptacle to be sick into.
   (5) A piece of saddlery.

4. CALLIPOSIS is :—
   (1) An annual plant.
   (2) A surgical operation.
   (3) An astronomical phenomenon in which the sun eclipses a planet.
   (4) A lapse of memory.
   (5) A bacillus.

★ ★

5. What do you know of the following :—
   (1) Einstein.
   (2) Epstein.
   (3) Gertrude Stein.
   (4) Bechstein.
   (5) Lichtenstein.
   (6) The Stein Song.
   (7) Hammerstein.
   (8) Eisenstein.

★ ★

6. What are the real names of the following :—
   (1) Evoe.
   (2) Fat Boy.
   (3) Boz.
   (4) *The Times* Golf Correspondent.
   (5) Saki.
   (6) Hunter Bunter.
   (7) Lenin.
   (8) Q.

General Science

1. How many times does the earth rotate on its axis in a non-leap year ?

★ ★

2. What internal combustion engine uses solid fuel, has copper rings and needs a new piston every stroke.

★ ★

3. If a beam of yellow light and a beam of blue-violet light are shone on a white screen, what colour will be seen on the screen ?

★ ★

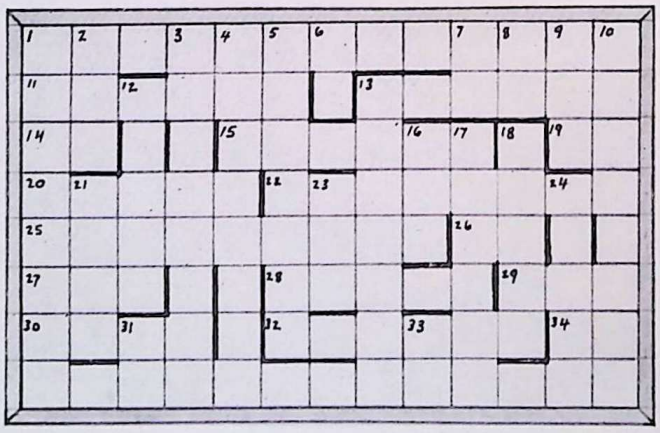
4. A motor is travelling along a straight but slippery road when the driver applies the brakes suddenly. Due to a mechanical failure the front brakes both lock the wheels so that they slide without turning and the rear brakes do not come into action. Is the car likely to leave the road ? Would the driver have been better off if his rear brakes had been effective in lieu of his front ones ? The road is clear of traffic.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

This is almost universal,
And that is pretty short ;
While both give news, and sometimes views
Upon a well-known sport.

1. Inside a room on this you find
   some books and ornaments of kind.
2. With article received one will
   Retain this note until the bill.
3. In the centre is the reason,
   Why we frolic in the season !
4. Think in order to get this clue,
   Of plant, auto, and donkey, too.
5. For guard this is often asked for,
   Many others seem to want more.
6. Going up, shops or underground,
   In Canada also to be found.
7. The lights of this acrostic tried,
   A poor example here applied.
8. Our fellow men across the seas,
   Say this when you do not please.

HARDER CROSSWORD



Solutions on page 129.

CLUES ACROSS

1. Sounds as though she is wooing the soldier, but the latter gets one if he commits a bad crime (2 words 6, 7).
11. Describing the feelings of a cat on hot bricks ? (2 words 2, 4).
13. A fowl in the lavatory—where ? (6).
14. The French (2).
15. Swing it, sister Suzy—eh ? (without the aspirate !) (6).
19. Its in 10 (2).
20. Lithuanian Town (5 Rev.).
22. Looking into things again (8).
25. Snowdrop ? (9).
26. 22 less the hunt (2).
27. Drawing this hurts if touched the wrong way (3).
28. The inside of the chief is blown up ! (5).
29. Military mouth (3).
30. Hardly a quick fruit (4).
32. 13 across ? Over there ! (16).
34. A French one (2).
35. Grant ! Save Azax (Anag. 13).

CLUES DOWN.

1. All about in a wood for a breakdown (8).
2. Single (3).
3. This chap sounds as if he's enjoying himself anyway ! (8).
4. Australasian island (8).
5. Severely (7).
6. See 33.
7. See 31.
8. In 13 down (2).
9. This spade tops the lot (3).
10. Are these fowls good at cock-fighting ? (8).
12. These beings are us—believe it or not ! (5).
13. A hopeful song for P.O.Ws ? (6).
16. Before she was married (3).
17. The modern Eve's Eden, simple and common (6).
18. Penny behind (5).
21. There's little of this in 17 now-a-days, but unfortunately little of it is the reverse (4).
23. 9 Rev. (3).
24. Town of Italy (5).
31. (Rev.) and 7. Seen on most modern racecourses (4).
33 and 6. Curse the river to stop it ! (4).

Solutions

CHESS

1. Kt. to Kt. 4. B. to Kt. 6 (best).
2. R. to R.2 ch. B. R.
3. Kt. to B.2 mate.

WHO SAID

1. John Ball, an itinerant preacher during Wat Tyler's rebellion.
2. Asquith, announcing outbreak of War, 1914.
3. Galileo, after being forced to recant the theory that the earth moves round the sun.
4. Nurse Cavel, before her execution.
5. Bishop Latimer to Ridley on being burnt at the stake.
6. Peter Pan.
7. Marmion (by Sir Walter Scott) *not* Mrs. Baldwin.

ADVERTISEMENTS

1. Allenbury's Rusks.
2. Waverley Pens.
3. Zube.
4. H.P. Sauce.
5. Pears' Soap.
6. Lyles' Golden Syrup.
7. Doan's Backache Kidney Pills.

BRIDGE

As East has no spades at all, West must have five spades. West has moreover bid two hearts, so he will probably hold five or more hearts. As the contract can never be made unless East holds the Queen of clubs, South in the second round leads a small club from Dummy and finesses with the Jack, which West takes with the Ace.

West now plays the Ace of hearts and, South's King dropping, follows with the Queen. It will be obvious that South cannot trump, because West would then hold four trumps and South only three. He therefore discards a small diamond.

West now leads another spade. The next four tricks are played as follows :—

Trick No.	W	N	E	S
5	S 6	S K	H 8	S 9
6	S 3	S 2	D 6	S Q
7	S 4	D 10	D 7	S J
8	S 5	D J	C 8	S 10

As East has discarded two diamonds and one club South knows that there are only three more clubs in opposition. He now leads a small diamond. If West follows suit East cannot have more than two diamonds. In this case he therefore plays Dummy's Ace, King of diamonds, leads a club from Dummy, makes his two remaining clubs, finessing, if necessary, and finally makes his last diamond.

If, in trick 9, West does not follow suit, South knows that East must hold the three remaining diamonds and consequently that he has only two clubs left (he has only five more cards). He then leads in the tenth trick, after having taken the ninth trick with Dummy's Ace of diamonds, a small club from Dummy, makes his King, Jack of clubs, finessing if necessary, leads a diamond back to Dummy's King and finally makes the last club in Dummy.

The complete hands of West and East are :—

	W.	E.
♠	7, 6, 5, 4, 3.	—
♥	A, Q, 9, 4, 3, 2.	8, 7, 6, 5.
♦	—	Q, 9, 8, 7, 6.
♣	A, 2.	Q, 9, 8, 5.

Problems

1. The 15 knot steamer arrives home first. The average speed of the other steamer is less than 15 knots.
2. On the International Date Line, which approximates to 180° longitude. By International convention west-bound traffic puts its calendar on one day on crossing this line and eastbound traffic back.

3. The concentration of whisky in the water glass is the same as the concentration of water in the whisky glass, because as the glasses at the end both contain the same amount of fluid, the quantity of whisky which has been removed from the one glass has been replaced by an equal quantity of water from the other. The concentration of whisky in the glass which was originally filled with water is one ounce in three-quarters of half a pint, *i.e.*, seven and half ounces. The concentrations are therefore one in seven and a half.

Crossword

ACROSS.	DOWN.
1. Painted Lady.	2. Adept.
9. Pecan.	3. North.
10. Necromancer.	4. Emma.
11. Elope.	5. Lance.
12. Itchy.	6. Ypres.
15. Leads.	7. Ace of Spades.
16. Yser.	8. Interrogate.
17. Shims.	12. Iron filings.
20. Nepal.	13. Carpathians.
21. Twang.	14. Yawls.
22. Syrup.	15. Loser.
23. Iota.	18. Imput.
24. Asset.	19. Stare.
26. Ensue.	24. Agree.
29. Icing.	25. Ennui.
31. Roundabouts.	27. Acorn (rev.).
32. Genie.	28. Until.
33. Empirically.	30. Nazi.

General Knowledge

1. (1) Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite, in her tent.
   (2) A sailor called Felton, at Portsmouth.
   (3) Charlotte Corday, in his bath.
   (4) An actor, called John Wilkes Booth, in a box at the theatre.
   (5) A revolutionary, called Prinsep, at Sarajevo.
   (6) Dr. Crippen.

★ ★

2. (1) Louise de la Valliere ; Mlle. de Fontagues ; Mme. de Montespan ; Mme. de Maintenon.
   (2) Diane de Poitiers.
   (3) Lucy Walters ; Louise de la Queronaille ; Nell Gwyn ; Lady Castlemaine.
   (4) Mme. de Pompadour ; Mme. Dubarry.
   (5) Mme. Lupescu.
   (6) Mme. de Portes.

★ ★

3. (1) Mausoleum.
   (2) Colossus of Rhodes.
   (3) Hanging Gardens of Babylon.
   (4) Pyramids of Egypt.
   (5) Pharos Lighthouse at Alexandria.
   (6) Statue of Jupiter at Olympus.
   (7) Temple of Diana at Ephesus.

★ ★

4. (1) A bird.
   (2) Part of a church.
   (3) A weapon.
   (4) An annual plant.

★ ★

5. (1) Mathematician and Physicist.
   (2) Sculptor of Genesis, Rima, Adam, etc.
   (3) American authoress.
   (4) A make of piano.
   (5) Smallest Principality in Europe.
   (6) German drinking song.
   (7) Oscar H. New York opera impresario.
   (8) A character in "Die Fledermaus."

★ ★

6. (1) E. V. Knox.
   (2) Lord Gort.
   (3) Charles Dickens.
   (4) Bernard Darwin.
   (5) H. H. Munro.
   (6) General Sir Aylmer Hunter-Weston.
   (7) Lilianoff.
   (8) Sir A. T. Quiller Couch.

General Science

1. 366 very nearly. The sidereal day is a little less than twenty-four hours long. As the earth turns on its axis in the same direction as it revolves round the sun it has to turn approximately $1\frac{1}{365}$ turns each solar day.

★ ★

2. A gun.

★ ★

3. White. Yellow and blue-violet are complementary colours.

★ ★

4. The car will continue travelling straight down the road if the front wheels are locked. If the rear brakes only act and lock the rear wheels the car will slew round. The driver will undoubtedly endeavour to correct the skid and so the car is in this case much more likely to leave the road.

Harder Crossword

ACROSS

1. Courts Martial.
11. On heat.
13. Whence.
14. Le.
15. Sewing.
19. E.G.
20. Memel (Lemem).
22. Research.
25. Avalanche.
26. Re.
27. Pin.
28. Laird.
29. Apr.
30. Sloe.
32. Yonder.
34. Un.
35. Extravaganzas.

DOWN.

1. Collapse.
2. One.
3. Reveller.
4. Tasmania.
5. Sternly.
8. In.
9. Ace.
10. Leghorns.
12. Human.
13. Wishing.
16. Nee.
17. Garden.
18. Drear.
21. Evil.
22. Ace (Eca).
24. Capua.
31. To(ot)te.
33. Da-mn.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

W H A T N O T
I N V O I C E
R E V E L
E N G I N E
L E G
E L E V A T O R
S T A N Z A
S C R A M

IN MEMORIAM

A SPRIG OF BLOSSOM

BY D. T. PIPER

A yellow stippled on a leaden sky :
A fragrance fresh on dusty table planks—
Who snatched this wonder from a rain ?
As though my hands' desire, appeased, in thanks
Had shaped from mists of shapeless pain
This fragile image, which, though doomed to die,
Reflects a beauty known that death cannot deny.

The darkness shrouds the shoulders of the days,
And falls from virgin dawns like melted veils ;
The massive clouds unlock, to show
Wide deeps where suns and moons ride out the gales.
In this small room, men come, men go ;
But in the traffic of their unsolved maze
This poise of patterned leaf, serene, untroubled, stays.

Last night, I saw the spray was lovely yet,
A benediction on my weariness,
And gazing on the flowering rod,
Almost forgot my mortal ugliness—
Then blossoms fell—I saw the pod
Of still-born seed ; and then the sun was set,
And I lay heavy in the night of slow regret.

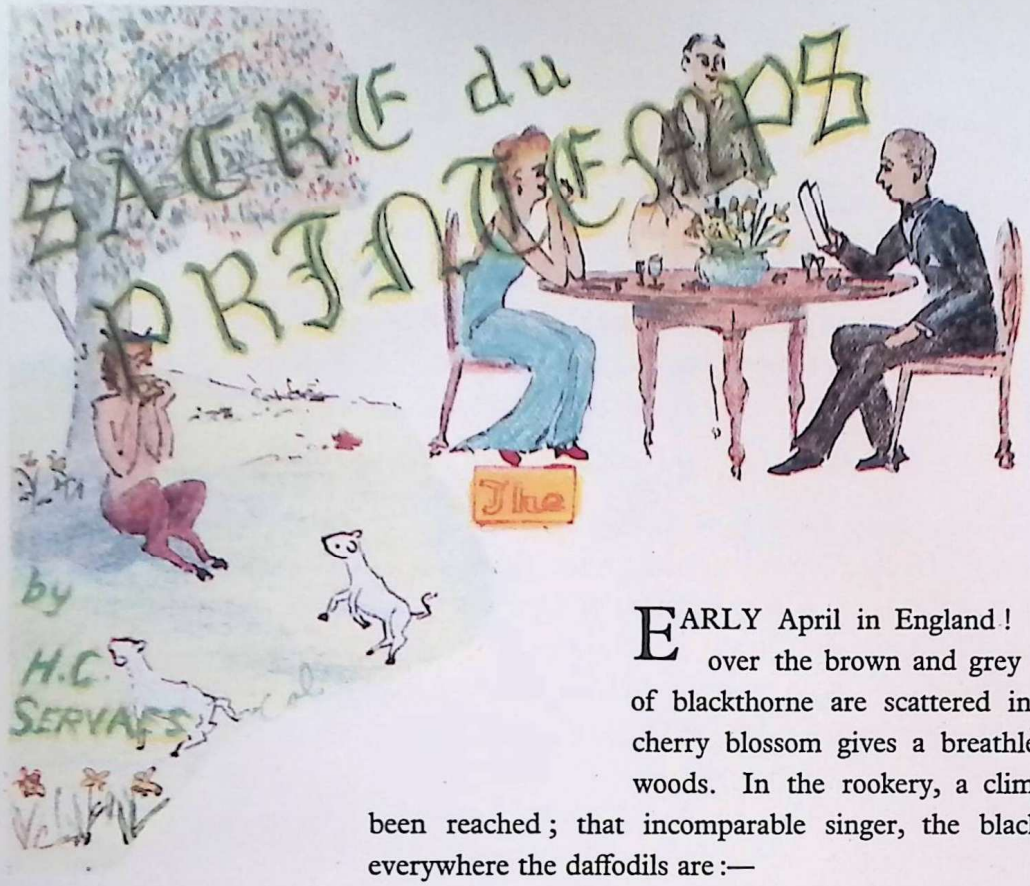
Through dreams the muttering guns told of the dead ;
The sad and lonely moon swung like a knell,
And night-jars clocked the sleepless night.
Then, like a lover, came the sentinel :
Death rose, dimmed in a gauze of white.
Soft as a moth, he blessed an old man's bed ;
But when the morning waked, wide-eyed, they both were fled.

A little silence brimmed this little fold.
The moon dissolved in brightening tides of space.
Then golden birds dropped from the trees
Their tranquil rhapsody of golden grace ;
Across the mountains' concave screes
The dusty fingers of the sun reached bold
Through wide-flung window frames, and touched cut leaves with gold.

But those green blades curled brittle now, and dun ;
The colour powdered from the drying bloom
More dust upon the patient dust.
We sat, as every morning in this room,
Till breakfast, but today, discussed
A death. "It's hard—to come thus far . . ." said one.
We ate in silence. Then one said : "Those flowers are done."

I have no tears for thee, no widowed cry.
I live : thy emptied name is but a name.
Yet that brief blossom that I cut,
Shone from thy death with an eternal flame—
A fragrance in a dusty hut,
A yellow stippled on a leaden sky—
I tell thee now of this, knowing thou canst not die.

May, 1944.



The perfect companion has consented to spend an evening with me in early April.

EARLY April in England! A film of green is stealing over the brown and grey countryside; foamy patches of blackthorne are scattered in the hedges, and the wild cherry blossom gives a breathless beauty to the still bare woods. In the rookery, a climax in domestic activity has been reached; that incomparable singer, the blackbird, is in full voice, and everywhere the daffodils are:—

"Dancing and fluttering in the breeze.
Spring has come to England."

The perfect companion has a highly developed sense of the fitness of things, and the evening must be a memorable one. It must be a work of art, and must express a mood, the mood of spring. Simplicity and freshness will be the keynotes; there must be contrast, light and shade: the sophisticated garden has its freshness equally with the water meadow.

First the flowers; they will set the tone, and fix the mood. *Daffodils*, therefore, in the room and on the table, and *mimosa* shall add a touch of worldliness, a faint aroma of Monte Carlo.

The dinner must strike no jarring note: the food chosen must be in harmony with nature's mood. The man of discriminating taste will choose the fruits of the earth at the moment when they are at their best, and artificially-forced products are almost invariably of intrinsically poorer quality than the naturally ripened. Strawberries, in December, derive their appeal not from their flavour but from their price; unless a note of artificiality and slightly exotic decadence is being struck, deliberately, such things should be avoided.

Early April—Easter—the thought which leaps to my mind is *lamb*. I will, therefore, build the dinner round a *roast saddle of young Welsh lamb*, with its traditional accompaniments of mint sauce and the smallest of new potatoes, tossed in butter and chopped parsley. I shall also have spinach "en branche" (*not* mashed up into a purée) and baby carrots, boiled until tender, and then dipped in butter and fried in deep fat.

The soup also seems to choose itself; it will be a *clear consommé* with diced young vegetables and pieces of chicken with a tablespoonful of sherry per half-pint added at the last moment.

Considering the first course, it is borne in upon me that this is April, and May has no "R," so *oysters* shall be my choice; let them be *marennes vertes* which, patriotism notwithstanding, I must admit to be the best in the world. They *must* be served in the deep shell, and should be eaten with pepper and a dash of lemon juice and thin slices of brown bread and butter. In France, they chop up garlic, soak it in white vinegar, and pour it on each oyster; for garlic lovers, excellent.

Now for the fish course—so far I have sought unadorned simplicity; overdone, it will result in dullness, so here I shall permit myself something a little more elaborate by way of contrast. Salmon is at its best but appears to be too like lamb in consistency: to achieve balance and variety, a *lobster mousse* seems to fit best. To make this will be required :—2 cups of lobster meat cut up small; 2 cups of white sauce made with fish stock; 1 cup of cream; 4 eggs; pepper and salt. Boil the white sauce, and add the lobster, then the cream and the seasoning, and bring to the boil again. Remove from the fire, and gradually add the beaten eggs. Grease a mould, sprinkle the greased interior with coral and spawn, and pour in the mixture. Put a piece of grease-proof paper over the top, and steam for one hour. Serve with it either lobster sauce made by flavouring with lobster essence a good white sauce made with fish stock, adding lobster spawn just before serving; or Sauce Hollandaise, made as follows :—Break two eggs into a basin, add 1 tablespoon of water and one tablespoon of lemon juice or white wine. Place the mixture over a saucepan of boiling water and whisk well for 3 minutes. Remove from the water and continue to whisk until quite thick. Into this, gradually stir ½ lb. melted butter. If it shows signs of curdling, stop adding butter, and whisk in a teaspoon of cold water.

For the pudding, Lent being just over, why not take a lingering glance backward to Mardi Gras, and have *Crêpes Suzette?* They will be made in our presence in a chafing dish. For the pancakes, mix 1 pint of milk and ½ lb. flour to a smooth paste, add 1 teaspoon baking powder and 1 tablespoon sugar, and beat in 4 eggs one by one. Use only enough butter to cover the bottom of the pan, and make the pancakes very thin. Fold them to resemble a lady's pocket handkerchief, and keep very hot. Rub 12 lumps sugar on the rinds of two oranges and two lemons. Put 2 tablespoons butter in the pan, heat until light brown, add the juice of the oranges and the lemons, and the lumps of sugar and then 1 glass of maraschino. Bring to the boil, pour over the pancakes, add one wineglass rum or brandy, and set on fire.

In considering a savoury, it strikes me that what this dinner so far lacks is the flavour of cheese, and also something crisp and crumbly. My choice is therefore *Barquet St. James*. To make it, line tartlet tins with short pastry, fill with welsh rarebit mixture, and bake until

the pastry is cooked. Place on top quarters of pickled walnuts and mushroom alternately with quarters of tomato slices. Return to the oven for 5 minutes to cook the tomatoes.

The dinner is now complete except for dessert. This is bound to be a difficulty, April being a month of promise, not maturity; of bud and blossom rather than fruit. Good fruit now comes to us from all parts of the world at different seasons: *Brazilian oranges* will be at their best; good *Cox's Orange Pippins* are still obtainable, and I shall also have on the table luscious *South African plums*.

As to the wines, a good *Chablis* will accompany the oysters, and a *dry sherry*, Bristol Milk or Amontillado, the soup. With the lobster, the cool clean tang of a *hock* or *Moselle*, say Rudesheimer 1934. The lamb is

worthy of the very best *claret* I can produce (it is gentle, light meat and therefore better suited to claret than to Burgundy). I am lucky enough to have in my cellar some Chateau Mouton Rothschild 1923. It will be served, of course, at the temperature of the room. A glass of *champagne* with the Crêpes Suzette?—Well, let it be Veuve Clicquot 1934, nicely chilled The *port* will be Cockburn 1912, and for liqueurs, I choose *Courvoisier* and *Cointreau*.

If, after all this, the perfect companion and I are not in the mood for an April frolic, I shall eat my hat—if in any condition to do so.

The Menu	The Wines
Oysters "Marennes Vertes"	Chablis 1929
Consommé jardinière au printemps	Sherry: Bristol Milk
Mousse of Lobster Sauce Hollandaise	Hock: Rudesheimer 1934
Roast Saddle of Welsh Lamb Mint Sauce Epinard en branche New Potatoes Carrots	Bordeaux: Chateau Mouton Rothschild 1923
Crêpes Suzette	Champagne: Veuve Cliquot 1934
Barquet St. James	
Dessert Coffee Balkan Sobranie Cigarettes	Port: Cockburn 1912 Brandy: Courvoisier Cointreau

MARTIN & CO. *Furnishers*

By COLONEL D. P. PEAKE

THE Royal Artillery mess at Changi, more than palatial in peace time, housed several hundred officer prisoners of war in the first half of 1942, and was commonly designated the "Monkey House" by other prisoners. The ground floor front was occupied by some hundred officers of the R.E., who messed in shifts on the front verandah. The only public access from this to the rear verandah was by an alley-way through the main anteroom, the remainder of which was used as sleeping quarters.

This alley-way was necessarily a busy thoroughfare, being used also as "servery" and "wash-up" at mealtimes. As a result of this latter appropriation, several strings were in due course stretched along the wall. On these various dish-cloths, of doubtful origin and even more doubtful purity, but nevertheless beyond price, were hung drying between meals.

Joyous Martins

The R.E. shared their verandahs with several energetic families of martins, individual members of which, full of the joy of living, swept from end to end or flitted in and out through the front arches, cheeping and piping to their mates and broods in their nests under the concrete ceiling. Frequently their course was varied by flits through the rooms and the wash-up alley-way.

One day a martin was seen dashing repeatedly through the wash-up, diving in passage at the drying dish-cloths. Then two of them began to do this, and, after a time, they dived together, and, hovering for a moment, lifted a cloth from a line.

They carried the cloth between them, but it dropped as they emerged from the wash-up on to the back verandah. They evidently badly wanted the cloth. They made repeated dives at it, hovered over it, and tried to grip it again in their beaks, all the time cheeping excitedly to one another.

Finally they each obtained a grip at the same moment, and, lifting the cloth off the paving, flew straight up to the ceiling, about a foot below which ran a two-and-a-half-inch soil pipe, some seven inches from the wall, and well beyond the reach of anyone without a ladder or pole. Over this they draped their prize.

This feat of dexterity was surprising enough itself, still more so in view of the manner in which the birds had communicated their intentions to each other, and had then worked together.

But what was their object? Was it a trick to tantalise us? Was it just a piece of bravado? We were not left long in suspense. After a few dashes up and down the verandah, one of the birds picked up the cloth and stuck it on to the wall in such a way that it sagged in the middle. The cloth was to form the foundation of a nest.

The two birds involved were evidently a pair with considerable ingenuity.

Some days later the nest was occupied, and one bird was sitting while its mate appeared periodically to present some succulent morsel—or perhaps to tender advice on raising a family.

LIST OF OFFICERS & MEN—SHIRAKAWA CAMP

(Compiled from Capt. R. F. Fifield's original Autograph Book)

P.O.W. No.			
4	Maj.-Gen. G. M. Parker ...	...	U.S. Army
5	Brig.-Gen. A. M. Jones ...	...	U.S. Army
6	Brig.-Gen. M. S. Lough	...	U.S. Army
7	Brig.-Gen. Allan C. McBride	...	U.S. Army. Died 9-5-44
8	Brig.-Gen. Clifford Bluemel	...	U.S. Army
9	Brig.-Gen. Jas. R. N. Weaver	...	U.S. Army
10	Brig.-Gen. Wm. E. Brougher	...	U.S. Army
11	Brig.-Gen. Chas. C. Drake	...	U.S. Army
12	Brig.-Gen. C. A. Pierce ...	...	U.S. Army
13	Brig.-Gen. Arnold J. Funk	...	U.S. Army
14	Brig.-Gen. Lewis C. Beebe	...	U.S. Army
277	Maj.-Gen. W. F. Sharpe ...	...	U.S. Army
280	Brig.-Gen. J. P. Vachon ...	...	U.S. Army
278	Brig.-Gen. B. G. Chynoweth	...	U.S. Army
279	Brig.-Gen. Carl H. Seals ...	...	U.S. Army
401	Brig.-Gen. Luther R. Stevens	...	U.S. Army
340	Maj.-Gen. G. A. Ilgen ...	...	Royal Netherlands Army
269	Maj.-Gen. H. de Fremery	...	Royal Netherlands Army
338	Maj.-Gen. J. J. Pesman ...	...	Royal Netherlands Army
341	Maj.-Gen. P. A. Cox ...	...	Royal Netherlands Army
335	Maj.-Gen. J. H. Uhl ...	...	Royal Netherlands Army
337	Maj.-Gen. R. Bakkers ...	...	Royal Netherlands Army
339	Maj.-Gen. W. Schilling ...	...	Royal Netherlands Army
255	Maj.-Gen. C. A. Callaghan	...	Australian Imperial Forces
370	Brig. A. S. Blackburn, V.C.	...	Australian Imperial Forces
254	Brig. K. S. Torrance ...	...	British Army
371	Brig. D. S. Maxwell ...	...	Australian Imperial Forces
256	Brig. W. A. Trott ...	...	Indian Army
257	Brig. H. B. Taylor... ...	...	Australian Imperial Forces
180	Capt. G. J. McMillan ...	...	U.S. Navy, Gov. Guam
406	Com. A. C. Collinson ...	...	Royal Navy
404	Brig. A. Peffers	...	British Army
403	Brig. T. MacLeod ...	...	British Army
405	Brig. C. Wallis	...	Indian Army
184	Maj.-Gen. F. Keith Simmons	...	British Army
185	Maj.-Gen. B. W. Key ...	...	Indian Army
186	Brig. H. C. Servaes ...	...	British Army
187	Brig. T. Massy-Beresford	...	British Army
188	Brig. W. R. Selby	...	Indian Army
189	Brig. C. L. B. Duke ...	...	British Army
190	Brig. E. H. W. Backhouse	...	British Army
191	Brig. B. S. Challen ...	...	Indian Army
192	Brig. G. R. Williams ...	...	British Army
193	Brig. A. D. Curtis ...	...	British Army
194	Brig. R. G. Moir	...	British Army
195	Brig. G. C. Ballentine ...	...	British Army
196	Brig. A. W. G. Wildey ...	...	British Army
197	Brig. G. W. A. Painter ...	...	British Army
198	Brig. W. O. Lay	...	British Army
199	Brig. F. H. Fraser ...	...	British Army
200	Brig. J. Simson	...	British Army
201	Brig. A. E. Rusher ...	...	British Army
202	Brig. E. W. Goodman ...	...	British Army
203	Brig. G. C. Evelegh ...	...	British Army
204	Brig. C. H. Stringer ...	...	British Army
205	Brig. C. W. Richards ...	...	British Army
206	Brig. H. F. Lucas	...	British Army
207	Brig. T. K. Newbigging ...	...	British Army
208	Brig. K. B. S. Crawford ...	...	British Army
209	Air-Com. C. O. F. Modin	...	Royal Air Force
325	Maj.-Gen. H. D. W. Sitwell	...	British Army
326	Brig. S. R. Pearson ...	...	British Army
328	Air Vice-Marshal P. C. Maltby		Royal Air Force
329	Air-Com. W. E. Staton ...	...	Royal Air Force
330	Air-Com. B. J. Silly ...	...	Royal Air Force. Died 7-12-43
402	Maj.-Gen. C. Maltby ...	...	Indian Army
15	Col. E. A. Aldridge ...	...	U.S. Army
16	Col. W. N. Amis	...	U.S. Army Air Corps
17	Col. E. C. Atkinson ...	...	U.S. Army
18	Col. D. Ausmus	...	U.S. Army
19	Col. A. S. Balsam	...	U.S. Army
20	Col. G. M. Bell	...	U.S. Army
21	Col. K. L. Berry	...	U.S. Army
22	Col. J. R. Boatwright ...	...	U.S. Army
23	Col. R. Bonham	...	U.S. Army
24	Col. L. J. Bowler	...	U.S. Army
25	Col. W. C. Braly	...	U.S. Army
26	Col. P. A. Brawney	...	U.S. Army
28	Col. H. C. Browne	...	U.S. Army
29			
30	Col. J. W. C. Callaghan, Jnr.	...	U.S. Army
31	Col. A. H. Campbell ...	...	U.S. Army
32	Col. J. D. Carter	...	U.S. Army
33	Col. T. M. Chase	...	U.S. Army

P.O.W. No.			
34	Col. J. V. Collier	...	U.S. Army
35	Col. W. E. Cooper ...	...	U.S. Army
36	Col. V. N. Conders ...	...	U.S. Army
37	Col. W. E. Corkill ...	...	U.S. Army
38	Col. J. F. Coftrell	...	U.S. Army
39	Col. L. S. Churchill ...	...	U.S. Army Air Corps
40	Col. L. R. Crews	...	U.S. Army
41	Col. O. De Carre	...	U.S. Army
42	Col. I. E. Doane	...	U.S. Army
43	Col. L. R. Dougherty ...	...	U.S. Army
44	Col. A. H. Dumas ...	...	U.S. Army
45	Col. C. H. Elmes	...	U.S. Army
46	Col. M. V. Fortier... ...	...	U.S. Army
47	Col. V. P. Forster	...	U.S. Army
48	Col. P. T. Fry	...	U.S. Army
49	Col. N. F. Galbraith ...	...	U.S. Army
50	Col. A. Garfinkle	...	U.S. Army
51	Col. S. A. Hamilton ...	...	U.S. Army
52	Col. D. B. Hilton ...	...	U.S. Army
53	Col. R. C. Hilton	...	U.S. Army
54	Col. G. W. Hirsch... ...	...	U.S. Army
55	Col. R. J. Hoffman ...	...	U.S. Army
56	Col. J. C. Hughes	...	U.S. Army
57	Col. A. R. Ives	...	U.S. Army
58			
59	Col. E. H. Johnson ...	...	U.S. Army
60	Col. E. H. Keltner ...	...	U.S. Army
61	Col. J. P. Kohn	...	U.S. Army
62	Col. L. T. Lathrop ...	...	U.S. Army
63	Col. N. R. Laughinghouse	...	U.S. Army
64	Col. C. S. Lawrence ...	...	U.S. Army
65	Col. E. J. Lilly	...	U.S. Army
66	Col. T. A. Lynch ...	...	U.S. Army
67	Col. S. C. McDonald ...	...	U.S. Army
68	Col. G. H. McCafferty ...	...	U.S. Army
69	Col. W. P. Maher	...	U.S. Army
70	Col. R. C. Mallonée ...	...	U.S. Army
71	Col. J. R. Manees	...	U.S. Army
72	Col. F. Marshall	...	U.S. Army Died 14-8-45
73	Col. W. A. Mead	...	U.S. Army
74	Col. J. T. Menzie	...	U.S. Army
75	Col. L. E. Mielenz ...	...	U.S. Army
76	Col. J. G. Monihan ...	...	U.S. Army
77	Col. A. P. Moore	...	U.S. Army
78	Col. D. P. Murphy ...	...	U.S. Army
79	Col. F. Nelson	...	U.S. Army
80	Col. E. O'Connor ...	...	U.S. Army
81	Col. R. M. O'Day ...	...	U.S. Army
82	Col. H. M. Peck	...	U.S. Army
83	Col. A. W. Penrose ...	...	U.S. Army
84	Col. N. C. Pilet	...	U.S. Army
85	Col. M. H. Quesenbury	...	U.S. Army
86	Col. M. A. Quinn	...	U.S. Army
87	Col. A. S. Quintard ...	...	U.S. Army
88	Col. E. C. Rawitser ...	...	U.S. Army
89	Col. H. H. C. Richards ...	...	U.S. Army
90	Col. J. D. Rodman ...	...	U.S. Army
91	Col. R. G. Rogers ...	...	U.S. Army
92	Col. C. G. Sage	...	U.S. Army
93	Col. C. A. Selleck	...	U.S. Army
94	Col. H. A. Sherry	...	U.S. Army
95	Col. T. J. Sledge	...	U.S. Army
96	Col. J. A. Stansell ...	...	U.S. Army
97	Col. C. L. Steel	...	U.S. Army
98	Col. H. H. Stickney ...	...	U.S. Army
99	Col. A. L. Stowell ...	...	U.S. Army
100	Col. D. Swanton	...	U.S. Army
101	Col. T. T. Teague... ...	...	U.S. Army
102	Col. G. R. Townsend ...	...	U.S. Army
103	Col. J. T. Traywick ...	...	U.S. Army
104	Col. S. E. Uhrig	...	U.S. Army
105			
106	Col. L. C. Vance	...	U.S. Army
107	Col. F. A. Ward	...	U.S. Army
108	Col. L. A. Wetherby ...	...	U.S. Army
109	Col. E. C. Williams ...	...	U.S. Army
110	Col. Stuart Wood	...	U.S. Army
111	Col. J. W. Worthington ...	...	U.S. Army
112	Col. A. C. Young	...	U.S. Army
113	Lt.-Col. H. W. Glattly		
114	Lt.-Col. E. T. Halstead ...	...	U.S. Army
115	Lt.-Col. J. R. Pugh ...	...	U.S. Army
116	Maj. B. R. Brown ...	...	U.S. Army
117	Maj. T. Dooley	...	U.S. Army
118	Maj. D. Sherry	...	U.S. Army

P.O.W. No.		
119	Maj. D. Curtis	U.S. Marines
120	Capt. R. G. Davis	U.S. Navy
121	Capt. K. M. Hoeffel	U.S. Navy
122	Capt. S. K. Howard	U.S. Army
123	Capt. N.C. Lowman	U.S. Navy
124	Capt. L. V. Roberts	U.S. Navy
125	Capt. W. H. Wilterdink	U.S. Navy
281	Col. N. Boudreau	U.S. Army
282	Col. W. H. Braddock	U.S. Army
283	Col. B. H. Chastaine	U.S. Army
284	Col. A. F. Christie	U.S. Army
285	Col. J. D. Cook	U.S. Army
286	Col. T. M. Cornel	
287	Col. M. S. Crausere	U.S. Army
288	Col. W. F. Dalton	U.S. Army
289	Col. W. A. Enos	U.S. Army
290	Col. H. M. Prissel	U.S. Army
291	Col. J. O. Gillespie	U.S. Army
292	Col. R. Hilsman	U.S. Army
293	Col. W. D. Killen	U.S. Army
294	Col. C. R. McLennan	U.S. Army
295		
296	Col. W. P. Morse	U.S. Army
297	Col. D. J. Rutherford	U.S. Army
298	Col. I. C. Scudder	U.S. Army
299	Col. J. W. Thompson	U.S. Army
300	Col. A. T. Wilson	U.S. Army
318	Col. A. C. Searle	U.S. Army
319	Col. J. P. Horan	U.S. Army
320	Col. E. H. Mitchell	U.S. Army
321	Col. H. W. Tarkington	U.S. Army
210	Col. V. H. Wardle	British Army
211	Col. C. Hunt	British Army
212	Col. R. G. Grimwood	British Army
213	Col. W. J. Graham	British Army
214	Col. H. V. Allpress	British Army
215	Col. R. Giblin	British Army
216	Col. B. D. Peake	British Army
217	Col. W. P. B. Ashton	British Army
218	Col. R. B. Bridge	British Army
210	Col. J. Bennet	British Army
220	Col. R. L. Roper	British Army
221	Col. H. A. Urquhart	British Army
222	Col. J. M. Mitchell	British Army
223	Col. A. M. L. Harrison	British Army
224		
225	Capt. R. P. Chapman	Royal Navy
226	Capt. G. F. M. Mulock	Royal Navy
227		
258	Col. E. R. White	Australian Imperial Forces
259	Col. W. S. Kent Hughes	Australian Imperial Forces
260	Col. J. H. Thyer	Australian Imperial Forces
261	Col. D. C. Pigdon	Australian Imperial Forces Died 6-7-45
262	Col. A. P. Derham	Australian Imperial Forces
268	R. B. Webb, Esq.	Australian Red Cross
327	Col. C. M. Lane	Indian Army
331	Gp.-Capt. C. J. K. Coggle	Royal Air Force
332	Gp.-Capt. M. W. C. Ridgway	Royal Air Force
333	Gp.-Capt. G. E. Nicholetts	Royal Air Force
400	Gp.-Capt. A. G. Bishop	Royal Air Force
407	Col. K. Andrews Levinge	British Army
408	Col. H. Clifford	British Army
409	Col. N. Ford	British Army
410	Col. G. Hopkins	British Army
411	Col. H. Kilpatrick	British Army
412	Col. H. Rose	British Army
413	Col. I. Simson	British Army
414	Capt. L. G. B. Campbell	Royal Navy
415	Capt. (E) F. Minhinnick	Royal Navy
272	Capt. G. G. Bozuwa	Royal Netherlands Navy
342	Col. C. H. De Quant	Royal Netherlands Army
343	Col. H. A. E. Vennick	Royal Netherlands Army
344	Col. L. Van Rekum	Royal Netherlands Army
345	Col. J. H. Cox	Royal Netherlands Army
346	Col. F. Van Leeuwen	Royal Netherlands Army
347	Col. H. J. A. Kamps	Royal Netherlands Army
348	Col. C. H. C. Waal	Royal Netherlands Army
349	Col. W. P. Van Veen	Royal Netherlands Army
350	Col. H. J. B. Tulfer	Royal Netherlands Army
251	Col. A. M. Van Dyk	Royal Netherlands Army
352	Col. P. H. T. Van Der Steen	Royal Netherlands Army
353	Col. H. Van Kuilenburg	Royal Netherlands Army
354	Col. E. T. Koppen	Royal Netherlands Army
355	Col. J. A. Fleischer	Royal Netherlands Army
356	Col. M. T. Van Staveren	Royal Netherlands Army
357	Col. A. Struyvenberg	Royal Netherlands Army
358	Col. J. W. Byleveld	Royal Netherlands Army
359	Col. C. G. Toorop	Royal Netherlands Army
360	Col. P. Scholten	Royal Netherlands Army
361	Col. S. E. Van Manen	Royal Netherlands Army
362	Col. A. Gondswaard	Royal Netherlands Army
363	Col. M. Spier	Royal Netherlands Army

P.O.W. No.		
364	Capt. F. A. Kuhn	Royal Netherlands Navy
365	Capt. J. G. Van Kregen	Royal Netherlands Navy
366	Capt. H. A. De Jong	Royal Netherlands Navy
367	Capt. A. G. Vromans	Royal Netherlands Navy
368	Capt. P. T. M. Gikot	Royal Netherlands Navy
369	Col. E. T. Kengen	Royal Netherlands Air Force
542	Capt. P. J. Rosenwald	Royal Netherlands Army
543	2/Lt. C. Van Den Brocke	Royal Netherlands Army
545	Lt.-Cmdr. H. Volten	Royal Netherlands Navy
546	Lt. J. Koot	Royal Netherlands Navy
547	Lt.-Cmdr. T. Den Klooster	Royal Netherlands Navy
423	Lt.-Col. J. C. H. Fasson	British Army
424	Lt.-Col. D. M. Hennessey	Indian Army
425	Lt.-Col. E. W. F. Jepnson	British Army
426	Lt.-Col. W. E. S. Napier	British Army
427	Lt.-Col. T. A. R. Scott	British Army
428	Lt.-Col. F. Shearburn	Indian Army
429	Major M. Delmé Radcliffe	British Army
430	Major R. Dinwiddie	British Army
431	Major G. W. P. Fennell	British Army
432	Major P. Grant	British Army
433	Major F. Grazebrook	British Army
434	Major T. A. K. Howe	British Army
435	Major I. R. McIntosh	British Army
436	Major J. Nicholson	British Army
437	Major I. C. Pedley	British Army
438	Major G. B. Sanderson	British Army
439	Major G. M. Stewart	British Army
440	Major G. B. Vinycomb	British Army
441	Capt. M. Anderson	British Army. Died 23-4-45
442	Capt. J. Badgett	British Army
443	Capt. R. St. J. Bartelot	British Army
444	Capt. N. Barker	British Army
445	Capt. G. A. J. Bevan	British Army
446	Capt. H. C. Bristow	British Army
447	Capt. A. J. Chick	Indian Army
448	Capt. J. E. Cumper	Indian Army
449	Capt. T. F. Egan	British Army
450	Capt. J. E. Fairbairn	Indian Army
451	Capt. R. F. Fifield	British Army
452	Capt. L. J. B. Firth	British Army
453	Capt. W. K. Forbes	British Army
454	Capt. P. W. Hope Johnstone	British Army
455	Capt. R. W. Hunt	British Army. Died 12-4-45
456	Capt. B. Humohreys	British Army
457	Capt. R. Kerr Gibson	British Army
458	Capt. R. Kennedy, C.F.	British Army
459	Capt. J. Mackenzie	British Army
460	Capt. T. B. Mangnall	British Army
461	Capt. J. C. Moss	British Army
462	Capt. R. A. R. B. Pearson	British Army
463	Capt. G. S. Patterson	British Army
464	Capt. W. J. Priest	Indian Army
465	Capt. J. S. Routledge	British Army
466	Capt. E. R. A. Sewell	British Army
467	Capt. C. F. Tabeart	British Army
468	Capt. J. P. A. Wildey	British Army
469	Capt. J. Wright	British Army
480	Lieut. G. W. Fortt	Indian Army
491	Lieut. E. C. Marsden	British Army
504	Lieut. J. G. N. Brown	British Army
470	Lieut. D. R. Archer	British Army
471	Lieut. J. B. Barratt	British Army
472	Lieut. L. E. Barton	British Army
473	Lieut. G. J. Bew	Indian Army
474	Lieut. N. H. Bladen	British Army
475	Lieut. K. S. Burns	British Army
476	Lieut. K. I. Butters	British Army
477	Lieut. W. H. Channon	British Army
478	Lieut. C. J. Cooper	British Army
479	Lieut. B. Davis	British Army
481	Lieut. G. R. Ford	British Army
482	Lieut. B. A. France	British Army
483	Lieut. H. H. Gibson	Indian Army
484	Lieut. D. H. Hancock	British Army
485	Lieut. J. E. Horner	British Army
486	Lieut. H. H. Hill	Indian Army
487	Lieut. G. N. Hinton	British Army
488	Lieut. H. A. Hudson	British Army
489	Lieut. J. W. Hugo	British Army
490	Lieut. M. M. Kepple	British Army
492	Lieut. J. B. McKnight	British Army
493	Lieut. I. G. McLean	British Army
494	Lieut. A. E. Murray	British Army
495	Lieut. P. B. Porteous	British Army
496	Lieut. H. E. Ractliffe	British Army
497	Lieut. J. R. Scobie	British Army
498	Lieut. I. W. Stoner	British Army
499	Lieut. L. Thurgood	British Army
500	Lieut. A. J. Whitcombe	British Army
501	Lieut. W. R. Young	British Army
502	2/Lieut. S. F. Armstrong	British Army

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503	2 Lieut. T. F. Beecroft	... ...	British Army
505	2 Lieut. C. I. R. Burton	... ...	British Army
506	2 Lieut. R. C. M. Comfort	...	British Army
507	2 Lieut. K. B. Davies	... ...	British Army
508	2 Lieut. B. E. Field	... ...	British Army
509	2 Lieut. T. H. Gillett	... ...	Indian Army
510	2 Lieut. E. B. Hogshaw	... ...	British Army
511	2 Lieut. E. W. Knights	... ...	British Army
512	2 Lieut. G. P. Mason	... ...	British Army
513	2 Lieut. A. J. Pilkington	... ...	British Army
514	2 Lieut. D. T. Piper	... ...	British Army
515	2 Lieut. L. F. Rigden	... ...	British Army
516	2 Lieut. G. D. Speight	... ...	British Army
517	2 Lieut. C. Trahern	... ...	British Army

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560	Maj.-Gen. Status Muller	... ...	Royal Netherlands Army
556	Gp.-Capt. C. H. Noble	... ...	Royal Air Force
568	Col. R. Posthumus	... ...	Royal Netherlands Army Died 22-9-44
566	Capt. J. H. Solkesz	... ...	Royal Netherlands Navy
553	Lt.-Col. J. Dalley	... ...	British Army
554	Lt.-Col. R. W. Dobbin	... ...	British Army
561	Lt.-Col. J. Allirol	... ...	Royal Netherlands Army
562	Lt.-Col. K. Drost	... ...	Royal Netherlands Army
563	Lt.-Col. S. De Waal	... ...	Royal Netherlands Army
570	Lt.-Col. E. D. Lyneham	...	Australian Imperial Forces
575	W. Cmdr. R. H. Davis	... ...	Royal Australian Air Force
557	W. Cmdr. W. Franklin	... ...	Roual Air Force
558	W. Cmdr. T. King	... ...	Royal Air Force
564	Major L. F. Elzinga	... ...	Royal Netherlands Army. Died 12-6-44
571	Major H. J. Beaney	... ...	Australian Imperial Forces
579	Sq. Ldr. E. Julian	... ...	R.N.Z.A.F.
555	Capt. M. W. Chapman	... ...	Indian Army
565	Capt. H. Sjoers	... ...	Royal Netherlands Army
569	H. F. Yoel	... ...	Netherlands
572	Capt. T. W. Bindeman, C.F.	...	Australian Imperial Forces
573	Capt. H. L. Fraser	... ...	Australian Imperial Forces
574	Capt. J. D. C. Hammon	... ...	Australian Imperial Forces
578	Capt. P. S. Yoe	... ...	Royal Netherlands Army
549	Capt. J. G. Dodson	... ...	U.S. Army
576	F. Lt. O. N. Diamond	... ...	Royal Australian Air Force
577	F. Lt. S. F. Downer	... ...	Royal Air Force
567	Lieut. J. B. Veenhuys	... ...	Royal Netherlands Navy
551	Lieut. J. P. Ferrey	... ...	U.S. Army Air Corps
550	Ensign H. Levett	... ...	U.S. Navy
552	Capt. H. A. Pedersen	... ...	U.S.A. Mercantile Marine

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581	Major T. M. Moore	... ...	British Army
582	Capt. P. G. Davies	... ...	British Army
583	Capt. N. S. Thorpe	... ...	British Army
584	Lieut. J. Bellamy	... ...	British Army
585	Lieut. M. G. Campbell	... ...	British Army
586	Lieut. W. W. Carter	... ...	British Army
587	Lieut. J. A. Hollick	... ...	British Army. Died 3-3-45
588	Lieut. P. D. Smith	... ...	British Army
589	Lieut. E. B. Thomas	... ...	British Army
590	Lieut. J. H. D. Wickham	...	British Army
591	Lieut. W. M. Balfour	... ...	Indian Army
592	Lieut. B. McD. Buchanan	...	British Army

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130	T./Sgt. M. S. Lease	... ...	U.S. Army
132	S./Sgt. G. H. Churchyard	...	U.S. Army
134	S./Sgt. A. J. Bland	... ...	U.S. Army
136	S./Sgt. R. D. Bittner	... ...	U.S. Army
137	S./Sgt. H. F. Leeman	... ...	U.S. Army
140	S./Sgt. N. L. Rushing	... ...	U.S. Army
141	S./Sgt. W. C. Odlin	... ...	U.S. Army
144	S./Sgt. F. A. Pechek	... ...	U.S. Army
146	Sgt. F. A. Kazerski	... ...	U.S. Army
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149	Sgt. A. I. Johnson	... ...	U.S. Army
150	Sgt. B. R. Gebow	... ...	U.S. Army
154	Cpl. A. H. Eckles	... ...	U.S. Army
158	Cpl. F. X. Seidl	... ...	U.S. Army
161	Cpl. E. A. Wuerst	... ...	U.S. Army
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305	Printers Mate J. E. Irey	... ...	U.S. Navy

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306	P.F.C. C. V. Beckwith	... ...	U.S. Army
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310	P.F.C. C. L. Parks	... ...	U.S. Air Corps
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231	Cpl. A. Cornelius	... ...	Royal Air Force
232	L./Cpl. S. L. Cooper	... ...	British Army
233	L./Cpl. J. H. Kerridge	... ...	British Army
234	Bdr. J. McWilliams	... ...	British Army
236	A./C. B. K. Pemberton	... ...	Royal Air Force
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241	Gnr. C. D. Wisker	... ...	British Army
243	Pte. T. H. Longshaw	... ...	British Army
244	Pte. A. J. Gitsham	... ...	British Army
245	Sgm. C. H. White	... ...	British Army
246	L./Bdr. T. E. Cotton	... ...	British Army
247	Pte. J. P. Williams	... ...	British Army
249	Pte. W. E. Howard	... ...	British Army
250	Gnr. G. Whitmore	... ...	British Army
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376	Sgt. Steins	... ...	Royal Netherlands Army
378	Cpl. S. R. Wildeboer	... ...	Royal Netherlands Army
380	Cpl. Korthout	... ...	Royal Netherlands Army
381	Pte. Leeflang	... ...	Royal Netherlands Army
382	Pte. A. Bunk	... ...	Royal Netherlands Army
383	Pte. V. Den Oelsnitz	... ...	Royal Netherlands Army
384	Pte. J. Dam	... ...	Royal Netherlands Army
387	Pte. Van Rhee	... ...	Royal Netherlands Army
391	Gnr. F. R. Raine	... ...	British Army
392	Pte. A. J. Clarke	... ...	British Army
393	Pte. G. H. Tuck	... ...	British Army
394	A./C. P. D. Hersee	... ...	Royal Air Force
395	A./C. W. Inglis	... ...	Royal Air Force
416	L./Cpl. E. Earnshaw	... ...	British Army
417	Cpl. J. Hastings	... ...	British Army
418	Marine G. Rogers	... ...	British Army
419	Pte. F. Smith	... ...	British Army
420	Pte. G. Tanner	... ...	British Army
421	Pte. H. Winkworth	... ...	British Army
422	A.B. W. Fairburn	... ...	Royal Navy
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519	Sgt. S. Henderson	... ...	British Army
520	Sgt. J. M. McAusland	... ...	British Army
521	Bdr. G. H. Mitchell	... ...	British Army
522	L./Cpl. R. Motley	... ...	British Army
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528	Sgm. F. G. Campion	... ...	British Army
529	Gnr. B. Cant	... ...	British Army
530	Gnr. F. C. Fisher	... ...	British Army
531	Sgm. D. Hanford	... ...	British Army
532	Gnr. V. Harrison	... ...	British Army
533	Gnr. R. H. M. Kerton	... ...	British Army
534	Gnr. R. Lapsley	... ...	British Army
535	Gnr. J. Lindsay	... ...	British Army
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541	Gnr. E. T. Standhope	... ...	British Army
544	Cpl. Reins Bykerk	... ...	Royal Netherlands Army
133	S./Sgt. H. Hundley	... ...	U.S. Army
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(There may be omissions—we hope not—but if there are we can only offer our regrets. We have done our best.—Ed.)

IN RETROSPECT

THE EDITORIAL STAFF

EDITOR	FL./LIEUT. S. F. DOWNER
PROPRIETOR, GENERAL MANAGER & BOOKBINDER	MAJOR G. B. VINYCOMB
ASSISTANT EDITOR	LIEUT. J. G. N. BROWN
ILLUSTRATIONS EDITOR	CAPT. W. K. FORBES
ASSISTANTS, SCOUTS AND COPYISTS	LIEUT. G. W. FORTT AND CAPT. J. C. MOSS

THE history of RAGGLE-TAGGLE is a brief one. At Christmas, 1943, Godfrey Vinycomb conceived the idea of a personal scrap-book comprising stories, drawings and poems by members of the camp.

The result was a book of extraordinary interest revealing a wealth of talent—especially in view of the limited materials available.

This book, unfortunately, was later taken away by the Japanese for censoring and never returned.

But, meantime, Major Vinycomb saw a wider scope for his idea—a magazine.

After he had discussed the project with a few others—in former times, a Press Correspondent, a Publisher, a Chartered Accountant, a Biscuit Manufacturer and Caterer, and a Tobacconist—it was decided to embark on a monthly production.

With the approval of the Senior British Officer, Air Vice-Marshal Maltby, who became Censor and Patron, the first issue of RAGGLE-TAGGLE was produced in January, 1944.

This contained some three hundred pages, about 50,000 words of manuscript and illustrations, divided into sections covering Travel and Adventure, Fiction, Art, Sport, Home, Miscellaneous and Puzzles.

An elaborate circulation time-table was evolved by Squads which allowed only half an hour per reader. When this proved quite inadequate, later issues were divided into two books (a considerable tax on the ingenuity of the binder with his cardboard, K.D. Thread, mosquito net covering and rice paste). The two parts were then circulated separately.

Even so the demand was such that many people never completed their reading. This was aggravated by the periodical impounding of the books, for censorship, by the Japanese which often kept the books out of circulation for a week or more. However, they came back and for eight months RAGGLE-TAGGLE was the "best seller" in camp, until, just before the September number was issued, further publication was banned.

The issued copies continued to circulate for a time, but when fears of confiscation became great they were withdrawn and concealed.

During the last hectic months of splitting up camps and drafts to Japan and Manchuria three months' issues (six books) passed into Jap hands and were lost. One more issue (two books) was lost *en route* to England from Bombay in the care of an M.F.O., who little knows the loss he is responsible for The remaining four months' issues in seven books survived and formed the manuscript for this souvenir copy.

This must explain in some part, the absence of many remembered favourites.

Other apparently "unwarrantable" omissions must be attributed to printing difficulties and limitation of size—this precluded the use of serial articles and also the inclusion of many of the pictures which contributed so much to RAGGLE-TAGGLE.

We can only say that we have done our best to recapture and perpetuate the spirit of ingenuity and art of all those who contributed to RAGGLE-TAGGLE, in as representative a way as possible.

Though many contributions will never again be seen or read their memory too will live again in these pages.

J. C. M.

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